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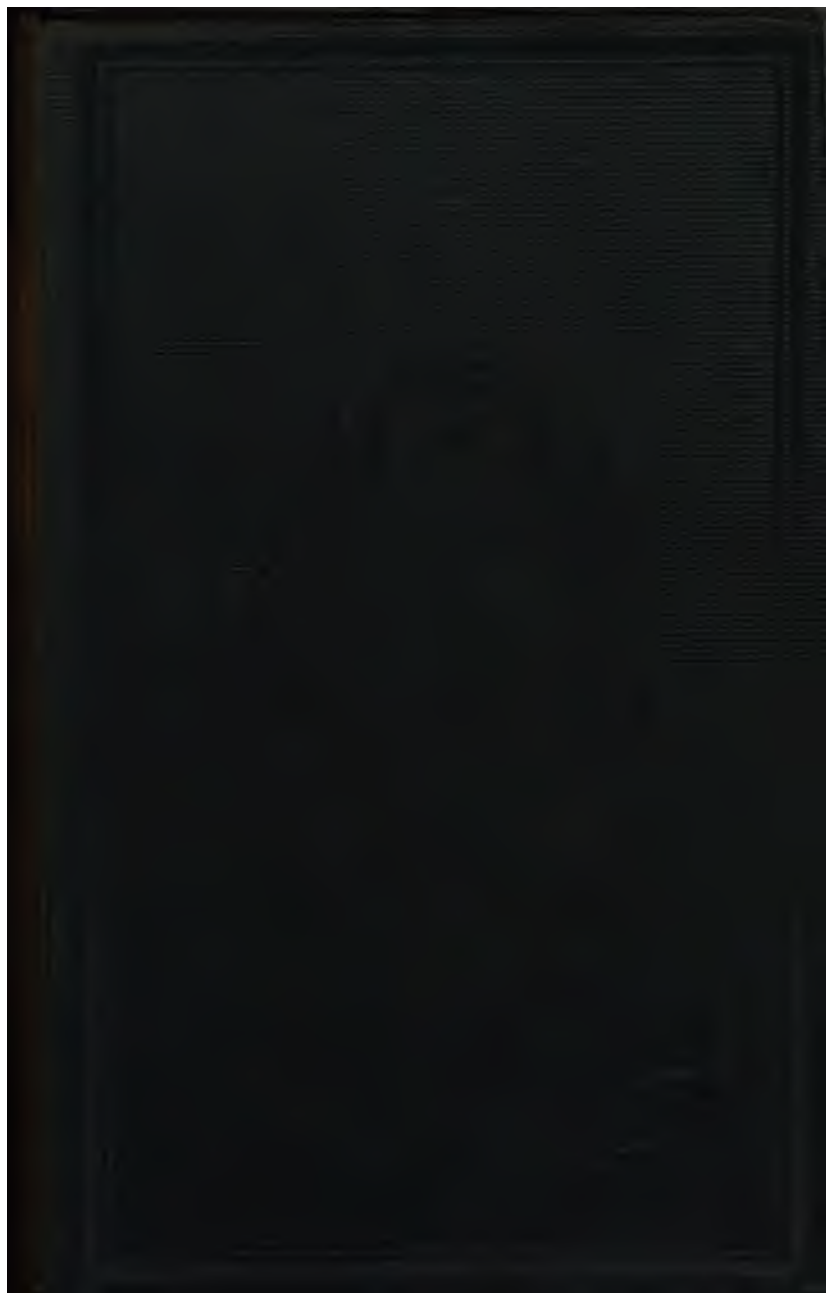
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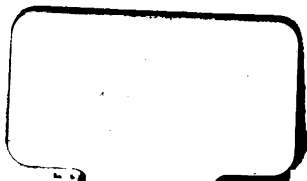
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39.

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**MADMOMENTS:**  
**OR**  
**FIRST VERSEATTEMPTS.**

**BY**  
**A BORN NATURAL.**

**ADDRESSED TO THE LIGHTHEADED OF SOCIETY AT LARGE,**

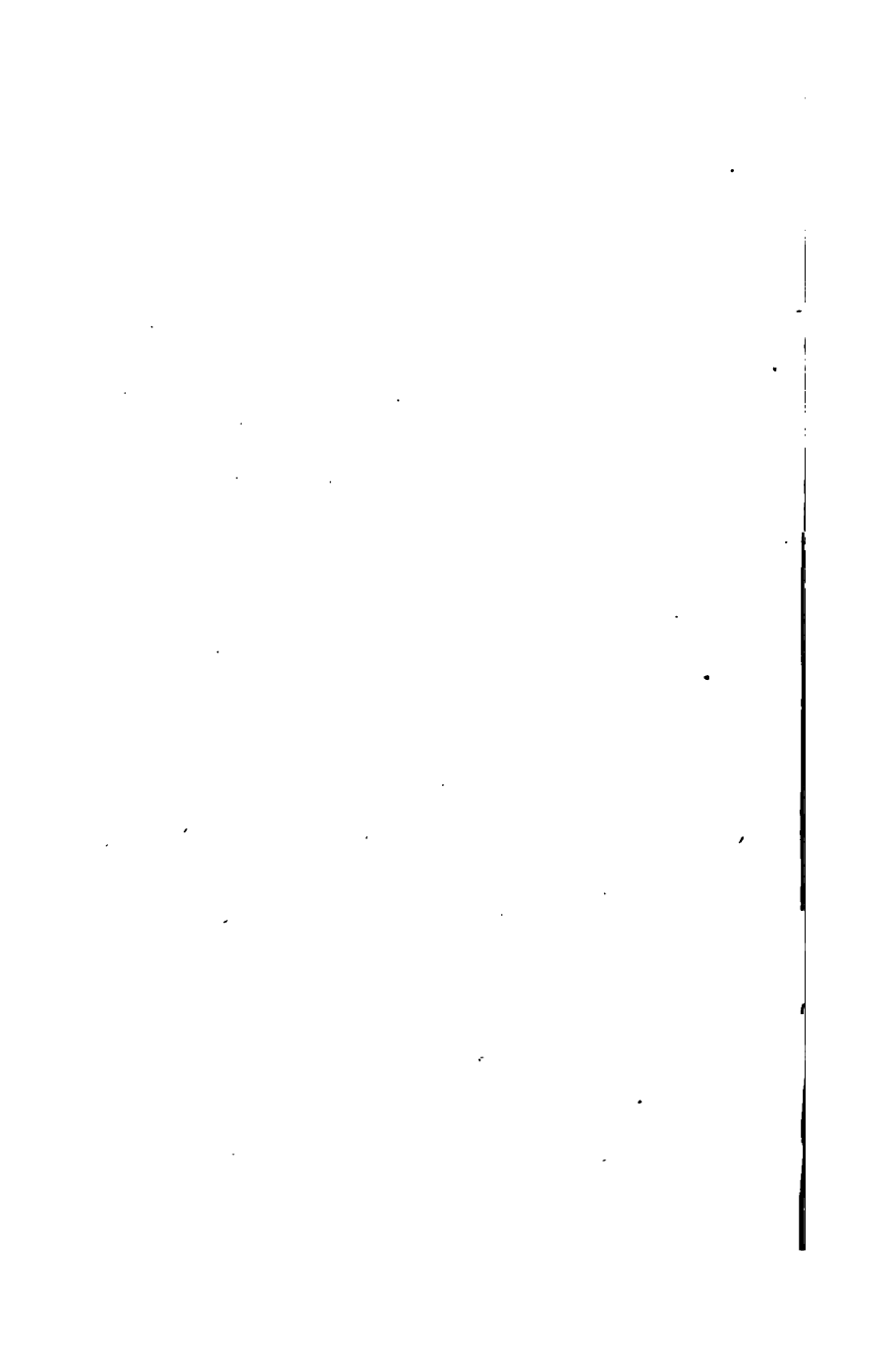
**BY HENRY ELLISON,**  
**OF CHRISTCHURCH, OXFORD.**

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**VOL. II.**  
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**LONDON:**  
**PUBLISHED BY PAINTER, 342, STRAND.**

**1839.**

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## ADDRESS.

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THIS work having been written several years ago, as the date attached to the Preface states, it is hoped that the Reader will bear this fact in mind, as well as the circumstance of its having been printed abroad, and accept them as an excuse for many blemishes which must strike an English eye. The matter of these Volumes is not, perhaps, subject to the subtle action of time, like that of Productions which merely mirror the passing day, over whose fragile and ever-varying surface, the breath of the mighty Spirit of Change passes rapidly and fitfully, to enter deeply and lastingly into some capacious soul, capable of sending it forth again more ethereal, and less mixed with the foreign elements of the passing moment, the true breath of a higher spiritual life to coming generations ; yet the course of years must necessarily modify many things, as well in the outward world as in our own bosoms : and the Reader will remember the period at which these "*Attempts*" were

written. This is not intended to avert Criticism ; but as all things are relative, no Criticism can be just which does not keep this fact in view. The Author's intention, originally, was to have brought out these "*Attempts*" when *written*, but circumstances, which have no respect for man's "foregone conclusions," and which it would little interest the Reader to learn, have prevented him from submitting them to the judgment of the British Public until his return to the Land of his Fathers.

London, February 20, 1839.

## ON WELLDONING.

1. **W**hen thou hast done a Gooddeed do not show  
It with thy Finger, neither let it be  
Profaned: else it will come back unto thee  
Like to a handled Flower, where the Glow  
Of Hue, and Sweetness of the Perfume no  
More dwell: upon God's Altar, with all the  
First Freshness on it, place it, and then he  
Will make its Perfume everlasting, so  
'Twill be a Joy for aye: there are but two  
To whom it matters that thy Deeds be known:  
*God* and thyself: and if to these *alone*  
They be so, then *rejoice* thereat, for you  
Thus *know* them to be *Gooddeeds*, in the true  
And sublime Sense — true, like thy Father's own!

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2. And he will recompense thee *fully*: by  
Thy *Feelings* — he will make these godlike — yea,  
Thou shalt feel even as God himself may!  
And how can he reward thee, save thro' thy  
Own Feelings? can the Godlike palpably  
Make itself known in any other Way?  
And if thou *feel'st not thyself godlike*, pray  
Can it pass into thee by Ear or Eye?  
Then fear not — if thou aught *Godlike* hast done,  
Thou *canst not* miss of *one* Reward, *the best* —  
Thy *Feelings* — in which each has a sure Test.  
For where *these* are not Godlike *first*, there none

Can do aught Godlike — where they are so, rest  
 Assured that each a *full* Reward has won:  
 There is none else for him beneath the Sun.  
 Nay, could he *wish* another, then what he  
 Has done would be no more Godlike: thus the  
*Mere Doing Good* its own Reward implies,  
 For we must *feel* Godlike *to do it!* — so,  
 So surely, unto Virtue the allwise  
 Creator joins its Recompense below!

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3. Then do thou Good like to thy Father up  
 In Heaven! so, so stillly, modestly,  
 'That what thy Righthand does thine upraised Eye  
 Behold not! *so*, that when thou hold'st the Cup  
 To the poor Beggar, thou feel'st not that *thy*,  
*But God's*, *Hand* gives it: and then verily  
 If thou feel'st thus, 'twill be no longer thine:  
 'Twill be thy Father's, holding the divine  
 And brimming cup of Love, as well *to thee*  
 As to that Beggar: and the Draught shall be  
 A Foretaste of that Heaven which is nigh,  
*So nigh!* as is the Tear unto thine Eye,  
 The godlike Feeling to thine Heart! do as  
 Thy Father then, who lets us work the Good  
 And Godlike *as if of ourselves* it was,  
 And not of Him! who asks for nothing: no  
 Not e'en the Thanks which all Things to Him owe:  
 E'en for the Good *himself* does *in us*: — thus  
 In doing Good he with the godlike Thought  
 Of doing it is paid, nor seeks for aught  
 Beyond: and if he were not *this Way* by  
*Himself* repaid, how could he worthily  
 Or *by whom* be rewarded — ? it is this  
 That *makes him God*, and sums up all his Bliss!  
*All Joy* he feels, *all Good* done doth *he* do,

And yet a *measurelessly* greater too!  
*His own*, which makes him what he *only* is!

## POWER OF IMAGINATION,

1. Does not the Fancy fondly fain  
     'Twixt Spirits bound by Faith and Love,  
     A magic and electric Chain  
     By which two Hearts *one* Impulse prove?
2. Yes, and to Hearts that love indeed  
     No idle Tale sweet Fancy tells,  
     Such Power is true Love's holy Meed,  
     For Faith can still work Miracles.
3. Let not the dull, cold Sons of Earth,  
     Deride the Mysteries of Love,  
     They must be born to a new Birth,  
     Ere such base Hearts this Truth can prove,
4. For Truth speaks but to *willing* Ears,  
     To such as listen holily,  
     She has no Voice for Man's dull Sneers,  
     But leaves him in his Pride to die.
5. 'Tis on Imagination's Wings  
     The Soul can traverse Time and Space,  
     Away all Dust of Earth it flings,  
     That severed Hearts may thus embrace.
6. Praise be to God for this high Power,  
     This Balm against the Ills of Life,  
     By which e'en Absence' bitter Hour,  
     Some Honey to the Hive may give.
7. And sweeter too than that we gain,  
     From Flowers which in no sharp Thorns lie,  
     For Bliss thus won from sinless Pain  
     Is doubly dear to Memory.
8. When in far foreign Lands I roam,  
     And Strangerfaces coldly stare,  
     On Fancy's wings I hie me Home,  
     And pass an Hour of Rapture there.



9. I close my Eyes — the Present's gone,  
And thro' my stirred Heart's inmost Core  
There sweeps a sweet and thrilling Tone  
Of wellcome Voices, heard of Yore.
10. Once more upon my Threshold dear  
I stand, in throbbing Joy elate:  
And half in Hope and half in Fear,  
I lift the Latch, yet hesitate.
11. For from that loved and hallowed Spot  
I've parted many a long, long Year,  
And some may be — oh God! be what? —  
Away dark Thought: thou art Despair!
12. One moment, and they're gathered all  
Around me with their Looks of Joy,  
And my full Heart doth rise and fall,  
As tho' its Bliss were Agony.
13. From many a wistful Eye is cast  
Those wholeheart Thoughts that cannot speak:  
For much is changed since they met last,  
And Care sits on the oncesfair Cheek.
14. Fancy, thou stirr'st too potently  
Mine earthlier Part, deceiving Elf:  
The starting Tear and heaving Sigh  
Call me from thee to my sole Self.
15. I have no Home, save when past Times  
Steal o'er me with their Visions dear:  
And of remembered Joys the Chimes  
Come ringing back in Fancy's Ear.
16. I have no Home! oh Time! oh Time!  
Why hast thou robbed me of my Home?  
Thrust me from that fair Edenclime,  
Like Adam, thro' the World to roam?
17. My Mother's Voice I hear no more,  
And could it speak to soothe my Grief,  
Alas! it has no longer Power;  
It would but wound, not bring Relief.

18. I have a Corner in my Heart  
 Where the old Feelings still live on,  
 But lost, beyond all human Art,  
 The World of Beauty, that is gone!
19. Oh Mother! thou canst no more kiss  
 My Lips, and with thy Angeltouch  
 Make me an Angel too of Bliss,  
 If not in Form, *in Heart* still such.
20. Once more on Earth; my sweet Dream's flown,  
 But Faith has still a Remedy,  
 She loves with her own Wreath to crown  
 Grief's pale Brow, suffering patiently.
21. With bended knee and upraised Eye,  
 My Sorrows all to her are given,  
 And, like a Seraph, from the Sky  
 Hope drops and lifts my Thoughts to Heaven,
22. Thus in the Agency of Parting  
 From those we love on Earth the best,  
 Let's think upon the Bliss of meeting,  
 Where severed Hearts at length have Rest.

## ON PLEASURESEEKING.

1. The Fool of Fools is he who in the Chace  
 Of Pleasure sweats and *slaves*: who toils from Day  
 To Day, and vainly, 'till his head grows gray,  
 And he sinks down exhausted by the Race,  
 Which Mind and Body should but serve to brace,  
 For what already each Step of the Way  
 Was in his Reach, would he but *think* so: say  
 How shall we then hold fast in our Embrace  
 The everfleeing Form of Pleasure— to  
 Be *easypleased* makes Pleasure everywhere:  
 But to be so, we must first set a *true*  
 Value on Things, know what they really are.  
 Our Disappointments spring from our undue

Esteem of fancied Goods, which sought with Care  
Do not repay the Search : nay, often too

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2. The Search unfits us for Enjoyment, by  
Its feverish Longing and Anxiety.  
*Make thyself easy first to please*, then thou  
Wilt not wait long for what thou seek'st now.  
With so much Toil : be pleased with all Things, e'en  
With merest Trifles, for if thou art so,  
What matters it then what the Cause has been ?  
It is no Trifle unto thee, altho'  
To others : 'tis the grand Mistake to throw  
*Small Things* away ; the Fool therein can find  
No Good, for there is none in *his own Mind*.  
But thou art wiser, and thou know'st that *all*  
Is good — that, *grandly viewed*, no Thing is small !

PRAYER.

As to my Father oft do I pray un-  
To God, and ever does he answer me :  
*The Prayer* is its *best Answer*, it is the  
*Fullfillment of its ownself*, 'twould be *none*  
*If oitherwise!* and even when that one  
Good which we ask at His Hands may not be  
Accorded us, yet something *better* He  
Gives for it, so godlike *he* gives alone!  
The greatest Blessing is to *hold none for*  
*The greatest*, but to labour to *possess*  
*God only*, in all Things to do *his Law*.  
Now this chief Good in his Ungrudgingness  
He gives to all alike, for Eye ne'er saw  
Nor Heart e'er felt the *Godlike* except thro'  
And by *Him*, thus possessed by all, who do  
Feel *that*, in his sublime Unchangeableness!  
This one Good compensates us for all less—

Er Losses, nay! *with u* there are *none* too!  
 For *in Him* we have still *our* dear Ones, who  
 Relive to us by this one Blessedness!  
 Which thus is all in one, and the *one true*!  
 Then let us merge ourselves in God and naught  
 Can we be robbed of, nay, that which is *ta'en*  
*From us* shall be made *fairer* and again  
*Thro' feeling Him* more godlike to us brought  
 Back, and possessed *enduring as our Thought!*

## ON SELFISHNESS.

If Men act selfishly towards *thee* do  
 Not let that make thee selfish: let it be  
 A Spur to *further* Good, that all may see  
 Thus thy *Disinterestedness*, unto  
 Still greater Sacrifices, 'till that thro'  
 Constant Selfsacrifice it grow to thee  
*None*, as to God, who gives *all* and so free-  
 Ly, *even his own Spirit!* and have you  
 Not still a *full* Reward e'en when Men pay  
 Thee with Ingratitude? hast thou not still  
 Thy *godlike Feelings*, pure Heart and strong Will?  
 Then do not Good alone, but go, I say,  
 One, one Step *further*, *pardon* those who ill-  
 Requite thee, let the Injury pass away,  
 Like to a Cloud from yon' eternal Blue,  
 So from thy Soul— for as that Cloud the Day,  
 So ill Thoughts bar the spiritual Ray  
 Of God's own Light— thus, like Him, wilt thou do  
 Good *for itself*, and like Him pardoning too  
 Thine Enemies *wilt have none more*, nor see  
 In their Ingratitude the *Ill done thee*  
 But that *alone* which *to themselves* is done,  
 For if thou think'st *thus* to thee *is none!*

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## TO THE POOR.

Poor Man, lift up thy Brow, thy Wealth is great,  
 Thy Heritage most kingly, tho' to thee  
 Its full Extent unknown! I would not be  
 A Monarch in his Pomp and Pride of State  
 If I might chuse 'twixt that and thy hard Fate!  
 Look up, look up, for art thou not as free  
 To call God *Father* then as well as he?  
 Yea! more so, and is thy Reward tho' late  
 Not certain? why into the Dust shouldst thou  
 Then look still down? thou hast like him a Brow  
 Whereon God's Image is impressed as clear:  
 Thou hast an Heart whose Beatings let thee know  
 Thine Immortality: tho' destined here  
 With Sweat to earn thy Bread yet not less near  
 To God *for this*, nay! nearer, for 'tis so  
 He as the *Father* to thee must appear:  
 'Tis to the *Sufferer* that He doth grow  
*All that He is*, unutterably dear!

## MONEYLUST.

What first, what second, and what third? Money!  
 Still Money! grow but rich and thou shalt be  
 A shining Light to all Mankind, airfree  
 From every Speck and Stain quick Slander's Eye  
 Detects 'neath threadbare Clothes and Poverty,  
 Tho' in a bless'd Saint! Oh God, that we  
 From this soulsoiling Moneyleprosy,  
 Base Thralls! could free ourselves, with Hearts to high  
 And genuine Sentiments reclaimed, no more  
 Slaving for that which wise Men fling away,  
 As Life's chief Good! Oh! what is to be poor?  
 In Wealth to wallow 'till Truth's heavenly Sway  
 And high Affections lose their genial Power,  
 Leaving us allunmixed, untempered Clay!

## BLESSINGS, HOW EARNED?

Great Blessings ask a wise Forbearance, a  
Calm Selfdenial; if *too soon* we would  
Enjoy their Sweets, we lessen that same Good  
Which, ripening in due Season, they would lay  
*Of themselves* at our Feet, as in our Way  
The ripest, sweetest Apples fall— we should  
Not pluck the *Fruit* trees blossoms in a Mood  
Of Overhaste, to smell and fling away  
That without which the *Fruit* can never be:  
'Tis but a fleeting Pleasure, for which we  
Thus sacrifice the *lasting* one: and oh!  
My Soul, wait God's good Time, thus surest the  
Good hoped for will be thine— and if not so!  
Yet hast thou lived so long, and dost not know  
That when God gives a Blessing to us, he  
Gives not *that* which *we* thought of always; no!  
We must *deserve* it first— and then, when by  
Patience we have done this, it comes, and lo!  
We reap *two* godlike Goods *for one alone*!  
And what if of the Blessings *prayed for* none  
Should come to pass?— God does in Love deny;  
Yet such his Bounty that he bestows on  
Us the *divinest* of all which the sky  
Contains, which is all others summed in one,  
Patience! since *waiting* for the Blessing which  
We hoped, that *very waiting* makes us rich,  
And not that which we prayed for; nay it makes  
Us tenfold richer than that could: *it is*  
A real, a *during Good for life*, but this  
Is oft a *fancied*, fleeting one— then see,  
My Heart, how much God does for our sole sakes,  
And let thy Gratitude proportioned be;  
Do for *his* Sake the Good and Godlike, so  
Pure and sublime the *true* Godlike *thou*'lt feel and know!

Thus even what thou dost for *his sake* he  
Takes not to himself, but *returns to thee!*

## FREEDOM.

There are two Kinds of Liberty, the one  
Is spiritual, that which Wisemen prize,  
Which in the narrowest Limits can comprise  
Powers to work all Good: by which alone  
The Calmly great and the Enduring mighty, on  
The True and the Eternal bas'd, can rise;  
Within Man's Breast its ample Empire lies,  
And on subdu'd Will is built its Throne!  
The other is an outward Thing, of no  
Worth when disjoined from this: the veriest Slave  
As the true Freeman its poor Boon may have:  
'Tis based upon Distinctions brute and low,  
On Things allied to chance and change, which owe  
Their Worth to Fool Opinion's Breath, Dust for the Grave!

## SOLITUDE.

Oh Solitude, divinest Solitude,  
Long at thy genial Breasts have I drawn in  
The Milk of Wisdom, far from all vain Din  
Of the World fretting in its noisy Mood!  
Long nourished upon that celestial Food,  
I feel each troubled Pulse which throbb'd within  
My Heart grow quiet, and at length begin  
To comprehend the sublime Plenitude  
Of Charms severe that dwell in thy calm Face;  
No Wonder that the Crowd should pass thee by,  
Since I myself but now begin to trace  
Beauties unfelt before: each latent Grace,  
Revealed alone by perfect Sympathy,  
When heavenly Things to heavenly reply!

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## A THOUGHT.

1. How happy do I feel this blessed Day,  
 Which comes forth like a Vestal robed in White,  
 And with a Glory on her Head of bright  
 And dazzling Sunbeams— for this once I lay  
 Aside Time's heavy Burthen, cast away  
 My Sorrows, as a Snake his Skin, and light-  
 Ly move along, with boyant Heart and Sight  
 Pleased with each Leaflet trembling on its Spray:  
 Life's joyous Spirit is awake in me,  
 Fluttering within my Bosom like a new -  
 Fledged Bird— Oh Happiness could I but be  
 Ever the same: the inward Harmony  
 Thus calm and perfect, thus to Nature true,  
 As tho' her mighty Hand the full, sweet Accord drew!

## CONTRAST TO THE ABOVE.

2. I know not wherefore, but e'en now, while near  
 My Lips the Cup of Bliss is sparkling bright  
 As Nectar, held by Hope's own Hand, my Sight  
 Grows dull, and to mine Eye there starts a Tear!  
 The pale Ghost of some halfforgotten Fear  
 Flits dim before my Eyes, and to affright  
 The visionary Forms from Memory's Night  
 Arise, and whispering faintly in my Ear  
 Of Lips which of that Cup should taste with mine,  
 Push it aside, and spill all on the Ground!  
 How oft Man's highest Joy, his *most divine*  
 Is linked with Pain, as Echo to its Sound!  
 Joy overleaps himself— o'ersteps the Bound  
 Which parts them, thus their Essences combine!

## THE GREATEST POET.

1. He is the truest Poet who will so  
 For *his own Heart*, and not for others, be!



Who makes his *daily Life* his Poetry,  
 Until this rude, hard World so fair doth show,  
 That Tears seem no more Metaphors of Woe,  
 But like the Dewdrops on the Flower! he,  
 He is the Poet, who can feel and see  
 All Things *as God* has made them: who can throw  
 His own Heart into Nature's mighty Breast  
 And comprehend its Beatings like his own.  
 Who in the Consciousness supremely blest,  
 Like God, of that which cannot be exprest,  
 And *still* as he, feels and works out alone  
 Th' Unutterable! his *own Heart* his best,  
 His sole Reward, and so *because unknown!*  
 For just because none know of it but he,  
*First then and therefore* 'tis all it can be!

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2. He for his Verse, from idle Vanity,  
 Breaks off no paltry fragment of his Soul,  
 But keeps the Diamond for his Maker's eye  
 In his own Breast, divinely bright and whole!  
 Perhaps he never rhymed *a verse*, but his  
*Own Being* is a perfect Rhyme in this  
 Grand Poem of the World -- an Echo clear  
 Of God's own Being, in its smaller Sphere!  
 And if *this* be not Poetry, I know  
 Not then what is: then God himself is no  
 Poet, for he writes not, but *does* alone!  
 So poetize thou too, 'till thou hast grown  
 Like him, 'till thy Works show forth only *his*  
 And not *thy* Glory: for believe me this  
*Thy highest* is, and without this is *none!*

THE WISEMAN CANNOT BE IMPOVERISHED.

Talk not of Loss! the Wiseman can lose nought  
 So long as he *is himself!* nay, the more

He loses of those hollow Goods before  
 Which weak minds bow, the more his Soul is taught  
*That* Wealth alone is during which is wrought  
 From his own Bosom's Mine of divine Ore;  
 The more he is *himself*, the richer Store  
 Springs from the native Soil of his own Thought!  
 'Tis but when forced into ourselves that we  
 Find and become the Godlike we should be;  
 Then no more upon Fortune's brittle Reed,  
 Shaken by every Breath, we lean, but free  
 And fearless, with Faith's steady staff proceed,  
 Which bears us up secure in Life's worst Need!

## BOOKWISDOM.

1. Books, Books, like painted Windowglass,  
 Break and discolor Truth's pure Light  
 Which else into our Souls would pass  
 From all Life's Forms, direct and bright.
2. We will not see Things *as they are*,  
 We disjoint and anatomize  
 And sever them, until they bear  
 No meaning to our purblind Eyes.
3. We stick them on our Studyshef,  
 And then with Spectacles on nose,  
 Pore o'er them, 'till e'en Nature's self  
 A profitless Enigma grows!
4. And by the dim Nightlamp we weigh  
 Opinions jumbled, white and black,  
 Where for one Clue to show the Way  
 A thousand lead us from the Track!
5. And when beneath God's blessed Light  
 We see things as they really are,  
 They dazzle the poor Bookworm's Sight,  
 And colored Glasses he must wear.
6. The World seems in a Whirl; so strange,  
 So rapid, varied, crowded, new

- Th' Impressions, and so wide the Range  
Beyond the Circle which he drew,
7. That Magiccircle in which he  
Dreant that all Wisdom surely lay,  
And that beyond it none could see  
Right by the vulgar Light of Day,
8. Down from the King unto the Clown  
So different the living Men  
From that which he before had known,  
Philosophy's stuffed Specimen!
9. Then he applies to this and that  
The most approved Booktheory,  
But finds that it will not come pat  
When tested by Reality,
10. Philosophy's Airwheel stands still  
That grinds Abstractions down and chops  
Up Logic, but plain, hard Facts will  
Cause Friction, and all Movement stops!

## AFTER READING WORDSWORTH'S LAODOMIA.

Oh godlike Bard, how hast thou roused me — me  
The godlike; not this common, everyday  
And hackneyed Being, but the Angel, yea,  
The Angel I was once, and still should be,  
And which I grow again in reading thee.  
Oh that these Feelings could endure for aye,  
The calm, deep Glance — the Consciousness — the Ray  
Of placid Light thrown over all I see.  
What now I feel and think, I cannot speak!  
All Utterance, save one alone, is weak;  
And that is *stilly* in each Act and Thought  
To show how deeply upon me hath wrought  
The Writer's Spirit, so sublime yet meek,  
The noblest that since Christ his Word has taught;  
And who, like him too, in his Work has sought  
God's Glory, not his own — so do thou seek

It too my Soul, and uttering thereof naught,  
On all the Godlike stamp, with which thou'rt fraught!

## ON BEING TOLD I COULD NOT LIVE LONG.

Thou err'st! thou know'st not how, how many Years  
I live in each brief Day, nay, in each Hour:  
Such is Imagination's godlike Power!  
Life, measured but by fretting Hopes and Fears  
Of Earth's vain Goods, dark, troubled, brief appears:  
Its longest Joy, the Smelling at a Flower:  
Its Grievs, like Shadows lengthening on before  
And darkening the Tomb, which far off rears  
Its melancholy Goal! but there is, yea!  
There is an *higher* measure, and one Day  
With Reference to this holds Centuries:  
Thus the good God, if to me he denies  
Long outward Life, still cheers me on my Way  
By doubling that *within thro' my own Faculties!*

## THE PEN.

With this, as little as it seems, can one  
Work Wonders! build up Cities, plough the Waste,  
Alter Costumes and Laws, and change the Taste  
Of Nations, set up Thrones and pluck them down!  
What Priviledge then claims it as its own?  
Or what strange Subjects 'neath its Sway are placed,  
That thus with a few Strokes can be effaced  
Things grey as Time, familiar as the Sun?  
*Men's Thoughts!* these move all! act but on the Thought  
And Will of Man, and then the Lever by  
Which mightiest Revolutions have been wrought  
Is in thy one weak Hand! lost to Man's Eye  
Perhaps, like God, by few or known or sought,  
Thou with two Fingers mov'st the World's Machinery!

## TRUE STRENGTH.

How beautiful, to see from Age to Age  
 A blessed Truth enlarging silently  
 Its Sphere of Action : tho' impeded by  
 Error and Prejudice, still with them wage  
 A *holy* Warfare : and to the *blind* Rage  
 Of these brute Foes opposing constantly,  
 Not mortal Weapons, useless where the Sky  
 And its invisible Agencies engage  
 To make the Cause to prosper sure, but those  
 By Hands not framed, and wearing not away,  
 Weapons of Light! which with their viewless Blows  
 Smite not alone the palpable Foe of Clay,  
 But pierce the Giant Error's Heart, whence flows  
 All Evil, and destroy the *Cause* for aye!

## TO THE OVERGODLY.

Who sanctioned thee to sit in Judgment on  
 Thy Fellows, or to draw a Line which is  
 Far stricter than God himself makes? is *his*  
 First Feeling Vengeance? yet if anyone,  
 Methinks, *should* feel that, it were he alone  
 Who is *all Purity*! but even this  
 Makes him of so long Suffering: yea! 't is/  
 His *Love* that fills his Godhead out! let none  
 Then hold his *Virtue* as a Reason for  
 Severity — for is not God far more  
 Removed from thee, than thou from the worst Whore  
 Or Sinner? yea! and if thine Eye but saw  
 The Heart as *his* does, thou wouldst *think* before  
 Condemning, and of *thy* Faults, not the Law!  
 And why is God so merciful? because  
 He *knows* the Object what it *is* and *was*:  
 Then do thou too so, and like God's thine Eye  
 Will *see godlike*, and therefore *lovingly*!

## MAN AND NATURE.

1. 'T was just such a sweet Eve as this  
Full fifteen Years ago,  
The Earth was green, as now it is;  
In Midjune's leafiest Glow.
2. The Brook that murmurs at my Feet  
Flows on as in those Days,  
*I* am no more a Child, yet it  
With childlike Joy still plays.
3. *Its* Source is full as erst of yore,  
No Failure doth it know,  
Yet that within *my* Heart no more  
Flows as 't was wont to flow.
4. How oft, on this sweet Flowerbank  
With Twilight shadows dim,  
I've watched the Boughs that rose and sank  
At the quick Eddy's Whim.
5. And oft a whole long Summersday  
I've pass'd in Fairydreams,  
In Dreams more sweet than boyish Play,  
Where there is more than seems.
6. Such as belong alone to Youth,  
Lingerings of Heavenslight:  
Comminglings with the primal Truth  
Ere Earth has claimed her Right.
7. For Youth believes in all he sees,  
And to firm Faith is given  
To realize what she doth please  
And bear us back to Heaven.
8. And when the Villagechimes came clear  
Upon the dewy Air,  
Oh! what a sweet, sweet Sound to hear  
For one who knew no Care!
9. Of Nature's Music they formed Part,  
As blithe as the Bird's Song,

- As yet not jangled, for my Heart,  
The Keynote, was not wrong.
10. And ever when they seemed to die  
Still by the Echo caught  
They came again mysteriously  
Like Answers to strange Thought.
11. The *selfsame* Scene's before my Eyes,  
The *same* Sound in my Ears,  
Oh! say then where the *Difference* lies  
Since all unchang'd appears.
12. The Dayseye glimmering at my Feet  
Is still as fresh in Hue,  
The Woodbine's Perfume smells as sweet  
As when, like Life, 't was new.
13. Why cannot I stretch forth my Hand  
And pluck it as of yore,  
What is there in it that but scann'd  
It makes my Heart run o'er?
14. The Hour of Beauty's pass'd away,  
The Flower blooms not for me,  
A younger Hand may pluck and play  
And *feel* what I *scarce* see.
15. Poor Mortal! Nature changes not,  
Her Heart beats calm and true,  
The selfsame Pulse is in her Breast,  
Say is it so with you?
16. Oh no! oh no! my Heart beats quick  
And feverish in my Breast,  
And I am very, very sick,  
For I can find no Rest.
17. The Bloom from all Life's Fruit is gone,  
They're rotten at the Core,  
They drop in Mockery one by one,  
The Tree will bear no more.
18. Oh Time! bring back on thy swift Wings,  
Of early Youth some Dews.

And sprinkle once again all Things  
With their primeval Hues.

19. That but for one brief Moment, but  
One Moment ere I part,  
I may behold those Scenes, then shut  
The Vision in my Heart!

TIME.

Oh Time, who musest by the Grave and on  
The Brink of dark Forgetfulness, in whose  
Unfathomable Depths thou fling'st all those  
Vain Records which do testify alone  
Of thy Gifts misapplied, on that Gravestone  
Why sitt'st thou with thine Hourglass which shows  
Its few, small Grains, yet measures out all Woes,  
Cares, Toils, how great so'er, beneath the Sun:  
Whose Moments, busy Workmen! forge the Chain  
Of stern Necessity, that binds as well  
The bosom-cradled Babe thro' Joy and Pain,  
As the vast Life of Nations: thou couldst tell  
Strange Secrets of that Grave which must remain  
Voiceless, and with the Worms forever dwell!

WEALTH'S NOTHINGNESS.

What tho' ye loll in gilded Halls! e'en these  
Shall to your sated Eyes seem dull and bare  
And cheerless as the cobweb'd Walls which are  
The Prisoner's Limits: Pleasure cannot please  
Who *surfeits* on it, in the Lap of Ease  
Unrest shall pillow ye, and wrinkled Care  
Sit by ye at the sumptuous Banquet, share  
Your costly Viands, and that worst disease,  
Selfweariness, into your Vitals eat!  
With unbought Pleasures this wide World doth teem





For him who still preserves the sacred Heat  
 Of simple Feelings, but in vain ye deem  
 Nature's wise Laws like Man's to bribe and cheat:  
 Her Joys are unbought Boons, and, as is meet,  
 Worth but what they *stand for in our Esteem!*

## FOLLY AND WISDOM.

Thus may one know the Fool from the wise Man:  
 Give to the former all that Hope can crave,  
 All that between the Cradle and the Grave  
 The everbusy Fancy's Brain can plan,  
 The End will find him such as he began,  
 Unformed *within*, unchanged in all Things save  
 Grey Hairs and Wrinkles: let the other have  
 Of stern Reality the scantiest Span  
 With Means commensurate, yet therein he  
 Can fashion forth a World of Beauty, make  
 Mere earthly Things subserve Eternity:  
 He in sublime content Want's Bread will break  
 As 't were the Bread of Immortality,  
 Yea! Faith to that can change it for his Sake!

## CHARITY.

There are two Kinds of Charity: the one  
 Less Child of Tenderness than Vanity,  
 Stretching its Hand out ostentatiously  
 In the World's Eye, lest it should not be known  
 Or duly trumpeted: less with its own  
 Still, inward Approbation pleased than by  
 Vain Tokens waiting on it outwardly;  
 The other is of divine Birth, alone  
 Seeking the *Object's Good* not its own Praise:  
 Yea! caring not tho' its best motives be  
 Unknown or misinterpreted, for he  
 Whose Act *rewards itself* already has  
 All that he sought, Bliss perfect *inwardly*,  
*Profaned and lessened* by the vulgar Gaze!

TO THE ANTINOUS IN THE FLORENCE FINEARTSGALLERY,  
AN ODE.

1. *What* look 'st thou at, Antinous? for sure /  
On Vacancy *such* Gaze was never bent :  
To what far Regions calm and bright, and pure  
From Life's vain Turmoil, is thy Spirit sent  
Abroad on fancywing'd Discovery?  
Gazing and gazing 'till the Void grows filled,  
And from the Womb of Nothing there arise  
A world of Beauty: 'till the sensual Eye,  
In which the Soul its Essence has instilled,  
Th' Invisible unconsciously descries!

---

2. Oh breathing Marble, on whose placid Brow,  
With soft Locks blown as by the Summerair  
And bended Head, the restless Years leave no  
Remembered Trace, and from whose Lips so fair  
Time cannot banish for a Moment's Space  
The quiet Smile, there mantling like the Bloom  
Upon the untouched Floweret of the Spring,  
To us, still toiling in Life's troublous Race,  
'Tis sweet to see thee, happy one, on whom  
The passing Hour throws no dark Shade from its Wing!

---

3. Oh might those Lips but find a Voice to speak  
What 'tis thine Eye looks on: methinks e'en now  
A Whisper on mine inner Ear doth break,  
But straight it fades in mystic Echos low  
Thro' the unfathomable Soul, there lost  
Amid those Depths which with Eternity  
Communicate, tho' how we know not: strange!  
Upon the mighty Ocean we are tost,  
And still the Current sweeps unknowingly  
Our Bark beyond e'en Fancy's widest Range

4. Where Shore and Polestar are no longer seen!  
 And thou, pure Marble! with thy Form so chaste,  
 Art likest some bright vision which has been  
 Revealed unto us in our sleep, embraced  
 But for a moment and then lost again  
 In its own Glory, like an Angelsform  
 That melts away into the Ether blue  
 From whence it broke upon us: but in vain  
 The Film falls from our Eyes, soon Cloud and Storm  
 Sweep the brief Glimpse of Ether from our View!

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5. Gaze on, gaze on, thricehappy one, gaze on  
 That brighter world which to thy favored Eyes  
 Is opened up: that world which we alone  
 By Faith and calm Content can realize,  
 Whose Magiccircle, small as it may seem  
 To those who stand without, to him inside  
 Is rich and ample as— *Eternity!*  
 At Times as if I stepp'd into thy Dream  
 Visions of Bliss float up 'till then denied,  
 And Death seems but a Name and Time mere Jugglery!

---

6. Then do I consciously possess my whole,  
 My undivided self, and feel I live  
 In Oneness with the universal Soul  
 Of human Being: I no longer *strive*  
 To comprehend the mystic Nature by  
 Which thou, fair Marbleform, art haunted as  
 By some bright Spirit's Presence— I am one  
 With it, it is *in me* e'en as in thy  
 Still Life, felt when the Soul awaken'd has  
 Look'd thro' itself, these Depths so little known,

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7. E'en to ourselves, to all save God's clear Eye  
*Whose calm Glance there at Times meets ours!* and he  
 Who should possess his Soul, who *consciously*  
 Could grasp it in its Height and Depth would be  
 Like unto God! yea, he might look before  
 And after thro' the Life of Things! but who  
 Can take the measure of his Soul? who feels  
 Not self too vast for self? for still the more  
 We search the more we grope and so must do,  
*'Tis in Eternity*, on whose dark Brink Thought reels!

8 For tell me is not Soul Eternity?  
 Was it not once ere this frail Flesh was made  
 To shackle it, when this in Dust shall be  
 Will it not be with its first Form arrayed  
 Again as heretofore? who then, I say,  
 Shall compass that of which he neither knows  
 The End nor the Beginning? then tho' we  
 Should search and search until our Heads grow gray,  
 Sense doth impassable Barriers oppose,  
 And what Soul is we forefeel mistily!

For the Soul's secret is God's too, he is  
 Our Soul, and *in its Boundlessness* 't is his:  
 When most we *lose* ourselves in it, then most  
*'Tis his*, in which all others *must be lost!*

## ON THE TRUE SOURCES OF BEING.

How few Life's Elements have learnt to blend  
 In their real Harmony; how few possess  
 The true Accord, the Keynote, without which  
 The Music still must sleep, as if 't were not.  
 Coarseminded, skillless Players we rush o'er  
 The mystic keys, wherein the deep Spell lies  
*So simple yet so deep*, and by a Stress

Of meaningless, accumulated Notes  
Crowded for Eareffect and vain Display  
Of brute, mechanic knowledge, we call forth  
A Crash of illdistinguished Notes, which take  
The Sense by Storm, yet reach not to the Heart.  
For Power lies not in Force or Number, but  
In Fitness and Simplicity, and he,  
The one *true* Artist, he whose outward Ear  
Takes Rule and Measure *from within*, knows that  
The calm, deep Music of Humanity,  
Of Heart and Soul, its Power to exalt,  
Refine, and soothe, lies far below this Crash  
Of earoffending, surfacelying Noise,  
In a few simple but soulthrilling Notes,  
A few selfblent Accords, which but just touched  
Start into Harmony — but these the Hand,  
The soulimpellèd Touch alone can wake;  
And this sweet Music of the Soul, which dwells  
Within it, as within the seaborne Shell  
Echos and mighty Murmurings, which speak  
Of the allchangeless Ocean, tho' that Shell  
Be long source severed, dwelling haply where  
The Name of Ocean is an idle Word,  
Calling up no high Thoughts of Beauty, Might,  
And everduring Majesty, so in  
The Soul, tho' to the *inward Ear* alone,  
Like Music dwells, when in a blessed Mood  
Our Faculties grow ample and serene;  
Mysterious Echos from another World,  
Sounds as of mighty Waters heard afar,  
Of that same Springheadocean whence all Powers  
And Faculties of Spirit flow, return  
And tend; but this sweet Music to the World's  
Dull, drowy Ear is all too pure and deep;  
As little felt as the Sphereharmony  
Of yon bright Stars, when in their mystic Rounds

Their multifarious orbs are rolled along  
 As noiselessly as Thoughts thro' God's own Mind,  
 Whose Thoughts are Worlds and Suns—

— With the Ellwand

Of weekday Forms and Customs would the World  
 Measure celestial Things, and thus the Mind  
 Not modelled to *its* Fashion, must submit  
 To be a Scorn and Jest to those who toil  
 Along the dusty Highway which the Feet  
 Of servile Generations have marked out;  
 Or if it dare to leave this beaten Track,  
 The Smoke and Stir of Mammon, for the calm  
 And lovely Paths of Nature, the green Fields,  
 The musicflowing Streams, and sunny Hills  
 That spread on either Hand, and mould itself  
 By the sweet Access of all natural Forms,  
 And Shapes and Sounds, unto a truer Life,  
 It is a crying Sin, and not forgot  
 When, in its Pharasaic Mood, the World  
 Preaches its loud Damnation against those  
 Who dare to think and act as natural Beings!  
 Yea! a Man's Conduct may be allcondemned  
 When by the narrow and Halfwisdom of  
 The World 'tis measured: his best Actions too  
 Will seem alldisproportioned and distort  
 When laid upon the Procrustean Bed  
 Of Prejudice, and lopp'd of their most fair  
 And grand Proportions, until thus reduced  
 To Custom's wretched Compass, or stretched out  
 In uncouth Monstershapes to suit his false  
 Distorted Standard, but there is an high-  
 Er, fuller Wisdom than that of the World,  
 An ampler Scope: a System of more full,  
 More catholic and sublime Sympathies,  
 Higher Relations, which complete the Links  
 Of Being from the smallest Worm that crawls,

Yea! up to God's own Throne : and judged by *these*  
 His Actions will be haply found in true  
 And godlike Keeping with the wider Scope  
 And ampler Movement of this higher Sphere,  
 This nobler System : *with the mighty Whole*  
 Of that same Nature which we comprehend  
 Only by Breaks and Snatches 'till we are  
*Alive in Soul* : 'till we be truly grown  
 Parts of that mighty Whole, and sympathize  
 Like healthy Members with the Universe!  
 Here, in *this* World, its narrow Wisdom's Reach  
 We oft o'erstep when we but venture o'er  
 The Boundmark of its Forms and Prejudices :  
 And yet it is *precisely then* we step  
 Abroad into the glorious Realm of Truth,  
 Of God, of Nature, and of Liberty :  
 'Tis then *first* we possess that which we have  
 Of *Valuablest, Inalienablest,*  
*Ourselves!* for then we *are* all that we have,  
 For what we *are* not cannot be called ours ;  
     *In our own selves possessing our own Souls,*  
 And living *in* our God, a Part of him,  
 An Emanation from him, e'en as Light  
 Is of the Sun! quickened, and in our Turn  
 Quickening these fleeting Forms of mortal Life :  
 'Tis then that we commence the Life of Soul,  
 Alive in the true Sense, to all of Grand,  
 Of Beautiful in Nature, Man and Art;  
 Rays which tho' falling in a thousand Modes  
 On an Infinitude of diverse Forms  
 With Rainbowlight, yet flow from one sole Source,  
 Th' enduring True and Good! nor do we feel  
 These Beauties with a Heart, that watchlike, beats  
 Sixty Pulsations in a Moment's Space,  
 Under the dead, mechanic Forms and Modes  
 Of an Existence modelled upon Rule

Like a Machine, but with a holy Gush  
Of allpervading Love, which clasps all Forms  
Of mortal Being, and which makes our Heart  
A Pulse harmonious in Nature's vast  
And allembicing Bosom, yea! in God's!

## MODERATION.

Seek nought with *Overtail*— else thou wilt by  
The Search thereafter lose more than the Gain  
The finding of it brings— and if with Pain  
And Fretting thou keep'st what thou hast, then thy  
Wealth itself grows a Source of Misery;  
Much with much care is nothing— 'tis the Bane  
Of Overwealth, itself, itself makes vain,  
Then seek it not: a few Things *perfectly*  
Enjoyed contribute more to Happiness  
Than many, which must be enjoyed far less,  
*Because so many!* Things but *one by one*  
Can be enjoyed, and he who has alone  
*Few* objects of Affection, just for this  
Enjoys them more, because he long has known  
How their Existence is bound up with his,  
For *he has made each to himself* that which it is!

## SMALL THINGS.

1. Neglect not small Things for the Sake of those  
Which thou call'st « *Great*: » it is our *Feelings* by  
Which their Worth must be measured; and if thy  
Delight be full, if Rapture thro' thee flows  
At sight of the *least* Child, or Flower that grows  
By the wayside, if Love into thine Eye  
Pushes the Tear of trembling Ecstasy,  
What matters it to *what* thy *full* Heart owes  
Its Bliss, how small so'er it be, if *thine*  
Own Feelings be thus perfect and divine  
The Goblet must receive according to



Its Capability, and if the Wine  
 Of Joy o'erflow, is it not lost to you?  
 What *thy own Breast contains*, that is thy true,  
 Thy only Wealth — and if the *least* Thing can  
 Make thee feel all that is implied in Man,  
 Then thou must feel « the *Godlike*, » and then what  
 Is there which in *that* Feeling thou hast not?  
 Now, to the End that each *least* Thing may give  
 This *Fullness* of all Beauty, learn to live  
 As ever in God's Presence, and too see  
*Him* in all Things, then e'en the least to thee  
 Will bring the Feeling of the Boundless; yea!  
 The smallest Grain upon the Seashore may  
 Awake that Feeling, full and vast as the  
 Illimitable Ocean itself; *be*  
*Spirit*, and then thou wilt *feel* boundless too,  
 Like him from whom thy Soul its Being drew!

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2. In seeking *one great* Pleasure pass not by  
 The manythousand lesser ones, which, as  
 The Flowers that we by the wayside pass,  
 Make Life delightful, and which certainly  
*Togetherreckoned* far outbalance thy  
*Great* Joy, which *troubles* thee, because it was  
 Hoped for too *anxiously*, and thus it has,  
 By fretting, lessened thy *Serenity*  
 Of Soul, without which no *great* Pleasures can  
 Be felt — no *godlike* pleasures — for in Man  
 The *Godlike* — *God!* is felt alone when he  
 Is  *stillest*, for th' *Unspeakable* can be. .  
 Known *only by its Calm*, and e'en the Deep  
 Thunders not forth God's name so grandly thro'  
 The Tempest, as when all his *Billows sleep*,  
 ( Like many Feelings lost in *one, more true*  
*And sublime* ) and thus blended form *one whole*,

Still, godlike still, an Emblem of God's Soul!  
 While in the boundless Glass the Maker's Form  
 Is mirrored, *disappearing* with the Storm!  
 How much more then Man's soul, where all that is  
*Most* godlike is *most still*, when *most like* his!

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3. And if now thy Serenity be gone,  
 Thy Power of Joy is lessened — but when one  
 By one thou find'st Life's Pleasures by the Way,  
 Each just sufficient for the passing Day,  
 And consequently for thy *whole* Life too,  
 For if thou liv'st *each* Day what more can you  
 Do or desire? — And each plucked as it blows,  
 Gently not hastily, since e'en the Rose  
 Has Thorns, and Eagerseeking mars its own  
 Enjoyment, neither culled and straightway thrown  
 Aside, like little children grasping all  
 They see, and letting many Flowers fall  
 Thus *unenjoyed*, nay, marring by the Fret  
 Felt at *their* Loss the sweets remaining yet;  
 Thro' the *superfluous* destroying still  
 The *Needful*, and thus turning Good to Ill;  
 As if the Flowers of Life were scattered not  
 By the *whole* way, but crowded in one spot:  
 As if our Joys were not like Flowers, which  
 When *freshest* yield the scent most full and rich,  
 And which laid by, or out of season sought,  
 Fade or are found not, leaving us thus naught  
 But Disappointment — for Joys cannot be  
 By Calculation multiplied, Forethought  
 And Toil and Seeking: they must spring up free,  
 Like the Wildflowers, 'tis the *present* Sun  
 And Rain from which their Hues and Scents are won,  
 So from the *present* Feelings likewise is  
 Produced the passing moment's fresh, clear Bliss,

No vapid *repetition*, but as strong,  
True, and spontaneous as the Bird's blithe Song:  
And as *each* moment *its own* Feelings brings,  
So from its Soil a *new, fresh* Pleasure springs,  
That is if thou hast taken Care to sow  
The *Seeds*, for even Oaks from Acorns grow,  
So *great* Joys out of *Little*: so much lies  
In *small* Things, and therefore to Wisdom's Eyes  
Nought, nought, seems small: for greatest Things still by  
*Degrees* become so: then mark well this — thy  
*Great* Joy must thro' the lesser ones be so,  
They must have first *prepared thy mind to know*  
*And feel it*, but if *thy Heart* has not been  
Prepared, canst thou receive it? can the green  
Stalk bear the fullripe Corn or does the Rose  
Yet in the Bud possess the Scent it throws  
Forth when fullblown, and which it owes unto  
So many *little* Things, to Sunbeams, Dew —  
Drops, Airbreaths, Raindrops, *all?* now hast thou lived  
Wisely and calmly, then wilt thou have hived  
From all these Moments and these Hours, which  
Seem separately so, so small, a rich  
Inheritance — a *greater* joy by far  
Than that you sought, yea! one in which all are  
Summed up: which no *one* Joy how great soe'er  
Could give, an *Habit* of real Joy, which ne'er  
Can be acquired save by *littles*, by  
What *each* Day brings unto the hive, with thy  
*Own Feelings* filled: a *greater Power and*  
*Capacity of Joy*, like the Seas and  
Made up of million Parts, and yet one Whole,  
The *general* Frame and Temper of the Soul  
*Pervading each least* Feeling, Act and Thought,  
Which thus with an *whole* Life's long Bliss is fraught,  
For *all* its Moments cause that *Frame* of Mind,  
And all its *separate* Joys you therein find

Summed up: without *these* it could never be:  
 Thus thy *whole* Life's long Bliss is felt by thee  
 In *each* full, pregnant Moment, each is as  
 A fullblown Rose, where all it ever was,  
 From the first Seedleaf to the blushing Flower,  
 Is summed up and enjoyed — thus by this Power  
 Wilt thou find Joy where thou hadst never sought,  
 Where *else none would have been*: for thou hast taught  
 And schooled *thy Heart*, which will not *fail thee*, no,  
 When all else does; and if thy Pleasures flow  
 From thence, what matters it if thou find'st none  
 Without? *Bliss at the Heart is all in one*.  
 And who can rob thee of thy Bliss, when *thou*  
*Thyself art it?* *thou only* knowest how!

## ON THE NEEDFUL.

Be always occupied: have something to  
 Keep Mind and Heart awake — and whatsoe'er  
 Thou turn'st thy Spirit to, do so with clear,  
 Full Consciousness — for tho' it seems to you  
 Beneath thy Notice, yet if thou canst thro'  
 It feel thy *whole Self*, then no wider Sphere  
 An Empire's Cares could offer thee — 'tis here  
 Men err so much — *great* Occupations do  
 Not necessarily enlarge the Mind  
 And Heart — but an *enlarged Heart* will find  
 Greatness in all Things, even in the least,  
 And most, where most it should, in *its own Breast*!  
 Strive then for this — then wilt thou be resigned  
 In every Occupation; nay! the *best*  
 Will grow out of the *worst*; for having naught  
*Beside*, thou wilt *possess thyself*? in thy  
*Own Heart* wilt seek for thy *own* Feelings, by  
 No false Impressions weakened, but thus brought  
 Forth from the Virginsoil unfailingly;  
 And what Want can our Feelings not supply?

Naught needful is, save as we *think* it so :  
And most superfluous Things more needful grow ,  
By *foolish* Thinking, than the needfullest —  
The worst Ill; since the *truly Needful* we  
Should *always, deeply, feel*, since it must be  
*Essential* to Man's Being here, nor can  
He without it be even really Man ;  
And what now is *most needful* to him? the  
Sentiment of the Godlike : this same free  
And sublime Selfdependence which the poor —  
Est may possess the most; but which is sure  
To perish, when superfluous Things have grown  
*Needful* — when *substituted for our own*  
*Best Feelings*, in which most the Godlike shows  
Itself, as in its Perfume does the Rose;  
And when *these* are no more a *real Want*, then  
We lose the Godlike, and are no more Men,  
We live not *by the Heart* within our Breast!  
According on what our Affections rest  
Is all our Happiness — then fix them on  
The Easily attainable alone,  
The True and the Enduring — and what is  
So much so as that which thou ne'er canst miss,  
Wilt thou *but think so* — the Godlike in thine  
Own Heart and Feelings — make but *these* divine,  
Then will the *highest* Things be *easiest*  
Attained: the *deepest*, comprehensiblest!  
For thou feel'st *God!* this Feeling in thy Soul  
Is the true Keynote of this lovely Whole,  
For God is at the Bottom of all Things,  
The Burthen of the Hymn the wide World sings.  
The least, least Flower tells of him, as well  
As of the Ocean does the murmuring Shell!  
Then feel him, and thou know'st what all Things feel;  
*To feel him always is Man's highest Weal!*

---

## ON THE WELLDÖERS OF MANKIND.

Who plucked the Laurel for the sublime Brow  
 Of Genius, or wherefore did he chuse  
 That Plant? because 'neath its unwithering Hues  
 There lurks a deadly Poison too, which no,  
 No Medicine can heal? it must be so!  
 In it that Poison Nature did infuse,  
 Foreseeing what would someday be its Use,  
 The bitter Moral of his Tale to show!  
 Like Christ, th' Apostles of Humanity  
 Must suffer for Mankind; too strong, too deep,  
 The Spirit in them to be lulled asleep!  
 They have their Tabors too, their Agony,  
 And Drops of Blood, not common Tears, they weep!  
 Their sole Reward, their bitter and severe  
 Delight, which like their Pains the vulgar Mind  
 As little can *conceive* as it could *bear*;  
 Their sole Reward, to be transfigured by  
 The inward Light, by that sublimed, refined!  
 An Emanation of, nay, the most High  
*Himself in them*, who looks with *his own Eye*  
 From them, in his own Glory steeps their Pain  
 And Grief, *in them* transfigured once again!

## DEATH.

Oh Death! no Poet ever called on thee  
 For Inspiration, or thy Cypressbough  
 Plucked in the Laurel's stead, to grace his brow;  
 Yet thine is of the two the best, 'tis free  
*From Poison*: and those who have learnt to see  
 Aright will tell thee also, there is no,  
 No Place where the true Evergreen will grow  
 Or can be gathered surer than on the  
 Sad Grave! Truth's Ear is in the inmost Heart,  
 And the loud Voices of the World are there

Unheard : nor Overjoy nor blank Despair  
 To it true Revelations can impart ;  
 But thou, oh Death, when softened thy first Smart,  
 Canst whisper things unutterably fair !

## THE POET.

Praise to the Poet ! 'tis no vulgar Throne,  
 Pillared on Crime and Wealth and idle State,  
 Which he aspires to, built up on Hate,  
 By Violence and Fraud maintained alone ;  
 His is a nobler Sceptre, which those own  
 The *readiest*, who *feel it most* : the Weight  
 Of brute Oppression can at best create  
 A forced obedience, but him we crown  
 With Hands of busy and officious Love,  
 And if he binds us with his Chains, these are  
*Our best* affections, in which we still move  
 As free as thro' the Ether some bright Star,  
 Fulfilling its high Mission there above  
 In Limits which *assist* its course, not bar  
 Or hinder ; he, he rules but o'er the Heart,  
 By what is *noblest*, o'er the *noblest Part* ;  
 Therefore secure from mad Revolt or War !

## THE DRYAD'S CURSE.

1. Spurn not their Blessing, ye on whom their Curse  
 Has not yet fallen ! 'tis a *barren Heart*,  
 A Blight of Ear and Eye ; oh ! what is worse  
 Than seeing not to see, to take no Part  
 In Nature's Jubilee, or want that Art,  
 That blessed Art, which from Earth's meanest Flower  
 Can glean a joyous Thought, and thus impart  
*Wisdom with Bliss* unto each passing Hour !  
 For Wisdom's half a Fool whose sad Brows always lower !

---

2. The bitterest Curse of all it is to have  
 A barren Heart, a Heart to Nature dead,  
*This* is to live within a living grave:  
 The Prisoner is more blest, for he can tread  
 In fancied Freedom, in his damp Walls' stead  
 Call up the bright green Fields; but he who lies  
 Under the Dryadscurse, he sees Earth spread  
 In Glory round him yet he has no Eyes,  
 It is not his! tho' on the very Spot,  
 He has it less, far less than those *who see it not!*

---

3. Never was Poet, worthy of the name,  
 Who loved not these airbeings, and again  
 Was loved by them: while others see but tame  
 And common objects, he beholds the Train  
 Of Oreads glide like Shadows: from the Main  
 He sees old Triton lift his foaming Head;  
 He too has worshipped, worshipped not in vain,  
 The Universal Pan, and ate the Bread,  
*Love's true Communionbread*, o'er Earth's wide Table  
 spread!

## THE DAYSEYE.

1. Look on this Dayseye, you who ask  
 Why o'er it I thus bend,  
 To tell thee *why* were harder Task  
 Than some well comprehend.
2. 'Tis not by *Words* that I can say  
 Why it thus moves me so,  
 Oh thou must find some other Way  
 Or nothing wilt thou know.
3. E'en Poesy's own Tongue could tell  
 Scarce half of what I feel,  
 Time o'er the Rest has rung his Knell,  
 And set his mystic Seal!



4. If to thine Eye it bring the *Tear*,  
A quick *Beat to thy Heart*,  
A Freshness unto what was sere,  
Then answer'd straight thou art.
5. It is a Tale of bygone Days,  
A Spirit haunts that Flower,  
'Round its meek Head a Glory plays  
Not of the passing Hour!
- 6 Then let it be an Emblem still  
Of all that's pure and good,  
A quiet Heart, a harmless Will,  
Of Childhood's bless'd Mood!
7. Still may'st thou pluck it when the Hour  
Of Life's Farewell is nigh,  
Recalling that bless'd Mood once more  
To fit thee for the Sky!

## THE RAINBOW.

Might it not seem as tho' Heaven's Bosom were  
 Poured forth in Beauty and in Glory o'er  
 The still stormshrouded Earth? a dazzling Shower  
 Of varied Hues which in their Radiance bear  
 Promise of Peace: 'mid the blue Rents of Air  
 The Raindrops glisten, soft as Tears that flow  
 From Mercy's Angeleyes, when fervent Prayer  
 Repentant Sinner offers from below —  
 Does not that Rainbow, robed in Glory, seem  
 A Spirit of celestial Shape and Might,  
 Watchful for Good, evoked from Heaven's bright  
 But unseen Depths, while, darkling, 'round him teem  
 The Elements of Evil? glorious Bow!  
 That with thy Cloudpath archest o'er the Sky,  
 A Sign set there unto Eternity  
 By a relenting God! be ever so,  
 But Cloud and Sunshine to the Sceptic's Eye,  
 To Faith a Pledge of Triumph over Woe!

AN ODE TO THE STATUE OF THE  
PRIESTESS IN THE FLORENCE SCULPTURE-COLLECTION.

1. Fair Daughter of Antiquity, chaste Bride  
Of the pure Altar and the God to whom  
Thou offeredst up thy Heart, and mad'st the Pride  
Of Youth, its Pleasures and its fleeting Bloom;  
A holy Sacrifice to win thee that  
Diviner Love which passes not away :  
By high Selfconquest fit a God to wed :  
Methinks I see thee glide along and at  
The Altar stand as in the bygone Day,  
With Step which on the Earth scarce seems to tread!

---

2. Methinks I see thy long, fair Robes of White  
Floating upon the Marble at thy Feet  
In Folds as Summercloudlets soft : thy right  
Hand laid upon thy Breast in Posture sweet  
Of holy Meditation, veil'd there by  
The gauzelike Vest which gives half to our View  
The Swelling of the fair, chaste Limbs below,  
And in thy Left, for sacred Ministry,  
The Censer wherewith on the Flame to strew  
The Perfumes : but mere emblematic Show

---

3. Is all this now! in his *grand Epic* Time  
Employs thee *as a Metaphor*, he makes  
Fact Fancy, and where Poets *hint by Rhime*  
The *Thing itself* from real Life boldly takes!  
How soft thy Motion! as on each fair Limb  
Th' indwelling Soul impressed its own serene  
And deep Composure, from all Passion free  
Which might the Maker's Image cloud or dim :

How chaste, how still, how holy is thy Mien!  
 'The Temple's and the Altar's Sanctity

---

4. Still cōing around, like Heaven's Atmosphere,  
 And hallow thee, as tho' an Angel were  
 Descended from his Ether calm and clear  
 With blessed Tidings missioned — and thy Hair,  
 'Thy golden Hair, divided on thy Brow,  
 Whence breathes a nameless Charm of Modesty  
 As from thy whole sweet Figure, is bound round  
 With the white Raiment which in Folds doth flow  
 Adown thy Shoulders, and thy fair Feet by  
 The Sandal girt glide on without a Sound!

---

5. Fairantique Maid! could those Lips speak they would  
 Give Oracles the Delphic Shrine ne'er heard,  
 'Time's Mouthpiece tho' by so few understood!  
 Bright Forms float past me and thy Lips seem stirr'd.  
 Daughter of Sophocles, Antigone!  
 Child of his Spirit, born as if to right (a)  
 His injured Name, say didst thou not look so,  
 Move so beside thine agēd Sire when he  
 Borrowed from thy sweet Eyes their holy Light  
 To cheer and lead him onward in his Woe?

---

6. Where art thou, Maiden with the fair, pale Brow?  
 Chaste Helen of the Soul! thou spotless Bride  
 Of daring Fancy, who would bring below  
 Some Shape of Ether with him to reside  
 In Love like that which sanctifies the Sky.

(a) *Sophocles, when cited by his thankless Son as  
 no longer mindsound, triumphantly cleared himself by  
 reading the just then written Tragedy of Œdipus Co-  
 lonos.*

Bright Phantom, art thou dead, or didst thou e'er  
 Walk on this Earth so flat, so dull, and cold?  
 Methinks that Form was never made to die,  
 Methinks that Beauty Time nor Grief could sere,  
 In Substance glorified it grew not old!

---

7. Somewhere thou dwell'st in Blessedness: in some  
 One of those far Hesperian Isles, of which  
 Thy Poets dream'd nor vainly, thou an Home  
 Hast found, and there unchang'd thou liv'st on rich  
 In calm and serene Joys: tho' long since where  
 Thou erst didst dwell *thy* Name be quite effaced,  
 The Rose with its old Perfume still is sweet:  
 But where is now thy Temple once so fair,  
 With its longvista'd Columns, and the chaste,  
 Pure Marble echoing to thy sandal'd Feet?

---

8. Where is thine Altar? Echo answers, where?  
 Earth keeps no Vestige of them: like a Dream  
 They've pass'd away, nor on the Midnightair  
 Or Forest dim, nor yet by haunted Stream  
 Doth gray Tradition e'er pronounce that Name:  
 Her Lip is silent, where then can I find  
 Even a mossy Stone with Letters by  
 Time's slow Touch worn and lost for aye to Fame?  
 But still that nobler Temple of thy Mind  
 Stands perfect in its own Eternity!

#### THE MISER'S VISION.

A Miser waking from a blissfull Dream,  
 By Hermes sent, in which his gloating Eyes  
 Beheld a Diamondheart of wondrous Size,  
 Whence Jewels dropped unceasing, of such Gleam  
 That each a Monarch's Ransom well might seem,

Embraced his own Wife in the first Surprise,  
 But feeling *her* Heart beat, and not the Prize,  
 Which thus he hoped to grasp, exclaimed, I deem  
 « 'Tis nothing but my *Wife!* » and then again  
 He fell asleep: thus troubled by the Pain  
 Of Disappointment, Hermes once more rose  
 Before him, and thus spake in Anger, » those  
 Bright Jewels still must be to thee a vain  
 And empty *Dream*, so long as thou canst not  
 Distinguish the *real* Blessings of thy Lot!  
 When thou *awak'st* thy Wife is like that *Dream*,  
*Nought* unto thee, therefore in *Sleep* I show  
 Thee *her true Value*: now, if thou wouldst gain  
 The *Dream* which so divine to thee did seem,  
 Wouldst make *it* real, thou must make *thy wife* so,  
*By loving her*: then from *her Heart* will flow  
 Those divine Jewels which on thee did gleam:  
 Yea, tentimes more divine! thy *Gold* will be  
 When thou awakëst in Eternity  
 Like the Wealth of that *Dream*: will leave thy Heart  
 Empty and vile, for it is not a *Part*  
*Of that or thee*: but these can ne'er be lost,  
 They *are* thy Heart, *thysself*, and thou art most  
 Thyself when having most of these! and he  
 Who judges, asks not of thy *Gold*, *but thee*,  
 For that is perishable, but thou art  
 Immortal, with th' *Immortal's Eyes* then see,  
 And chuse the Treasures of Eternity! »  
 So saying, Hermes spread his Wings, and left  
 The Miser, of his *fancied* Wealth bereft,  
 But with a far, far godlier to supply  
 Its Place, a Heart reclaimed to Feelings high!

## GOD IN THE WORLD.

'Tis from the *Complex* of Man's History  
 The Outline of God's Form grows strong and *clear*,

The mighty Shadow cast on all Things here,  
 From the far Depths of yon' untroubled Sky!  
 The Viewing of the *whole* Machinery  
 First shows its End and Working: Parts appear  
 Oft disproportioned 'till brought into near  
 Relation, by the Power of an Eye  
 That sees the Whole *as One!* then, as in a  
 Gigantic Glass, the Form of God we may  
 Behold, in its sublime Proportions shown:  
 There are two Mirrors, this World, and our own  
 Deep Souls, but God's Reflection *thence* alone  
 Is cast on *this*, when it is clear as Day:  
 Then keep it so, that ever on thy Way  
 The Shadow of his Presence may be thrown,  
 That thou mayst walk therein and never stray,  
 But feel it still, like thy own Shadow, near,  
 And ever stronger, as within more clear  
 The Light, like that too: never lost to thee,  
 'Till in the Grave at length it disappear,  
 When thou wilt no more in his Shadow be,  
 But in his Presence, and himself wilt see!

## THE GODLIKE.

The World rewards thee *after its own Kind*  
 With that which *it* sets Store by, but thereon  
 When thou wouldst lean, lo! like a Breath 'tis gone!  
 But God rewards thee still thro' *thy own Mind*,  
 Thy Heart and Feelings: what way could he find,  
 But this, to make thy Spirit feel his Own?  
 Then keep this Medium everfree, that none  
 But godlike Things may thy Affections bind,  
 Sublimed by such Communion: if thou  
 Thus keep'st thy Mind and Feelings godlike, how  
 Can aught that this World offers seem to thee  
 A fit Reward for what thou dost? if now  
 The Godlike be of God, then it must be

Repayed *by being so*, for so is he.  
 And where then wouldst thou seek the Godlike save  
 In thy own Heart?— and *this* the Poorest have!  
 A *Godlike* Recompense for Godlike Deeds  
 It then in *all Men's Reach*: and he who needs  
 Another Recompense besides, *has done*  
*Naught Godlike*, sought the *Servant's Hire* alone!  
 And therefore in Return for what he gave,  
 Receives not Feeling's boundless Recompense,  
 But the mere strict Amount, in Pounds and Pence!

## BIRTHDAY BELLS.

1. Ring out, ye Bells! ring out your hasty Glee,  
 And leave the vengeful Grave his Rest: these Bones,  
 Here mouldering, give the Lie unto your Tones  
 Of Merriment, and seem to say that ye  
 Indulge in most untimely Revelry:  
 Alas! how soon the joyous Heart atones  
 For its least Trespass! Sorrow but postpones  
 The Stroke that it the more secure may be:  
 He gives the Tendrils Time to knit, then breaks  
 All the Heartstrings in plucking them away!  
 Oh wait awhile, the envious Power takes  
 Stern Compensation: at some future Day  
 He makes the Balance even and upshakes  
 The bitter Dregs that yet untasted lay!

---

2. And thou, too happy one, so young in Years,  
 So beautiful in present Joy and Hope  
 Of that *to be*, within the Rainbowscope  
 Of Fancy's Vision canst thou see no Tears,  
 No Worm within the Flower of Bliss that sears  
 It in its Prime, when it begins to ope  
 Its sweetest Leaves? but thou wilt not yet grope  
 For these same bitter Truths amid the Bier's

Dustcrumbling Records, yet it must be so!  
 As thro' the Tombstones thy young Feet did pass  
 They were to thee no Metaphors of Woe,  
 Yet might each Marble serve as a clear Glass  
 To teach thee Time's stern Lineaments to know,  
 How different what *shall be* and what *was*!

---

3. And thou within thy Cradle, Babe, whose Eye  
 Is opening softly upon this fair Earth  
 And all its Wonders, henceforth from thy Birth  
 To be thy Dwellingplace, where thou must ply  
 Thy sublime Mission: Star, that in the Sky,  
 Whose bright Horizon Prophets saw from here,  
 Hast set, and in this dimmer Atmosphere  
 Risen: tho' unconscious when or by  
 What Means the wondrous Change was wrought for thee,  
 Yet from afar with divine Light still fed!  
 Thou that like these young Flowers here might'at be  
 Regarded as Earth's Child, whose Lap is spread  
 For thy Reception, yet more old than she,  
 Tho' Years by thousands sanctify *her* Head!

---

4. Thy tiny Cradle is a world too wide  
 Even for Fancy, whose unresting wings  
 In vain would soar to that far Source whence springs  
 Thy Being's Fount: while seated by thy side,  
 In wild Conjectures lost, she strives to hide  
 Her Ignorance of *unrecorded* Things  
 By painting all her wild Imaginings  
 On the dim Future's Canvass: tho' one Stride  
 Takes her as far beyond all Reach of Thought  
 As a Babe's into Ocean; in her Ear  
 A Marriagebell is ringing blithe and clear,  
 Whose Sound from distant Days thus far is brought,



Ere yet the Rope be wove, the Hand be taught  
To pull it, or the unborn Bride appear!  
Alas! with far, far other Accents fraught  
Its Summon sad Reality may hear!

---

5. Behold the little heir of Life, whose Eye  
Converses with the Forms of Beauty spread  
Around him, like one risen from the Dead:  
For Birth is Death to Immortality,  
And Death is nothing but Renewal by  
Which we grow as before, ere Soul had wed  
With Body, wondrous Union! see him led  
In either Hand by Hope and Joy, who try  
Which shall possess his Heart the most, and lay  
The Map of all Life's Pleasures at his Feet,  
And bid him chuse: alas! whichever way  
He takes, all lead in *one* Direction, meet  
In Sorrow and the Grave! nor will for aye  
These joyous Guides his Company entreat!

---

6. But yet a little while, a few Steps made  
On Life's rough Path, and he shall no more be  
The same, but chang'd both in-and outwardly:  
The Roses from his blooming Cheek will fade,  
For in his Heart Unrest her Home has made,  
Now quickening, now checking cruelly  
The tortured Pulse, and he must live to see  
His household Bosoms 'neath the chill Earth layd;  
These Wounds will heal, Time sears them o'er, yet some  
New Grief with its rude Fingers still will come  
To rip them up again, he weaves fresh Ties  
Around his Heart, and in another Home  
Sits by another Hearth, and in glad Eyes  
Revives the Thoughts of early Historical

---

7. Alas! there is no Armour against Fate!  
 Tho', like Achilles, proof from Top to Toe,  
 One Part's still bare unto the Dart of woe,  
 And that the *vivalest!* the more our State  
 Spreads in Prosperity the shorter Date  
 It claims, thus wider still the Circles grow  
 When nearest to their End: the *Heart* has no,  
 No Armour! nay, on its ownself must sate  
 Its Anguish, with its own Blood quench the Thirst,  
 The Fever, that consumes it! hark! he hears  
 A Deathbell sounding awful, like the first  
 Forerunner of the coming Time of Tears!  
 One Link of Love Time's Hand intwain hath burst,  
 While with still Industry the rest he wears!

---

8. *Indifference* arms, but that is Death, Death too  
 At Heart, *Death in the vivalest!* tho' he  
 In Wife and Child be blest, nor live to see  
 The Frostwind on his Path *these* Blossoms strew,  
 Yet must he pay the Forfeit, still pass thro'  
 The fiery Ordeal prepared unfailingly  
 Here for all Flesh: from his Heartsdepths still the  
 Stern Oracle, to its sad Office true,  
 Keeps prophecying to the Child of Sin  
 That perfect Bliss no Soul on Earth can win;  
 However Prudence weave the Web or make  
 The Tissue firm and compact, Chance therein  
 Will twine some dark Threads, unobserved will break  
 The fairest, or Knots on the smoothest spin!

## MAN.

From the high Mount of Truth look down with me,  
 Upon the dim and distant depths below;  
 What dost thou hear? a far off shriek of woe,  
 A sound of strife and hatred? dost thou see

Where the blind sons of this vain Century  
 Their moleheaps pile and with earthbended brow,  
 Intent upon their grovelling Labours, grow  
 Unto the shape of Beasts : rather than be  
 As these, whom God has made for holier things,  
 'Twere better not to be : to cast away  
 The spirit's birthright thus, to fold the wings  
 Of thoughts celestial, or make the ray  
 Of reason serve to that which this Earth brings  
 And takes alone, this is to be of Clay!

THE ONE TRUE TEMPLE OF GOD.

1. *Enlarge thy Thoughts and thy Perceptions* 'till  
 The so grand Scale on which all Things are here  
 Arranged, becomes familiar and clear!  
 'Till thou canst read *in all* thy Maker's Will,  
 Intelligibly in the Stars which fill  
 The Heavens and instruct thee to revere,  
 As in the Ten-Commandments, which are mere  
*Abbreviations* of that Wisdom, still  
 As ever, graved in Characters of Light,  
 Vast, radiant, on this Temple's Walls so fair,  
 Flashing, from all Directions, on thy Sight;  
 Now traced with million Stars thro' all the Air,  
 And now resplendent on the Brow of Night,  
 With words of living Fire, running bright  
 'Round the vast Dome, such as reveal'd were  
 To him alone who read their Meaning right,  
 Thro' Faith, (a) whose sole Eye could their Radiance bear!

2. *Feel* grandly, then wilt thou *Live* grandly ! see  
 Not with the Body's but the Spirit's Eyes;  
*Be* Spirit, then will all Things round thee rise  
 To *spiritual* Grandeur, then will be

(a) *Alluding to Nebuchednezzar's Feast,*

Stamped with the Tokens of Immensity,  
 Not like Man's feeble works built up inchwise ;  
 Then will no Church however vast its size  
 Suffice thy Soul : yet it is built for thee  
*Already* , the true Temple , it is here ,  
 But being too familiar , illknown ,  
 And on *too vast a Scale* , 'till thy *Thoughts bear*  
*More due Proportion to it* ; when thine own  
 Perceptions shall be raised , thou wilt see clear  
 What now to sensual sight is dimly shown !

---

3. Live in *it* then ! and *feel that it is so* !  
 Live *worthy* of it ! think that *always* thou  
 Art in the Temple of the Lord , and how ,  
 How sinful it must be to think or do  
 The least Illthing , or *but of Ill to know* ,  
 Thus in his very Presence ; think that now ,  
 Nay , at *all* Moments , thy great *Father's* Brow  
 Is bent on thee , his Child , to watch thee ! oh ,  
 Give Ear unto the mighty Preacher , who  
 Unseen himself is seen in all Things here ,  
 Whose Wisdom and whose Love , in Language true ,  
 Each smallest Thing recounts , forgetful ne'er  
 Of him from whom its Being it first drew ;  
 And if this Thought bring to thine Eye a Tear ,  
 Oh ! let it be a Drop of divine Dew  
 Sent to requicken what in thee was sere ,  
 And all the Freshness of thy Heart renew !  
*Wipe it not from thine Eye* , for thou mayst thro' ,  
 It see the world in its *real* Sense appear ,  
 This sentiment *alone* is perfect Bliss ,  
 For then thou feel'st , *in thee and it* , what *is* ;  
 Thou seest it *with God's Eyes* , that is to say ,  
 Not in its quick Successions of Decay ,  
 But in its during Life , that is *in His* !

## LOVE.

O holy Love! thy feet do rest alone  
 On this dull, sinworn Earth: with folded wing  
 Thou walk'st here below, until Time bring  
 Thine hour of freedom: yet the Angels own  
 Thee for their Mate, as if already flown  
 Back to the bosom of thy God; a Being  
 Of aspirations vast, thou fain would'st wring  
 Futurity from Fate, and build upon  
 This narrow Earth a Paradise; alas!  
 Tho' here below thou breath'st the selfsame air  
 Which Angels breathe above, thou canst not pass  
 The Rubicon of Fate: still must thou share  
 Life's bitter draught unshrinking, 'till it has  
 Tested and fitted thee for worlds more pure and fair!

## ON NOT LIVING MERELY IN THE PASSING HOUR.

Strive still to feel thy *whole self*: let no Year,  
 Still less one paltry Day, imprison thee  
 In its scant limits: move at large, and free,  
 Live thou *above all Time*, thus wilt thou ne'er  
 Be the pale trembling slave of Pain and Fear;  
 Feel thou the Being of a *whole Life*: be  
 Conscious of *all* thy Moments, as the Tree  
 Of all its Leaves, and like these when grown sere,  
 Let thy past Joys be moulded into new;  
*Feel* thyself the Eternal which thou art,  
 'Then with the Eternal's Eyes thou'lt learn to view  
 Calmly the Goods of Earth come or depart;  
 Time robs *the Being of a Day*, but to  
 Thee he is nought, thro' thy sublimer Art  
 Already of Eternity a Part! —

## NATURE.

Falls not the dew upon the unseen flower

Which sweetens o'er the Wild? flows not the stream  
 A solitary voice of praise, and beam  
 Not on the Desert the bright stars in power  
 And beauty, as a sign on high, tho' o'er  
 No rapt and upraised brow they shine? to deem  
 That these are useless or misplaced would seem  
 Not less unwise than impious: before  
 Th' allbounteous Maker let us humbly bow,  
 And with Faith's eye discern the harmony  
 Else viewed amiss: think not that all below  
 Is made for thee, proud Man! the mystery  
 Of Worlds unseen is not for thee, and thou  
 Selfgiantized, art but a link 'twixt Earth and Sky!

## CHILDREN.

How lovely! lo! the Sunbeams'round the Head  
 Of yon' softsleeping Child are thrown, as'twere  
 An Halo'round a newborn *Angel*! dare  
 To think so, and when that bright Wreath is fled  
 Let bold Imagination in its Stead  
 Behold that far diviner Crown *still* there  
*Of its own Innocence!* this let it wear  
 Constantly in thy Sight that thou mayst tread  
 As in an Angel's Presence, ever so  
 Regarding it, nor *then* wilt thou be wrong:  
 For being treated as such it will grow  
 Such really, yea! to thee will then belong  
 A little Angel; and as *one* Lark's Song  
 Ushers in *all* the Spring, so here below  
 Around thee with thy Child all Heaven will throng!

## OD SELFDENIAL.

Live *simply*, then wilt thou *feel grandly too!*  
 High Thinking and plain Living are more near  
 Akin than thou believ'st: the last doth bear  
 The former's Impress—give to all their Due:

To Sense that merely which is *needful* to  
A sound and pleasurable Being here:  
Thus will the spiritual man be clear -  
Ersighted, in his Loves and Hates more true!  
For Selfdenial has its Joys: more dear,  
Lasting, and sweet *from what they cost us!* he  
Who prunes all needless Wants, concentrates so  
His Mind on better Things, thus truly free:  
'Tis not alone that simple Living be  
Best for our Weal, tho' that be something: no!  
It is the loftier *Tone of Mind* which we  
Thus gain: the Selfcommand that thence *must flow*  
With all its noble Heritage, unfailingly  
As Water from the Spring! 'till Passions low  
No longer move us: 'till we come to see  
Life's outward Goods as worthless, when we know  
What divine Joys from *our own* Bosoms grow!  
Denial, tho' it seem to rob of all  
The lesser Pleasures which like Manna fall  
On Life's hard Way, becomes, as on we go,  
Thro' Love and Habit, *sublime Luxury*:  
'This Wonder is a Wonder of the Sky!  
For e'en from Want can Virtue Plenty call,  
And where naught seems, with Overwealth supply:  
For Earth's least Joy resign'd pour at our Feet  
Pleasure's *full* Horn, Bliss lasting as 'tis sweet!  
Then give, give, give! and still *yourselves deny!*  
Give all, yea, even your own *Hearts* away,  
And *God* with *his own Godlike Heart* will pay  
Ye back a thousandfold! give all ye have,  
'Tis but *returned* to him who all first gave:  
Give like thy Father up in Heaven, then  
All that thou giv'st shall come to thee again  
*Sublimed* to thy *enlarged* Capacity!  
The mighty Heart of all Mankind in thy  
One Bosom then shall beat: yea! thou shalt see

Earth's Beauty, and shalt feel Life's Blessedness  
 With Hearts and Eyes of all thy Fellowmen!  
 And as each Grain, howsmallsoe'er it be,  
 In the vast Bell, enjoyeth not the less  
 The Music of the *Whole*, so shalt thou do:  
 Of *all* Mankind enjoy the Happiness,  
 As tho' the mighty Heart beat but for you!  
 For each Part with the Whole when *blended true*,  
 (Else, grainlike, lost in *its own Nothingness*)  
 Enjoys the Whole, and *yet is itself too*!  
 Thus mayst thou press all Nature to thy Heart,  
 The mighty Woman — *like a mortal Wife*,  
 One with her, yet a Being still apart,  
 Living *in* her, yet Life too of *her* Life!

## EVENING.

The Eveningprayerbell from the Villagetower  
 Steals, like a quiet blessing, on the Air,  
 Dying away to Heav'n: the echos there  
 Sound like responsive voices which the power  
 Of sincere prayer calls from on high: each Flower,  
 Each Grassblade and each Leaf, lies fresh and fair  
 As cradled Hope: Heav'n seems, as it were,  
 Just blending with the Earth: the calm, soft hour  
 Is as a Kiss of Peace, wherewith the Sky  
 Hallows his Bride and fits her for Night's high  
 And holy Commune, when Love's mystic Zone  
 Is bound around all things invisibly,  
 And Nature's myriad Hearts their Chords retone:  
 Eolian harps by Heaven's breath soft blown!

## WE HAVE ALL WE CAN HAVE IF WE PLEASE.

Who thinks *that future* Gains or Goods will make  
 Him happier than he is, or *can be* now  
 Tho' living by the Sweat of his own Brow,  
 Is much mistaken — all things *from us* take



Their value: and the coarse Bread, for whose sake  
 We toil, does to that very Labour owe  
 Blessings the Bread of Ease can never know:  
 What is more sweet than Water if it slake  
*Real* Thirst? and what can slake so well the *real*  
 And divine *Thirst of Heart*, as Feelings pure  
 And simple? the sole Thirst that can *endure*:  
 In calm Selfconsciousness lies Man's true Weal:  
 And with this thou art neither rich nor poor,  
 But godlike! for 'tis *God that thou dost feel!*

## WARTRIUMPHS.

1. Upon the bloodstained Battlefield, when rise  
 On heavenscaling Wing of impious Pride  
 The shouts of Exultation, far and wide,  
 Mingled with deathgroans and the fearful cries  
 Of Hate and Strife, a Curse that never dies,  
 Firstborn of Evildeeds, with giantstride  
 Shadows the Scene, and in its Gloom abide  
 The false hopes that in human miseries  
 And crimes are cradled: and the blood that reeks  
 Up from the profaned Earth shall mingle ne'er  
 With kindlier Elements, nor dewlike bear  
 Blessings to it, but barrenness: it seeks  
 The soil from whence it rose, and withers there:  
 And the fierce Triumphshouts, the dread Deathshrieks,

2. With which man o'er his fellowman, like Beast  
 Of prey o'er Beast of prey, exults, the Air  
 On its indignant wing will never bear:  
 Nature disclaims them, from her holy rest  
 Shuddering she wakes, and Echos wild attest  
 Her deep dismay: but from the Days which are  
 As yet unborn, while Vengeance frowns afar,  
 The Angel of eternal wrath shall wrest  
 The scourge of Fate, and gathering on his wing

Past Elements of Guilt, the reeking gore  
Which moistens not the Earth, the Gloom shall fling  
Of his dark Presence on Crime's Pomp and o'er  
His pride shall rain down Blood: thus Time doth bring  
A *Sequel* to the longforgotten deeds of yore!

## ON WELLDIVING.

Who thinks that with *Gold only* he can do  
*Real* Good is half a Fool — alas! what would  
Then be the Lot of all the Poor: the good  
And suffering Spirits thus left here unto  
The tender Mercies of the Rich? — the true  
Welldoers are not those who really *should*  
Do most for their poor Brothers, and who *could*,  
If God had planned this fair World so that thro'  
*Wealth only* its chief Blessings must be won;  
The Poor are the Welldoers, they give Aid  
Unto each other, and without Parade,  
Nor make an Insult of the Good that's done.  
The Beggar gives the Penny he has laid  
By for *himself* — godlike, as God alone!

## ON NARROW UNBIBLESANCTIONED PRIESTPREJUDICES.

1. Ye moleeyed Truthmonopolists, who cast  
The unchristened Babe from out your hallowed Ground,  
Is there no Restingplace beyond the Bound  
Of *your* scant Choice? can in this World so vast,  
Which God, when all its Tribes before him passed,  
*Bless'd* and pronounc'd so good, no Nook be found,  
But what is hallowed by the vain Lipsound  
Of your unmeaning Words? ye Fools! the last,  
Poor, spurned Remains shall rest in Spite of ye,  
And on the Bosom of its God again  
The Soul repose, remingled free from Stain  
With its first Source, as sure and blessedly,  
As tho' ye had been by with Mockeries vain,  
Turning God's Broaddaytruth to Mystery!

2. Aye, ye may churchban such as will not pray  
With your own Forms and Words, as tho' they were  
Outcasts from Grace, yet are they still as near  
To God's Salvation, and will find that Way,  
Better than ye, that leadeth not astray :  
They have a Temple still, a goodly, fair,  
And fitting Worshipplace, whose Walls are Air,  
Whose Roof the Sky itself : wherein by Day  
And Night are Signs and Tokens that do preach,  
Better than Lip and Book, unto the Eye  
And Ear of Faith; a Wisdom within Reach,  
Yea! of the least Capacity, a Creed  
So simple that no Comment it can need,  
The pure Religion of Humanity!  
This *World their* Temple is! above their Head  
No timeworn Roof by Man's frail Hand begun,  
But the blue Ether like Faith's Banner spread;  
The Mountains are their Altar, and thereon,  
The fittest Incense, their own Hearts alone  
Are poured forth, like the Perfumes round them shed  
From all Earth's thousand Flowers, of which each,  
By *being stilly* what it *should*, doth preach  
In silent, yet intelligible Wise,  
The sublime Moral of Man's Destinies!

3. This is the Temple of the living God!  
Built with his own Rightband, a Token high  
To witness for him, clothed in Majesty,  
As in his Shadow. Winds amid the Wood,  
These are the Anthem, which, in solemn Mood  
Blent with far Ocean's Dash, come floating by  
Upon the Ear, a Voice of Mystery,  
A Tone that sweeps upon us like a Flood,  
A Sound of mighty Waters that flow on  
Afar, and steal upon us like the sweet,  
Yet solemn Music of Eternity,

As heard of Eld ere yet this Race was run;  
 Snatches of a nowbroken Harmony,  
 A Hometune-fragment fading alltoofleet!

## THE SEEMING-BEGGAR.

A tattered, wayworn Beggar! verily,  
 To sight it seems so, but how do ye know  
 That gifts of Glory, passing outward Show,  
 May not be hid 'neath Rags and Poverty?  
 He hath asked nought of thee, and passes by  
 Like one *who to himself* high awe doth owe,  
 A soul which will not for the body bow:  
 And haply he hath more, than you or I,  
 To give of that wherein all worth doth dwell;  
 If we were stripp'd, we might the poorer seem:  
 And *God*, when he would work a miracle,  
 Even with such as these, whom *men* esteem  
 The outcasts of society, loves well,  
 Poor, scorned humanity from Insult to redeem!

## ON SEEING A GRAVESTONE.

1. And is this all that now remains  
     Of Thee, thou good and lovely one,  
     An idle *Name*, which, with some Pains,  
     We trace upon this mossy Stone?
2. I do remember thee in Days  
     Of which thou wert the Hope and Light;  
     But now this mocking Marble says  
     That thou canst no more bless my Sight!
3. I do not weep: my Breast is too,  
     *Too full*, to vent itself in Tears;  
     But it doth think *such* Thoughts of you,  
     As break the Heart of him who bears.
4. Is this *thy* Grave, thou lovely one!  
     Art *thou* indeed beneath *this* Sod?  
     And is it *I* who stand upon  
     *Thy* Grave! have Mercy on me, God.

5. Few Feet of Earth do sever me,  
 From all I loved so well and dear :  
 Few Feet! oh Thought of Mockery;  
 So *small* the Space, and *yet* so far!
5. Thou canst not hear my Cry of Woe,  
 Or else thy gentle Voice would speak;  
 Tho' Grief be noisy here, *below*  
 'Tis Silence which no Tongue can break!
7. Oh Grave, that thou wouldst ope to me,  
 That crumbling Dust to Dust my Heart  
 Might blend with hers, for ever be  
 In Life and Death joined ne'er to part!

## LIFE.

Life is a *godlike* Thing; as *such* then bear  
 Thy Part in it— let nothing mean or base  
 Find in thy Estimate thereof a Place,  
 Then wilt thou *live it godlike*: yet there are  
 Who blame the Deity, and deem unfair  
 Life's godlike Boon *wellused*— the Thoughts that raise  
 The Spirit to its primal Seat— the Days  
 Of virtuous Toil for self or others: far  
 Such vain Reproof from me: the Deity  
 Has nought created evil— nought for woe.  
 'Tis true we pluck Sin's bitter Fruit— but why?  
 The Evil is all Man's both first and now,  
 The Good all God's. He gave the godlike Eye  
 And Heart; if then we do not *feel* them so,  
 And *use* them so, the Fault in us must lie!

## RETRIBUTION.

1. 'Tis not in vain we suffer and we toil!  
 We have our own reward; that inward light  
 Which makes all clear; still 'mid the clouds, blest sight!  
 Faith sees God's mighty arm, stretchd forth to foil  
 Th' Usurper and his hosts: oft the recoil  
 Of his own blow will shatter his frail might!

Oft in his impious aims confounding Right  
And Wrong, snakelike, the Evil will uncoil  
Its inert folds and crush him! yea! for he  
Who would, up to a *certain point alone*,  
Employ for base selfends its ministry,  
Still by its *wider* action is undone:  
It turns to baffle him; 'twere better play  
With the Wildtiger, or the Lightningray!

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2. For who can say, « thus far, no farther go, »  
Save God alone? can proud Philosophy,  
Of all the seeds which in the Future lie,  
Destined to bear their fruits, say which shall grow,  
Or which shall not? alas! for Reason, no!  
His Logic and his Rules are vanity,  
When he would trace the ways of the Mosthigh;  
'Tis given unto Faith alone to know,  
Or what is better still for mortals here,  
To doubt not that « whatever is, is right, »  
For Faith were not, if she had nought to bear:  
If needing other guidance than that light,  
Which *coming from* her God, alone makes clear  
*The things of God* unto the moral sight!

TRUE STRENGTH.

1. Who is the happy warrior that may draw  
The sword of God, and wield it in *his* name?  
He who is free from all reproach and blame:  
Whose ends, like Heaven's own, are pure from Flaw!  
He from its scabbard may pluck forth, in awe  
And holy fear, that sword, which, as a flame,  
Shall wither up his foes: then, whence it came  
Replace it with all speed, for not in war  
Doth Wisdom show her true supremacy;  
From out the Waste of Chaos to create

The fabric of pure Strength and Harmony,  
 To base on Virtue an enduring state :  
 This is her nobler task, her office high ;  
 War makes the *sudden Mighty*, *Peace* th' *enduring Great!*

2. It is not strength of nerve or sinew may  
 Draw forth God's sword, tho' Hercules should try :  
 Yet to the chosen touch, impelled but by  
 Pure motives, yea! to a weak maid's Essay,  
 As unto Joan of Arc's, 'twill straight give way,  
 And with it they may work their mission high;  
 But should their hearts be touched with vanity,  
 Ambition, or with selfish passion's sway,  
 Its strength departs from it, it works no more  
 Than brittle steel in mortal hand; for ne'er  
 In impure grasp hath it celestial power  
 To lasting things; brute strength of Sinew here  
 Over its *like* may triumph, but before  
*Invisible* Strength it bows in awe and fear!

## LOVESCENE.

1. She stood beside me, in the Shade,  
     The starry Shade of Heavensblue,  
     Whose Lamps, like nuptial Torches, made  
     By Love eterne, their soft Light threw.
2. She stood beside me, and my Youth  
     With all its Dreams of Harmony  
     Seemed in her Form to grow to Truth,  
     And pass in living Beauty by.
3. As erst thro' my own Heart they passed,  
     Stirring it like Firstlove's long kiss,  
     So on my Sense they shone at last,  
     And turned my Dreams to waking Bliss.
4. She stood beside me like a Flower  
     Bowed 'neath the dewy Eveningair,

- In modest Fear, yet conscious Power,  
I thought she never looked so fair.
5. I took her Hand, it trembled so,  
And yet no Thought of Wrong was there,  
It trembled in its own deep Joy,  
As trembles Love alone and Prayer!
6. I gazed upon her pure, bright Face,  
Thro' which the Peace of Heaven shone,  
And Earth seemed as a holy Place,  
Which Angels themselves might dwell on.
7. I could not speak — mine Eyes where dim,  
And like a Child, I knew not why,  
I wept: for when Joy's Cup is brim,  
The Heart must waste some Drops or die.
8. Waste, do I say! it is not so.  
Love is no Miser of the Heart:  
To him there is no future Woe,  
He has no *Self*, no meaner Part.
9. Yet were it well that Passion's Breath  
Ne'er flared to Waste his holy Flame,  
That burning calmly on 'till Death,  
It lit us to an higher Aim.
10. An *higher* Aim! and can there be  
An higher Aim than *thus* to love,  
Nought in the World to feel or see  
Save our own Bliss and Him above?
11. Of all Thanksgivings that are known,  
What for the God of Love so fit,  
As thus to be but Love alone,  
With *his own Self* made one by it!
12. Aye, Wisdom comes with Afteryears,  
The Wisdom of the niggard Brain,  
But the *Heart* too a Wisdom bears,  
An Alchymy ne'er found again.
13. Love becomes Calculation, grows  
A Miser — not poured from the Heart,



- Like to the Perfume of the Rose,  
No more our *Being*, but a *Part*.
14. When I look back on that sweet Hour  
Of Love and holy Tenderness,  
I feel that all Man's idle Lore  
Not like the Heart's least Beat can bless.
15. I see again the wellknown Spot,  
I hear her light Step on the Ground,  
Long Years have flown since then, yet what  
Are they? the Echo of a Sound.
16. Methinks I see her as she stood,  
Wrapped in a Veil of Beauty by  
The calm Moonlight, which with a Flood  
Of Glory clothed her to my Eye.
17. She looked an Emanation of  
That holy Light, and her white Vest,  
Like a Dovesplumage, seemed to move  
Above her gentlyheaving Breast:
18. Soft as a Star her blue Eye shone,  
Yet turned in Bashfulness away,  
As if she feared to trust upon  
My prying Glance its telltale Ray.
19. Yet to her Hand a gentle Thrill  
Th' involuntary Heart conveyed,  
For' mid his Artifice Love will  
Forget his Part, the first Time played.
20. Timid her Hand she half drew back,  
And blushed as tho' 't had been broadday,  
But true Love is not wont to rack  
Or fling the Heart it seeks away.
21. She turned in Virginmajesty,  
In simple Dignity of Mien,  
Nature alone shone in her Eye,  
In Gest or Look no Art was seen.
22. Meaning no Wrong, and fearing none,  
She rayed me with a Smile of Light,

- Like those which round a Child's Brows run,  
When Nature prompts unfeigned Delight.
23. Some Underwords she murmured low,  
Like a still Summerbrook at Eve,  
Their Sense!— I had no Ear to know:  
But Love with them a Spell did weave.
24. Modest, but frank and free, she came,  
Like Eve, and sought my throbbing Breast,  
And there her Image, aye the same,  
Lives by that first Embrace imprest.
25. Thus was she wooed, and won, and wed,  
And Blessings to such Love are sent,  
A Centralfire, it burns selfed,  
And brightens on 'till Life be spent.
26. Not the Volcano's fitful Flames,  
That waste within and scorch around  
In their first Burst, and when Time tames,  
Leave for Joy's Seeds fireploughed Ground.
27. But holy Warmth as of a Sun,  
Moulding a little World of Joys,  
Flowers and Plants, whereof not one  
Bears hidden Thorns, or Fruit that cloy.
28. Blessings be on thee, holy Love!  
With thee it is indeed to live:  
For Love is Life! by thee we prove  
How most we have, when most we give.
29. 'Tis Love who earns the Gifts of Faith,  
'Tis he who still works Miracles,  
And in his Might the Spirit hath  
A Tongue that utters Oracles.
30. He sees the sunny Side alone,  
And in the Autumnleaf he views  
No Emblem of Decay, but one  
Of Beauty in its brightening Hues!
31. He shrinks not back from Grief or Pain,  
He has no Eyes or Ears for Doubt,

- Thus in each Loss he finds a Gain,  
 From each Fall rises up more stout.
32. His wiser Mind can mould its State  
 Unto the Shows of better Things,  
 From earthly Chrysalis create,  
 The perfect Form, the Angelwings!
33. Blessed, then blessed be his Name,  
 And thine, my Love, my Spirit's Guide,  
 Who taught his Worth, and still the same,  
 Tho' long a Wife, art yet a Bride!

## ODE TO PSYCHE.

1. Let not a sigh be breathed, or he is flown!  
 With tiptoe stealth she glides, and throbbing breast  
 Towards the bed, like one who dares not own  
 Her purpose, and *halfshrinks*, yet cannot rest  
 From her rash Essay: in one trembling hand  
 She bears a lamp, which sparkles on a sword;  
 In the dim light she seems a wandering dream  
 Of loveliness: 'tis Psyche and her Lord,  
 Her yet unseen, who slumbers like a beam  
 Of moonlight, vanishing as soon as scann'd!

2. One Moment, and all bliss hath fled her heart,  
 Like windstole odors from the rosebud's cell,  
 Or as the earthdashed dewdrop which no art  
 Can e'er replace; alas! we learn fullwell  
 How beautiful the Past when it is o'er,  
 But with seal'd eyes we hurry to the brink,  
 Blind as the waterfall; oh stay thy feet  
 Thou rash one, be content to know no more  
 Of bliss than thy *heart* teaches thee, nor think  
 The *sensual eye* can grasp a form more sweet

3. Than that which for itself the *soul* should chuse  
 For higher adoration; but in vain!

Onward she moves, and as the lamp's faint hues  
Flicker around, her charmed eyeballs strain,  
For there he lies in undreamt loveliness!  
Softly she steals towards him, and bends o'er  
His slumberlidded eyes, as the Rose droops  
Its odors o'er a Lily: one caress  
She would but dares not take, and as she stoops,  
An oildrop from the lamp fell burning sore!

4. Thereat, sleepfray'd, dreamlike the God takes Wing  
And soars to his own skies; while Psyche strives  
To clasp his foot, and fain thereon would cling,  
But falls insensate; know! that he who gives  
His Love to sensual forms must fall to Earth,  
Ye soil the soul who seek to please the eye?  
Psyche! thou shouldst have taken that high gift  
Of Love as it was *meant*, that mystery  
Did ask thy faith, the Gods do test our worth,  
And ere they grant high boons our hearts would sift!

5. Hadst thou no divine Vision of thine own?  
Didst thou not see the Object of thy Love  
Clothed with a Beauty to dull clay unknown?  
And could not that bright Image, far above  
The Reach of sere Decay, content thy Thought?  
Which with its Glory would have wrapp'd thee round,  
To the Gravesbrink, untouched by Age or Pain!  
Alas! we mar what Fancy's Womb has brought  
Forth of most beautiful, and to the Bound  
Of Sense reduce the Helen of the Brain!

WINTERFIRESIDE.

1. Winter, thy kind austerity is dear  
To me as Summer's sunkissed cheek or Spring  
With all her Bloomluxuriance: thy wing,  
Which withers up the Glories of the Year,  
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And with its Touch makes Leaf and Flower sere,  
 With its rich Compensation still doth bring,  
 Sublimar Joys, that know no withering,  
 By the World's Finger marked not, yet more near  
 And *dear to God* for this! hail then to thee,  
 Homefostering Season, thine the Wing that flies  
 Bearing from Earth towards Eternity  
 'Time's choicest moments: thine the mutual Eyes  
 And Hearts that gravitate around one high  
 And holy centre, Love! thine are the good and wise!  
 Here is his Altar: hither, from the height  
 Of yon far sky, so blessing and so blest,  
 Does He descend, and at his high behest,  
 A thousand shapes of Edenbliss the sight  
 Of his true votaries gladden: here his wings  
 Alone on Earth are folded, here we see  
 « His naked form alone as it should be »  
 In its true beauty, and with him he brings  
 Soft glances, gentle words, Heartharmony,  
 Stealing the thought from Life's vain murmurings!

2. Here He diffuses, from his noblest throne,  
 A Mother's breast with all her young ones nigh,  
 The Glory of His Presence, when each Eye,  
 And Heart, and Lip and Pulse, instinctive own  
 His allpervading Might; oh ere they're flown,  
 Offer to God such moments: from the sky,  
 Methinks, an Angel drops to bear on high  
 The Smiles that mantle there ere they have grown  
 Earthsoiled, or learnt with bitter Tears to wed,  
 Thriceblessed smiles, we ne'er shall smile again  
 In other days or climes, but in your stead  
 The cold World brings us Selfishness and Pain:  
 Our springtide Flowers are strewn above the dead  
 And wither on the Tomb, Mementos fond, yet vain!

## TRUE VICTORIES.

Truth has calm Conquests, where the Sword and Spear  
Can claim no Part — not loud or noisy, tho'  
Of mightiest Results: and from these flow  
The Blessings which with heartdeep Ties endear  
The Altar and the Fireside, and rear  
On the sublime Affections which thence grow,  
(Eternal Pillars, proof against each Blow  
Of outward Chance and selfbetraying Fear)  
The State's vast Fabric, on its one sure Base;  
For brute Force reaches not unto the *Thought*  
*And Heart* of Man, nor can it thence displace  
One Prejudice — great Changes must be wrought  
By Men's *best Feelings, thro' their own selves*: they  
Must work the Good *for themselves, their own Way*,  
Else it is none *to them*, it is as naught:  
Let but the inward Eye of Reason first  
See clear, and leave the rest to them — the worst  
Of all Ways is *by Force to make* Men do  
That which alone can be reached *surely thro'*  
*Their own Cooperation, their own Will*  
*And Feelings*, which *once forced*, the Object still  
Remains imperfect, unattained, nay grows  
*A bitter Evil*; for the Wiseman knows  
That there is only *one Compulsion* by  
Which men can be *sublimely, certainly*  
Impelled to *godlike* Things, and that is, of  
Truth, divine Truth, and still diviner Love,  
The Constraint *of the God within the Breast*,  
Whose Fiat gained, brings over all the Rest;  
And what are Nerve and Sword *without the Heart*?  
As Reeds within a *Child's* weak Grasp at best,  
And *with it? less* — what boots the meaner Part  
When that which is most godlike is possest?  
Then use them not: use Thoughts! these are the true

And *viewless Rundles* of the Ladder of  
All *spiritual* Greatness, far above  
Earth's Mists they Lift us, full in God's own View,  
'The *Jacobs ladder* which *he sometimes descends too!*

## NATURE AND MAN.

1. Nature ne'er toils in vain — there's not a ray,  
A dewdrop, raindrop, nor a breath of Air  
But mingles to one mighty end: her care  
For coming Ages and the passing Day  
Provides with equal ease; she ne'er doth stray  
From her high Aim, like Man, but everfair,  
As at Creation's dawn, she still doth bear  
Th' Eternal's blessing, and her destined way  
Pursues unerringly: with sovereign Might  
Creating from the relics of the Past  
Present and future Worlds; her everbright  
And selfrenew'd Elements outlast  
Man's puny monuments, and as the Blast  
Beareth away the Chaff, so in the Night  
Of dark Oblivion she wraps his pride,  
Giving his thoughts of Glory to the Wind:  
Crumbling to Dust the towering domes, whence blind  
And Idoladorations in old times  
Rayed forth their Darkness over half Mankind,  
Leaving a heritage of Woes and Crimes.  
The hundredgated Cities too must find  
A ready Grave, while Weeds and Wildflowers hide  
The sculptured Arch, in whose brief Mockery  
False Glory thought to live, thus all save Worth  
Remingles with the Dust from whence't had birth.  
Nature reclaims her own, mysteriously  
Reshaping what has withered from the Earth;  
Form varies still, but Matter cannot Die.

2. Ringing her mighty Changes she moves on  
From age to age, in vain Time waves his wing,

From Past she draws the Future, from the Spring  
 Summers and Winters endless, still the sun  
 Shines on the grave and cradle: one by one  
 Earth's boasted realms arise and sink, and fling  
 Their shadows o'er the Future, like a thing  
 Whose memory may not die, tho' all be gone  
 That witnesses its Might and Glory to  
 More recent Generations! still the Day  
 Rises and sets in Beauty, their Cloudway  
 The Storms still follow, and the starlit Dew  
 Its sinless Tears as brightly weeps away  
 As on the primal Eve when Earth was new!

3. And still th' eternal Ocean from his Brow  
 Repels the Injuries of Time, still rings  
 The knell of Empires: on their untamed Wings  
 Still o'er the foammaned Wave the fresh Winds blow  
 Lifting it like a Warsteed's, 'till its snow-  
 White crest streams on the Air: still, still Night flings  
 Her starry Mantle o'er the Sky, still sings  
 The Vesperbird without a Note of woe!  
 Oh holy Nature, thou art everbright  
 With an enduring Youth, still in thine Eye  
 Undying beauty glows, and from thy Might  
 Time turns, to seek some easier Victory!  
 Still on the Storm the Rainbow sheds its Light,  
 A sign to Man's dim Eyes unfadingly—

4. And tho' the Earthquake from his slumber break,  
 'Tis but to fecundate the Soil: *thou* ne'er  
 Sowest in vain, nor shedd'st the bitter Tear  
 O'er idle and repented hopes! the ache  
 Of misspent Years and Means can never shake  
 Thy quiet Breast— th' alternate Throb of Fear  
 And feverish Joy has left no quick pulse there.  
 Not so frail Man! for every vain Thought's sake



He barter his high Heritage, and bows  
Brutelike to Idolgods, and flings away  
The present Moments, on whose wings Time sows  
The Seeds of future bliss. Alas! Faith's Ray  
Is wanting, and those seeds the chilling Snows  
Of profitless Oldage shall kill for aye.

5. Betwixt repentings and repinings are  
His Days divided: and as we by Night  
Stumble on Shadows, which the dubious Light  
Transforms to Substance, so with Truth at war,  
And fancyslaved, Man shuns the Real and Near  
For the remote and braincoined Joys whose bright  
And hopegilt shapes dance on before his sight,  
Like Motes amid the Sunbeams, ever there,  
Yet everdistant, cheating to the Grave,  
O'er which they fade into their native hue,  
And naught remains to witness for them, save  
A little Dust which Time and Wind shall strew!  
Alas that Centuries should fleet in vain,  
Like the Birdstrack, and Man no Wisdom gain!

9. Oft too Earth's great ones toil, yet leave behind  
No heritage of holy Lore, no trace  
Save that of a Shotstar, no Dwellingplace  
In the Heart's gratitude: th' ambitious Mind  
Stoops not to sow the Earth, but sows the wind,  
Thence reaping folly's whirlwinds which efface  
Sower and seed in Wrath, and strew the race  
Of his frail hopes in barrenness: for blind  
And selfish counsels call down vengeance on  
The Head that plots them, in the meshes caught  
Of Fate's wide net: yet tho' so often taught,  
The Moral points some idle tale alone:  
Truth speaks from out the Dust of Worlds gone by,  
A gathering tone of ages: on the ear

Of heedless Time it strikes for aye, yet ne'er,  
 'Till on the brink of dread Eternity  
 He stays his feeble flight, tho' strong and clear,  
 Shall rouse him from his stupid Lethargy.

## ON NOT HATEING.

Indulge in no Illwill, no Enmities,  
 Or Envies— e'en tho' injured, let the Thought  
 Pass from thy Mind, as if there had been naught  
 To trouble thee, and *thus*, if thou art wise,  
 There will *be really* naught— thine Enemy's  
*Worst* Malice has no Power to work thee aught  
 Like that one Ill thou *thyself* mak'st, when brought  
*To hate*: this casts thee out of Paradise,  
 Casts out the Godhead from thy Breast, and is  
 As if into the *Fountainhead* of Bliss  
 Thou hadst thrown Poison: but to love on still,  
 And for thy *Father's sake* to pardon, this  
 After a godlike Fashion keeps thy Will  
 Pure, and thy Soul sublime and calm, like His!  
 For where Love is, there is God too: no Space  
 So small but can all Paradise embrace!

## THOUGHTS ON PAST YOUTH.

Sing, sing ye Birds, and welcome in young May,  
 And o'er his Cradle strew your fairest Dies  
 Ye Flowers, and ye green Leaves, where'er he lies,  
 By Shadows numberless hid from the Day,  
 Make soft his Bed, and sweeten all his Way  
 With freshest Perfumes, that when he shall rise,  
 No Sign of Winter meet his laughing Eyes,  
 Forgotten, like a Sorrow passed for aye:  
 A Sorrow! lo! and at the Word, close by  
 Joy's Side, the dimseen Spectre stands, like to  
 His *Shadow*, Step for Step, forever nigh!  
 Thus all this Loveliness I wander thro',

Serves but to bring the Tear into mine Eye:  
 And yet 'tis less of Pain, than Ecstasy!  
 'Tis sublimed by the Feeling of the *True*,  
 The Godlike, which supplies the *Dream* of Youth:  
 And who would not exchange a Dream for Truth,  
 However sweet? thus what *I have not* is  
 Far fairer, yea! e'en that which *I do miss*  
 Is richer, than what others have: they dream  
 On still, and *are not* yet, but only seem!  
 And tho' these Harbingers both Youth and Spring  
 With the fresh Heart back unto *them* may bring,  
 Yet something more than Youth or Spring have I,  
 The inward Sentiment unchangingly  
 Of Being as a *Whole*, with which there is  
 Nor Youth nor Spring, nor Time nor Place, but Bliss  
 And Heaven, for by it we grow as one  
 With God, and feel in all Things *him alone*,  
 That is, *th' Eternal!* thus in *Feeling* we  
 Are now what we shall *really* someday be,  
 Nay, really too: for what is more real than  
 Our *Feelings?* are not these the *Soul* of Man?  
 And if we are the *God within* us, then  
 We are *more* than we *know*, while yet *mere Men*,  
 And yet by Faith, altho' we do not *know*  
*All* that we are, we still *feel* ourselves so!

## ON A PAINTING.

Hail! blessed Art, which pour'st the bright sunbeam  
 Upon my sight, when clouds are thick in heaven,  
 Like flocks, before the shepherd Southwind driven  
 To pasture on grey mountaintops: a dream  
 Of Summerloveliness I see: that stream  
 Which thro' the rocks his foaming path has riven,  
 To which a few brief pencilstrokes have given  
 The Marks of age's workings, by the gleam  
 Of the sunset is flushed: and, gorgeous Sight!

A cloudarched rainbow mantles all the air  
With humid glory, while the dewdrops bright  
Speak of a passing shower: o'er a fair  
And gentle slope with woods and pastures dight,  
Foldwards the nibbling sheep Eve's dewy star doth light.

## FAITH.

Yes, I will have sweet Visions: I will be  
A child in soul, that still my eye and ear  
An ample heritage of Joy may cheer:  
Still shall the World be clothed with Poesy,  
*As with a Garment*: dull Philosophy  
Shall not explain away one note I hear  
Of Echo's mystic voice, sent chiming clear  
From the deepcaverned crags: from doubt still free,  
By Faith I'll realize what else is naught  
But idle sound: as in the days of yore, ✓  
With lofty Impulse shall that voice be fraught,  
And admonitions to the passing hour:  
Still shall a miracle for me be wrought  
By *Weekdaymeans*, for *such is Faith's* high power!

## PLEASURES.

Say what is Pleasure? sensual joys decay,  
Returning to the dust from whence they came:  
Brute passions waste themselves in their own flame:  
And their spent ashes not one genial ray,  
To kindle up a Joy for Afterday,  
Retain: they desecrate this mortal frame,  
The temple of the soul, and leave the same  
A shattered tenement of mouldering clay:  
All these are of the Earth, and tho' enjoyed  
Unto the height, still surfeited and cloyed  
They leave us, wondering whither all has fled:  
True Pleasure by high faculties employed

To high and during Ends is nourish'd,  
Which flourish most, when sense grows dull and dead.

## WISDOM.

We should do as the flowers; e'en as they  
From their unsightly roots derive the true  
Lifesap of Being, and the perfect hue  
Of Beauty, so should we, from day to day  
(Subjecting vilest things to reason's sway,)   
Make them subservient to higher Ends  
Than they seem destined for; thus Wisdom lends  
Value to earthly passions: her strong ray  
Consumes that which is gross in them, and to  
A calm, clear flame their nature purifies;  
For all things here are but as trials thro'  
Which the Will gains its noblest victories  
O'er Earth's brute foes: enduringly it plies  
Its task, and reaps the triumph which is due.

## FREEDOM.

1. What need of Uproar, Violence, and low  
Brute Strength, to work out such a holy End  
As that whereto all Goodmens' wishes tend?  
Let no unfitting Means inform the Foe  
That we so ill *true* Freedom's Nature know,  
As to believe ourselves compelled to rend  
Intwain Law's holy Bonds, ere we can bend  
Unreason's stubborn Will to Truth! not so!  
Law is *itself* the mighty Lever by  
Which Wisdom works; and when the *moral* Weight  
And Strength of an whole People with it try  
Conclusions, it can build up a Freestate  
From the Foundations, yet as noiselessly,  
As Truth her fairest Fabrics can create!

2. Why should the millionvoic'd People make  
 Vain Uproar, like a Child! like one who knows  
 Not his own Strength? when in the calm Repose  
 And Consciousness of toiling for Man's sake,  
 E'en with its slightest Whisper it can break  
 Asunder all the Shackles Custom throws  
 Upon its Neck, and with the viewless Blows  
 Of Truth omnipresent destroy the Snake,  
 The manyhead'd, Prejudice — let *each*  
 Man claim his Rights, and be the Rights of one  
 As sacred to his Fellow *as his own*,  
 For such they are if rightly looked upon!  
 Then shall a chain be forged whose Links will reach  
 Down to the Beggar, strong in Right to teach  
 E'en the proud Monarch trembling on his Throne,  
 That Spear and Sword are powerful to preach  
 Obedience to Slaves and Fools alone!

## A CHURCHYARDSPORTING CHILD.

I saw a child at play beside a Grave :  
 With mouldering bones for playthings , he , most wise ,  
 Robbed death of all his terrors, and his Eyes ,  
 His laughterbeaming Eyes , no symptoms gave  
 Of thoughts dulled by that neighbourhood , none save  
 Such as to Afterlife stern Time denies :  
 When we have learnt that all its mockeries ,  
 Which fret the heart's quick pulse , Hope's feverish slave ,  
 Still leave us naked on that awful brink!  
 Unconscious as the flowers, he did play :  
 While selftormenting Age would stand and think  
 How bubblelike Earth's pleasures pass away ,  
 He , great Philosopher , disdains to shrink  
 From selfcoined fears , or lose the passing day ;  
 The grave's to him like anyother spot ,  
 For Thought , *Joy's Murderer* , yet haunts it not!  
 As yet the *Spectre* sleeps ! and there he lies ,

Strange Hieroglyphic of Man's Destinies,  
 Like some *full, fresh Relief* by Nature's own  
 Ingenious Hand carved upon Mankind's old  
 Sarcophagus, by which, not so much told  
 As hinted at, the Riddle of his Lot  
 Is typed; how, as the Bones within it rot,  
 From *old* Decay *new* Being straight must rise!

## THE PAINTER.

His Lovetask's done, his task of young delight,  
 His wide domain of pleasure, pleasure brought  
 By Hope from a far Future, richly fraught  
 With golden dreams, that Time, alas! may blight;  
 Bedtime arrives, yet still he feasts his sight  
 On his loved picture, nor can think of aught  
 Besides: with many a wistful glance 'tis sought  
 E're visioned sleep upon his lids can light;  
 These are the Names for Immortality:  
 Of such stuff are they made upon whose brows  
 The Muses bind their wreaths: they have no eye  
 For the world's pelf and pleasures, their heart knows  
 But one high hope, which failing they must die,  
 From their own breasts the world they seek for grows!

## SONG TO FREEDOM.

1. A Crust of Bread and Liberty,  
     With thee, oh God, is all I seek:  
     Content with these to live or die,  
     A Rock, whatever Storms may break.
2. The base Heart that th'immortal Mind  
     Entombs within the living Grave  
     Of sensual Joys and Pleasures blind,  
     Such Bliss as mine shall never have.
3. But shall return unto the Dust  
     Of which 'tis made, as brute Beasts may,

- In Life and Death alike accurst,  
 A barren Heart, a Soul of Clay.
4. The Monarch 'neath his gilded Ties,  
 I envy not, not I, a Jot,  
 I laugh at such Strawdeities,  
 Fooled and bes fooling's still their Lot!
5. The Pride of Wealth, the Pomp of Power,  
 Have naught to charm my sober Eye,  
 I cast them in Truth's Balance sure,  
 And up they mount, a full Mile high!
6. The Fame that from Men's false Lips won,  
 Is less worth than the Wind's fleet Breath,  
 The Puff of Folly, blown and gone,  
 True Fame springs surest after Death;
7. The Seed Ambition sows on Earth  
 Grows up apace, and fruits rightsoon,  
 But 'tis of Ashes, and its Worth  
 Is fitted well for Folly's Boon.
8. The Joys of Earth what matter they  
 To one whose Mind a Kingdom is,  
 In utter Scorn he turns away,  
 A nobler Sceptre far is his.
9. Allhail, true heartborn Liberty,  
 For if thy Temple be not there,  
 Thy Worship's but a Mockery,  
 Thy Name an empty Breath of Air.
10. There is no Prison for the Soul,  
 It triumphs over Time and Space,  
 And wings its Flight to that bright Goal  
 Where Mercy shall each Woe efface.
11. I thank thee God, for thou hast given  
 To the true Hearts that in thee Trust,  
 A Might, which, like the Fire of Heaven,  
 Melts e'en the Prisonbars to dust!
12. Light of our Light, Hope of our Hope,  
 The Sun shines but for thee and thine,



- There is no Bliss unless we ope  
 With Freedom's magicwand the Mine.
13. What is the golden Heavenslight,  
 When in the Shadow dark of Death  
 And Slavery, the Soul's true Night,  
 The Spirit draws its stinted Breath?
14. That Light can enter not the Heart,  
 It is no Sunshine of the Breast,  
 It cannot soothe Despondence' smart,  
 The Consciousness that knows no Rest.
15. Then wellcome Liberty, with thee,  
 All Climes are fair, all Sorrows light,  
 For the sweet Thought that we are free  
 Makes e'en the Desert glad and bright.
16. Heir of a boundless Patrimony,  
 The Soul may still expatiate  
 Thro' Heaven and Earth, below on high,  
 In Pleasures that can never sate.
17. Then give me but a Crust of Bread,  
 Oh God, in thy high Service free,  
 And I will yield whole Worlds instead,  
 For where thou art, must all Things be!

## THE PEN.

Behold the mighty Engine, which o'erthrows  
 The Tyrant's Throne, that can controul his will,  
 And paralyze the Hand upraised to kill;  
 That with Thought's viewless, but resistless Blows,  
 Can shatter down all Barriers that oppose  
 Truth's onward Progress: with which she can still  
 Uphold her awful Rights, and yet not spill  
 One Drop of human Blood! for Wisdom knows  
 Even with such weak Instrument to break  
 The Sword and Spear, and all the palpable Might  
 Of Walls and Armies! yea! for she can make  
 With this *the Hearts of Men to beat aright!*

*True Strength* is in *true Feeling*! let *this* wake,  
And God's Rightarm is present in the Fight!

## THE MORAL LESSONS TO BE LEARNT FROM NATURE.

Behold yon' Flower of the Field, which grows  
Just in my Path! the next more heedlessly  
May tread it down, with unobservant Eye  
Of its so modest Beauty: yet it throws  
Its Perfume on the Air, and boldly shows  
Its Blossoms, caring not how soon, or by  
What Chance, they may be marred— oh Man, and why  
Wilt thou not do likewise? that Flower owes  
Thee neither Scent nor Colour, and yet naught  
*For this* doth *grudge* thee! were *thy Soul* but wrought  
To such Perfection as that Flower, how,  
How little wouldst thou have to learn!— go now  
And make it so— untroubled by one Thought  
Of *coming* Ill, perfect thyself, wheree'er  
It has pleased God to place thee: thou art *near*  
*To him*, in every Spot alike, and that  
Is what the *godlike* Mind should labour at!  
Grudge no Man aught, but like that Flower be  
Benificent, e'en to thine Enemy,  
And, like it, live as if there were no Woe,  
For thus believing, thou wilt make it so!  
Happy as it, in Sunshine and in Shower,  
Blooming content, tho' but for one brief Hour.  
Life, rounded by one little Day, *if quite*  
*Enjoyed* is perfect— is all that it might  
Or could be made— a thousand Years could not  
Make it more truly Life, no, not one Jot!

## ODE TO PSYCHE.

1. Why stand'st thou thus at Gaze  
In the faint Tapersrays,  
With strain'd Eyeballs fix'd upon that Bed?

- Has he then flown away,  
 Lost, like a Star in Day,  
 Or like a Pearl in Depths unfathom'd?  
 Alas! thou hast done very ill,  
 Thus with *thine Eyes* the Vision of thy Soul to kill!
2. Thought'st thou *that* earthly Light  
 Could then assist thy Sight,  
 Or that the Limits of Reality  
 Could grasp Things fairer than  
 Imagination's Span,  
 Who communes with the Angels of the Sky?  
 Thou graspest at the Rainbow, and  
 Wouldst make it as the Zone with which thy Waist is  
 spanned!
3. And what find'st thou in his Stead?  
 Only the empty Bed!  
 And what is that when no more hallowed by  
 Imagination? a mere Sty  
 For Sensualism to wallow in,  
 To which thy Fault is near akin;  
 Thou sought'st the Earthly and therefore  
 The Heavenly is gone, for that must ever soar!
4. For the bright World of  
 Pure and boundless Love  
 What hast thou found? alas! a narrow Room!  
 Put out that Light,  
 Restore *thy Soul* its Sight,  
 For better 'tis to dwell in outward Gloom,  
 Than thus, by the vile Body's Eye,  
 To rob the Soul of its Infinity!
5. Love, Love has Wings and he  
 Soon out of Sight will flee,  
 Lost in far Ether to the sensual Eye,  
 But the Soul's Vision true  
 Can track him, yea! up to  
 The Presence and the Throne of the Most High:

For thence he is, and tho' he dwell below,  
To the Soul only he his genuine Form will show!

Oh Psyche, Psyche, 'tis by our own Thought  
That Heaven's Gifts to fit Use must be wrought,  
But what the Soul itself can scarcely grasp,  
Thou in thine Arms wouldst sensually clasp!

THE POET.

He should not live alone, but in the bright  
And holy intercourse of Heart with Heart:  
This keeps it healthy, and makes clear the Sight;  
And Fancy with Life's coarse, stale Bread, when right-  
-ly mixed improves it much, a little Leaven  
Will leaven the whole Lump, a Touch of Heaven  
Sublimes in Life's Ingredients what is base,  
Else his quick Spirit wears the vital part  
Turning against itself with ceaseless smart  
Of fretting Thoughts and Fancies, 'till the light  
Of heaven is given back in partial rays,  
Or with false brightness from the clouded soul:  
Which, like an illfed Lamp, no more can blaze  
With pure and steady radiance, a Whole  
At unity within itself, but strays  
In smouldering Flashes far from its true goal.  
Those only a *divine* Refreshment win  
From Fancy's Fount, who thereat learn to slake  
A *heavenly* Thirst, but to the Taste of Sin,  
Each Drop is Bitterness, a fresh Heartache.

2. The World is not for him, nor such as he,  
Whose hearts are, like the Nightingale's, all Song  
And Melody-- he fain would dream that wrong,  
Cold hate, and selfishness, may never be  
Sown on his path by time, that ever free  
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From the low Passions of the wrangling Throng,  
 His Soul may dwell apart! alas, ere long,  
 He too must pluck from off Life's bitter Tree  
 The Fruit of Knowledge like the rest, and know  
 Youth's Edengates are shut on him for aye!  
 That thro' this world of Prose he too must go,  
 Must see *his* bright world fading far away,  
 Compelled to draw the Breath, so vile and low,  
 As seems to him, of this familiar Day! —

3, Youth is a Magicmantle, which we fling  
 Around us, and among our Fellows, we  
 Breathe, move *as* they, but not *of* them : we see  
 A Land of Promise, where on golden Wing  
 Eternal Pleasure broods : Pain with Life's Spring  
 As yet has mixed no Bitterness. With Arms  
 Outspread, we seek to grasp a World of Charms,  
 An Immortality of Bliss — but ere  
 They meet upon our Breast, all disappear!  
 Oh 'tis a bitter Feeling, thus to wake  
 From the sweet Dreams of Youth, and feel alone  
 On this, cold, selfish Earth: the bright world blown  
 By Fancy's divine Breath, wherein we make  
 Our Fairysodjourn, where our young Hearts slake  
 Their first, deep Thirst, from Fountains of their own,  
 Burst like a Bubble, and for ever gone.  
 No more, no more, oh never more the Heart  
 Such Honey for its Hive may set apart.  
 So think'st thou, yet not rightly. Life there is  
*Real, sober Life, beyond that Dream of Bliss!*  
 A Magic, that to Sense's dull Eye can  
*Make real* the World which *as a Dream* began,  
 That World exists, the Hall of Wonder too  
 Is here : make but *thine Eye first fit to view*,  
 For 'tis more vast than even Fancy's Span;  
 And then, as if the World were chrystal, thro'

It shalt thou trace the meaning of the plan!  
 Then wake, thou young Daydreamer, from thine Eye  
 Dash the vain teardrop, still life's Duties high  
 Will yield a nobler World— a surer Way  
 To Bliss: Life's beaten Highroad, tho' it may  
 Seem unpoetic, must be trodden by  
 The true Apostles of Humanity.  
 Then be not thou ashamed to tread where they  
 Have gone before thee— the true Poesy  
 Of Life is in the Heart, and everywhere  
*This* Fount is flowing if thou has the Art  
 To find it: let not then thine own be dry.  
 The highest Poetry is that which can  
 Grasp and sublime the daily Life of Man.  
 For Man is godlike— what concerns him then  
 Asks and inspires the sublimest Pen:  
 Calls for the Poet's heart and Prophet's eye.  
 Then go, mix with thy Fellowmen, go share  
 Their Sorrows and their Joys: graft thine own Heart  
 On every Heart, thus *as one* shall it bear  
 The Impress of what all together are,  
 The Godlike— yea, of God himself! then dare  
 Still to despise the World, yet in it play thy Part!

4. The Heart should beat in holy unison  
 With kindred Hearts, as star shines back on star  
 In the same constellation, which afar,  
 United, shed a wider Light than one  
 By one, could singly fling: 'tis Love alone  
 By which man nears his Maker: far and near,  
 With his bright zone of beauty, Sphere to Sphere,  
 World unto World, and Heart to Heart, and Sun  
 To Sun, he binds; from the Earth's meanest thing,  
 Yea! from the Worm, by Link and Link, on high  
 To his Skythrone he mounts, beneath his wing  
 Gathering all shapes of Being! oh that I

Might win unto my verse his Ministring,  
For he can turn e'en dross to Gold of Poesy!

## LOVE.

E'en Superstition, when the soul of Love  
Hath entered into it, is holy made;  
So beautiful, almost it might persuade  
Us to believe, that he, who up above  
Knows each least heartpulse, would not e'en reprove  
The Error and the Ignorance, arrayed  
In Faith's pure garb, unconsciously display'd  
In forms which God's own word doth disapprove!  
The *spirit* makes the form: and if there be  
No Love, 'tis all but idle ceremony  
Where no worth is; one prayer will fail of Grace,  
'Tho' perfect in all points of orthodoxy;  
While that which Superstition's forms deface,  
Can e'en to these win divine ministry!

## DUTY.

Would everyman but of his duty do  
A tithe, this Earth were as a Paradise!  
Then would the victory be for the wise,  
The good, and virtuous, and not unto  
The sword and spear, the brutestrong, who undo  
Their fellowmen and rend intwain the ties  
Which bind all hearts to holy ministries:  
Those ministries, which, like pure ore, run thro'  
The common bosom of this week-day life;  
But we do lend ourselves to brutish strife,  
Blind tools in a blind hand: we violate  
Truth, Justice, Mercy, and ourselves deprive  
Of their high blessings, learning, but too late,  
That on all sin selfpunishment must wait.

## TIME.

Time has as many faces as the year  
 Has days, or the day hours, every one  
 Doth vary, even as we look upon  
 It through the Medium of Hope or Fear;  
 One sees but smiles, another, naught but sere  
 And wrinkled traces left by Joys long gone;  
 The wiseman welcomes each, a Friend unknown  
 Who for him may good testimony bear,  
 When every other witness pleads in vain;  
 Of Judgment's awful scales one small sandgrain  
 May turn the balance, and Eternity  
 By these despised fractions man must gain;  
 'Tis ours to turn the moments as they fly,  
 To gold that shall pass current up on high!

## OLDAGE.

Oh bitter Age, that leaves us all alone  
 On this cold, selfish Earth, e'en as it were  
 A blighted Tree, while round us young and fair  
 Are putting forth their Leaves of Joy, o'ergrown  
 With springtide verdure, in strange contrast shown  
 With our most sapless boughs: alas! stern care  
 Grows doubly 'neath the snows of age: 'tis there  
 He lays his icy Hand on us, and one  
 By one, the Heart its Joys aside must lay,  
 Too old to make new Ties: oh let me be  
 Snatched from this Earth, ere yet the last faint Ray  
 Of bliss be fled — let me not live to see  
 The graves of those I love, but pass away  
 Ripe yet not old, as *seasoned* fruits *drop* from the Tree!

2. Oh who would ask the barren boon Years?  
 That Curse which selfish souls alone can bear;  
 When the Heart shut within itself, of Air,



Love's vital Air deprived, no hopes or fears  
 Save for its own base being feels. Time scars  
 The noblest spirits most, for these must share  
 Their Hearts with other Hearts, *to live*: 'tis there  
 His gifts are desolation; each Year wears  
 The Temper of the Soul, and dulls the keen  
 Edge of enjoyment: true Hearts ne'er survive  
 The Hearts they love, but like Roseleaves, I ween,  
 When one has dropt, the rest halfwithered live  
 But for a Moment and then fall unseen.  
 Is it to live, when Life's no honey in the Hive?

## ON USING THE PRESENT.

Fools that we are, each year ebbs quick away  
 To the dark Ocean of the Past, and sows  
 No Seeds of Wisdom on Time's Shore: so throws  
 The Wave its barren Birth of Noise and Spray  
 Upon the unproductive Strand: thus aye,  
 At each Year's End, untaught by former Woes,  
 We vainly stretch our arms to clutch the shows  
 Of coming Bliss, as Babes at times would lay  
 Their young Hands on the Moon, and deem it nigh.  
 We laugh at them, as tho' forsooth we were  
 Less Fools than they; but Fate to Mockery  
 Still turns the puny thoughts with which men dare  
 To grasp the Future, and a barren lie  
 Is all Time brings, to teach them *what they are*!

## TRUE STRENGTH.

Wouldst thou know what *true* strength is? ask of Him,  
 The great *Doubtsolver*, He will bid thee look  
 Back to when Fame from her broad trumpet shook,  
 With her whole Breathing, names which now are dim,  
 Whose works are dust, for of their life, a whim,  
 A selfish glory was the only aim:  
 And thus they sunk to whence their trophies came!

For those alone which Time approves, by Time  
Are spared; look once again, and thou shalt see  
Names which Fame's trump scarce deigned to whisper forth,  
Grown into types of Glory and of Worth,  
To Blessings wide as air; so let it be!  
For thus are Truth and Wisdom justified  
Of all their children, tho' by fools denied!—

## THE GRAVE.

The Grave! what is there in that name to wake  
Unpleasing thoughts, or image of decay?  
The flowers shun it not, the sweet birds *play*  
*And sport* around it, why should we then make  
Our fancies busy thro' the Earth to break,  
And see the fleshless bones that 'neath it may  
Be crumbling into dust? oh rather say,  
« See, from decay how soon new life doth take  
Its *natural* Being, even so shall we!  
A mighty teacher is the Grave; one hour  
Spent in a Churchyard, from the world set free,  
And all its nothingness, will teach thee more  
Of life, and thy own Being's mystery,  
Than the vain theories of man's booklore!

## POVERTY.

Giver of hidden gifts! sweet Poverty,  
Heartchastener, yet in Love: tho' thou art one  
That walk'st on Earth unwelcom'd, and men shun  
Thy face of veiled beauty, where we see  
But a faintraying glory, as may be  
Starlight thro' mists, which seem as tho' they shone  
Dimeyed on this cold Earth, where Care has run  
With Sin his Rounds, mocking Man's hollow Glee  
And lipconstrained mirth, yet thou, like these,  
Art bright beneath as Truth: the filmy Veil  
Which dims, is on the Eye alone that sees

Thee thro' its sensual medium; tho' pale,  
'Tis not the curse that dulls the Bed of Ease,  
The worn Heart, the Affections false and stale!

## THE STREAM.

Here will I stretch me, thou sweetbabbling Stream,  
And, listening to thy merry carol, make  
My Heart as light as thine: here will I shake  
Off, like a wornout vest, the thoughts, I deem,  
Thou never lent'st *thy* Music to: how gleam  
The frolic bubbles on thy wave, and break  
Not like Man's fretting hopes, for these no ache  
Leave on thy quiet Breast; oh it doth seem  
A goodly sight to see thee bounding on  
This passing Day, as bright as when the Sun  
First lit thy laughing Waters: not one stain  
Of least pollution in them, no not one  
Sole drop of bitterness; 'gain and again,  
Thou minglest with thy Source in Dew and Rain!

## ODE ON A GREEK-VASE.

1. Oh! Time, how gently hath thy hand, which falls  
So heavy, in its silence, on the Pride  
And Pomp of ages, and on Tyrants' walls,  
Conveyed this antique Vase, wherein abide  
Voices and Echos of a bygone day:  
Dreams of the Past, of Glories now no more;  
Which, like the murmurs from the seaborne shell,  
Haunt it from that far world, from whence its ray  
Of Inspiration comes; oh Time thy Power  
Has fallen on it with a gentle Spell,

---

2. A quiet Hallowing, which man's works still  
Must wait for, 'till they have become as thine:  
'Till thou has taken them from him, to fill

Them with Tradition's magic and entwine  
Thoughts of eternal things with passing forms!  
Thou hast dealt with this relique of old days,  
As with thy lapchild, save of novelty,  
Robbing its form of naught; around it plays  
The halo of forgotten years, whose storms  
Have scathed it not nor marred its tracery!

---

3. Oh wonderful the spell of Soul, where'er  
It dwells, in words, or hues, or stone express'd,  
A something not of them, yet ever there,  
Making the common clay its power attest;  
And here Time's fleeting elements are made  
The types of changeless, calm Eternity;  
Yon' brook in silverfoam, that dashes down  
Yon suncliff's brow, then flashes thro' the shade,  
Emblems, in moving immobility,  
A changelessness in Nature not its own!

---

4. And on its Wildflowerbrink a happy band,  
Where forth in light it dances from the shade,  
As fixed by stroke of some enchanter's wand,  
Are seated, where the sunproof boughs have made  
A pleasant Covert, lushgrown Eglantines,  
With Honeysuckles making sweet the air:  
Still dewbesprent and cool, tho' midday shines;  
Whence come ye, happy souls, from what far land,  
Where never sun shone on a brow of care,  
Nor time your hours of bliss e'er marred or spann'd?

---

5. Ye call unto my thought some pleasant dream,  
Which I have had in my own boyish days,  
When not yet disinherited we seem

To scatter from our eyes the Heavensrays,  
 And wear upon our Backs the Angels' wings:  
 And there ye are, and there ye still will be,  
 In your own joyous merriment the same,  
 Howe'er o'er us frail mortals Time may flee,  
 Bringing and bearing off but earthly things,  
 Thus warning us to seek a higher aim! —



6. Farewell! yet at some future day I hope  
 To meet such faces and such smiles as yours,  
 In a far land that gives us nobler scope  
 For Being, than this sinworn mould of ours:  
 A blessed place, where all that's noblest here,  
 Perfected, purified, shall live again:  
 Where all the Aspirations, Faculties,  
 That slept in us, or dimmed by hope and fear,  
 Shall wake in beauty 'neath those ampler skies,  
 Realities, not longings formed in vain!

#### TIME.

'Tis not to measure time, to mark each hour,  
 Each moment, and each second, as they fly  
 Upon a Clock: the *true* Timepiece doth lie  
*But in the Heart*: there let us ask his power  
 And worth, the use we put him to, what dower  
 The mighty one has left us: misery  
 And barrenness, or selfcontent with high  
 And holy thoughts, true Honey in life's flower.  
 For Life is not made up of fourscore years,  
 Of ninety, or a hundred, but of deeds,  
 By which Man works his Maker's praise, and rears  
 A lasting heritage: few years the seeds  
 Of life eternal want, so Time but bears  
*Moments* wellspent, God asks no more, nor Justice needs!

2. Alas, shortsighted mortals that we are!  
 We measure Time but as a part of nigh  
 And fleeting *Time*, not of Eternity,  
 And estimate amiss: thus in the snare  
 Selflaid we fall: we neither know nor care  
 To know its *relative* worth, for erringly  
 We look but at *this « Now: »* thus the Mindseye,  
 Falseruled and used to Dwarfviews, has no Art  
 To measure true proportion, or compare  
 Great things with small: and as fond Childhood deems  
 His Holyday an age, and hives each part  
 As tho' it were life's all, so too it seems  
 Man clings to Earth, forgetful of his Dreams  
 And Hopes sublime, and gives away his Heart  
 To Mammon for the Dross which idly gleams.

## NIGHTSTORM.

1. There is a breathless stillness in the sky,  
 But not of rest: the clouds in sullen speed  
 Are mustering, from all quarters, to some deed  
 Of darkness, and in Soughs the Winds moan by:  
 'Tis thus the Mind its evil Energy  
 Summons to some fell Act, yet shrinks in dread  
 Anticipation of the crime: o'er head  
 The vault of Heaven darkens momentarily,  
 As with a scowl of hate: while Earth below,  
 Like one intently listening, stirless lies,  
 Yet quivering with Suspense, ere yet the blow  
 Descend: but hark! the bosom of the Skies  
 Is rent asunder, and in headlong flow,  
 The Entrails of the storm rush forth with hellish noise.

2. See how the murky clouds are rent in twain  
 By the indignant Thunderflash, that leaps  
 Forth to the glorious strife, ploughing the deeps  
 With light unutterable: then again

Thick darkness shrouds the earth, and the loud rain  
 Pours down on the mad blast: and now there sweeps,  
 Such as might dazzle e'en the eye that sleeps  
 In the still Tomb, a flash that turns the rain  
 Into a liquid fire-shower, a stream,  
 Of diamonddrops, while Earth seems poised in Air,  
 A Scene of fairy wonders, and each gleam  
 Reveals her to the sateless sight more fair  
 In preternatural beauty, 'till she seem  
 Created out of sights and sounds that never were  
 Dreamt of in Poet's wildest Phantasy!  
 How far Reality can triumph o'er  
 Man's dim Conceptions, and the shallow Lore  
 On which he prides himself: but see, the Sky  
 Works free from Rack, and the dark Vapors fly,  
 Like Birds of evil Omen, from the Power  
 Of kindlier Elements, that now once more  
 Resume, as due, the shortlived Mastery  
 Yielded to evil Things: and the mad Wind  
 But late so fierce, shrinks moaningly away.  
 In consciencestricken Tones, which seem to say,  
 "The Deed is finished: " like the evil Mind  
 That contemplates, when Passions cease to blind,  
 The fatal Crime, and shrinks from Reason's Sway!

## FANCY.

Fancy, sweet Fancy, Balm of every Woe,  
 Binder of broken Hearts! who liv'st for aye  
 'Mid Pleasures flown, or Hopes of future Day:  
 Thou, unto whom the Present, this dark Now,  
 Is but a Point, a Restingplace below,  
 On which thy winged Feet but seldom lay  
 Their airy Weight, like Bird upon a Spray,  
 But with more boyant Spring, from all Earth's low,  
 Dull Cares to soar, to that Eternity  
 Of Thought and Hope, thro' which thou lov'st to wing

Thy viewless Flight: to thy true Votary  
 Thy wonted Aid now grant: around me fling  
 Thy Magicmantle, bear me up on high,  
 To where my loved Ones with the Angels sing!

## MY BIRTHDAY.

My Birthday! even so: this very Day  
 This idle Heart began Life's eager Race:  
 Sixty Pulsations in a Moment's space!  
 Is that the Tune to which it beats then?— aye,  
 But Hope and Fear have stirred it oft: their Sway  
 Is as a Tyrant's, and must leave some Trace  
 On the jarred Strings— Despondence too a Place  
 Has claimed in their wild Revels: oh Life's Way  
 Lies thro' a Tanglewood, where Fruits of Hue  
 Most seeming fair grow on Sin's Upastree,  
 Sighttempting, but within most rank: the true  
 Are often hard to find, and ill to see,  
 Not tricked out with a showy Rind to woo  
 The Sense, they must be sought for earnestly!

## TO MY FATHERLAND.

1. My Fatherland, my Fatherland!  
     Should I nee'r greet again  
     Thy slave untrod and wave-kissed Strand,  
     My Heart would beat in vain.
2. I love thee with a swelling, deep,  
     Unutterable Love,  
     Like the eternal Waves which sweep  
     And bribeless round thee move.
3. Their Voice, tho' harsh to foreign Ears,  
     Is Music unto thee,  
     For who the Waves eternal hears,  
     *Hears God bid him be free!*
4. Freedom looked down on Ocean's brow  
     And left her Image there,



- And in the boundless Mirror now  
Undimmed doth it appear!
5. His mighty Voice is to her Ear  
The sound she loves the best,  
Nor could Man's boundless Hope be e'er  
More boundlessly exprest!
6. The very Winds that wake the Wave  
Have Freedom in their Sound,  
And where they breathe, call forth the Brave  
Like Springflowers from the Ground!
7. Then airfree be our Thoughts to smite  
The Tyrant and the Slave,  
The Poet's heart be bold and light  
And bribeless as the Wave.
8. For Thought has then an Edge above  
The keenest Glaive: than Light  
More swift: when Truth wields it, we prove  
Its true immortal Might.
9. My Fatherland! oft on thy Shore  
I've called upon the Past  
For Oracles, to learn before  
They spring, what Seeds are cast.
10. I've gazed upon the far, bright Track  
Which thou has left behind  
In Time's dark Ocean, and traced back  
Thy Energies of Mind.
11. But Fears come o'er me in these Days  
Which put in Wealth their Trust,  
For Hearts which sordid Gold repays,  
Like it, are of the Dust!
12. Once more, once more, snatch up the Brand  
Of Truth, which smouldering lies,  
And with it kindle in each Land  
The Spark which never dies.
13. A flickering Flame at first't may rise  
Oft baffled by the Wind,

- But soon shall tower to the Skies,  
A Firecolumn of Mind!
14. Think'st thou the God, whose Voice first called  
Thee from th' Abyss of Time,  
Thy smiling Fields with waves has walled  
For Safety unto Crime?
15. Not so! he made thee strong and free  
And clothed thee with his Might,  
That Will with Power should agree,  
To work him Deeds of Light.
16. Each Wave that breaks upon thy Shore,  
Each Wind that o'er thee blows,  
Should waft the Nation's Blessings o'er,  
And hallow thy Repose.
17. Mercy should dwell within thy Breast,  
Clear Honour in thine Eye,  
In Joy and Sorrow alike blest  
With a World's Sympathy.
18. A Blessing on thy Fields should fall,  
On every Blade of Grass,  
And e'en thy very Sorrows, all  
O'er thee should lightly pass.
19. Thy Voice should be as God's, who gave  
His four Winds unto thee,  
Like wing'd Ministers, to save,  
To succour and set free.
20. The Nations all should seek from thee  
An omen of Success,  
And crown the Deeds that set them free  
With thy unbought Caress.
21. Thy Name should be a Watchword and  
A Beacon in the Night,  
In War, a streaming Meteorbrand,  
In Peace, a Pillar of Light!
22. Ask of sad History's teeming Page  
Ambition's vulgar Fate,

- What have they earned who with Truth wage,  
Time's Scorn, Man's lasting Hate!
23. Wildivy triumphs o'er the Pride  
And haughtiest Works of Man,  
A few short years, and grass will hide  
What Conqueror's began.
24. How silent Nature mocks the poor,  
Poor Graspings of Man's Brain,  
Thus teaching how his Works endure,  
In Birth and End so vain.
25. 'Tis Giantworth alone can stand  
The Test of Time and Fate,  
He is the same in every Land,  
His Being has no Date!
26. Tho' Empires fall, and Worlds be rent,  
He stands as firm as Heaven,  
For with his Might God's Truth is blent,  
Time naught to him has given!

## TRUE GREATNESS

I love to see a great Man *simply* great,  
With nothing but the Halo of his own  
Calm Glory on his Brow to make him known!  
What needs the Pomp and Pride of empty State?  
The knowing Eye will soon discriminate  
*Real* Worth in whatsoever Guise 'tis shown,  
Sublime in Rags or humble on a Throne!  
True Greatness still can for itself create  
Respect by Life's most common Agencies;  
And still its *highest* Mastery is to  
Develop grandly, in each weekday Thought  
And Act, the divine Lore with which 'tis fraught,  
No Matter what the Means, all, all that lies  
Before it, it can turn to Uses new:  
Trace in Life's vile and trodden Dust the true,  
The golden Vein, and work it for the Skies.

For Greatness is not to be *more* than Man,  
 But *to be Man!* And this the meanest can  
 Become; the noblest Crown is still worn by  
 The modest Brow of pure Humanity!  
 The King of Men is he who here below  
*Is most a Man*, and Christ was truest so,  
 Then whom to follow ye already know!

## REVOLUTIONISTS.

1. Ye Fools, who with the *vilest* Things would gain  
 The holiest of Blessings, Liberty;  
 The Means destroy the Worth of that ye try  
 To win, and when acquired make it vain  
 As Light unto the Blind— ye need not strain  
 The Nerve, or grasp the Sword: the Victory  
 She loves, is o'er a *nearer* Enemy,  
 E'en *your ownelves!* And when ye can restrain  
 Your Passions, then ye have no other Foe,  
 Then are ye free! But Violence and Blood  
 Alike unfit ye to receive or know  
 That Blessing: from *within* comes all its Good,  
 But *ye* are no more in a fitting mood.  
 The *only* Source from whence it e'er can flow  
*Within yourselves*, ye have destroyed, nor could  
 Ye now be free tho' all your Foes lay low!

2. Wisdom delights in Gentleness, and Thought  
 Can pass thro' Gates and break the Prisoner's Chain,  
 When meaner Instruments would work in vain:  
 It knows no Obstacles, for there is nought  
 Can check it, as St. Peter once was brought  
 Forth by the Angel from his Place of Pain,  
 So to the inmost Prison Thought can gain  
 Admittance, Thought, the Angel, who has wrought  
 So many Wonders for Mankind, and still  
 Works more and more; like to the gentle Light

With its calm Beauty all things doth it fill,  
 And moulds them by its soft yet Giantright,  
 'Till blending all Men's Minds in one pure Will,  
 It realize all Blessings fair and bright !

ON THE SPIRIT OF REFLECTIVE HUMANITY.

Oh think not that thy Time is thrown away  
 When gazing on a passing Cloud or Flower;  
 Nay, even shouldst thou stand fixed for an Hour  
 To watch a little Child, or Cat at Play  
 Tho' but with a sere Leaf— there is a Way  
 Of viewing even these Things, by which more  
*Real* Wisdom may be gained than lies before  
 The proud Philosopher in many a  
 Finetitled Quarto— each of these is too  
 A Leaf in Nature's *Volume*, which the Eye  
 Of natural Love alone can read; the *true*—  
*—Est Wisdom is a Heart full of all high*  
*And gentle Feelings*: so o'erflowingly  
 Filled with Affection as to stoop unto  
 The meanest Thing, or spare the Flowers which lie  
 Before its Path in thousands: they *are* too  
*A Wonder of the living God*, and by  
 The feeling Heart not injured wantonly !  
 Oh well for him, who early learns thus thro'  
 A comprehensive, deep Humanity,  
 To view all Things as Objects of *one* Love,  
 As comprehended *'all* in him above !  
 For he who spares the Flower, will not be  
 Unmoved at Sight of human Misery !  
 This is the greatest Wealth, all Wealth in one,  
 And where *this* is not, trust me there is none !  
 And oh ! deem not these *small* Things *Trifles*, this  
 Is the *great* Error: for indeed it is  
 Harder to be in *small* Things *great*, than to  
 Rise *now and then* to great Things; for to do

This, we must be *habitually* great,  
 And such a *Habit* no man can create  
 By Fits and Starts: by *daily* practice he  
 Acquires it, and this must ever be  
 Made up of *socalled small* Things, which we *by*  
*Despising* make so: but that which calls thy  
*Best Feelings* forth, should not seem small to thee,  
 Nor will it, *if it does*, assuredly!

TO A. P.

1. And wilt thou too forget me, Love,  
 Or deem of me but as of one  
 Whose Fate with thine no more is wove,  
 As one whom henceforth thou wouldst shun?
2. Our Vows were Summervows 'tis true,  
 Their Links were wove in dreaming Youth,  
 Yet Love the golden Metal drew  
 Fresh from the glowing Forge of Truth.
3. What tho' rude Time should wear or tine  
 The mere Gloss at the Surface, still  
 The genuine Substance 'neath will shine,  
 Tested, but changed not by Life's Ill!
4. Upon my young, unwithered Heart  
 Love shed his first, divinest Dews,  
 And all Life's Honey set apart  
 Was tinged and flavored by his Hues.
5. And wouldst thou then unkindly turn  
 Those Sweets to Bitterness and Strife,  
 Or blight a Heart that still must yearn  
 With Love towards thee in Death and Life?
6. I dare not, cannot, will not dream  
 That thy pure Heart has selfish grown,  
 That from thy Brow a single Beam  
 Of Immortality is flown.
7. They tell me thou art changed too, Love,  
 That Care sits on thy oncefair Brow,

- I know thy gentle Heart must move  
 With Pity at another's Woe;  
 8. Yet robbed of all that made thee bright,  
 Of every youthful Charm and Hue,  
 Thou art but dearer to my Sight,  
 Thy Grievs shall make me but more true:  
 9. For in the Tablet of my Heart  
 Thy Form still blooms all fresh and fair,  
 I see not what in Time thou *art*,  
 But what thou *wert when imaged there*.  
 10. Thus on the Canvass some fair Face  
 Still smiles undimmed, unfadingly,  
 When the Original no Trace  
 Retains to tell of Days gone by.  
 11. The Love of two pure Hearts is like  
 A Tune on some sweet Instrument,  
 'Tis true on *different* Chords we strike,  
 But Harmony is *in Sounds blent*.  
 12. The Moment they have left the Strings  
 The Tones are mingled soft in Air,  
 And blent for aye, like kindred Things  
 Made each for each, one Being share.  
 13. Thus shall our Hearts form but one Sound,  
*One* Tune, tho' in a varying key,  
 In Joy and Sorrow alike found  
 Still linked in faultless Harmony.  
 14. And when the Heartstrings cease to beat,  
 The Magicchords, the Spiritallyre,  
 Our Souls shall seek their primal Seat,  
 And in eternal Love respire!

## MAKE NO LIFEPLAN.

1. The Folly of all Fellies, in my Eyes,  
 Is to strive towards *one* given End: thereon  
 To set our Hearts and Wishes, as if *none*  
*But that* could make us happy: to despise

For *its* Sake all the pleasant Way which lies  
 Betwixt us and our Object: which, when won,  
 Like a Childsbauble, will soon pall upon  
 The Sense— so long as unpossessed a Prize  
 Of richest Seeming, but in Fact, mere Show.  
 To *fret* at every Hindrance, *for its Sake*.  
 To sweat, and toil, and pucker up the Brow,  
 This is indeed of *fancied* Good to make  
*Real* Evil— for the Means away to throw  
 The End! the Good— *the Soul!* for which we take  
 Such idle Pains — the greatest Good below,  
 And whence the Worth of all the rest must flow.  
 And if thy Soul be injured, if *thy Mind*  
*Be distuned*, where wilt thou *Life's Music* find?

---

2. Life's Happiness is never made up by  
*One* Act or Point thereof, it is like to  
 A viewless Chain, the last Link holding true  
 Together with the first: Fools only try  
 To crowd into one Moment Joys that lie  
 Strewn over an whole Life: the Drop of Dew  
 Does what a thousands Drops could never do,  
 Because it does the *Needful only!* thy  
 Soul then should do the same— unto the Day  
 Sufficient is the Good thereof: the Heart  
 Cannot *be more than full*— and if, I say,  
 With *daily* Bliss thou hast the sublime Art  
 To keep it so, what need is there then, pray,  
 By *overfilling* it to *lose* a Part?  
 Or even, (for too great Bliss has its Smart,)  
 Thus to draw forth the Sting that hidden lay;  
 For wisely Providence thus makes thee pay  
 For rash Abuse, to teach thee what thou art.

---



3. Lay not then out a *Plan* for Life, nor dream  
 Of a *particular Mode*, as that alone  
 Wherein thou canst be happy, go thou on,  
 Live thy Life *as it comes*: least of all deem  
 Things *indispensible* which only seem  
 So to thee, because thou hast fixed upon  
*That Plan*; they are so to that Plan, I own,  
 But not to *Life*: to *that* but little is  
 So *really*, else the Poor would have in this  
 World a sad Lot: whereas by deeming naught  
*Superfluous* indispensable, they *miss*  
*It not*, but come to value, as they ought,  
 The *truly Indispensible* as more  
 So unto them, and just because so poor  
 In *other* Goods: *all* Situations teem  
 Alike with Life's *best* Elements, for by  
 The Heart we live, and where can that not beat?  
 And Life's *best* Elements, what are they? *thy*  
*Own* calm, contented Thoughts, the sacred Heat  
 Of gentle Feelings and Affections high;  
 And where are these best found?— there only *Sent*  
 Is in thyself— oh then *be* consciously  
 That self, and all that this same Consciousness  
 Brings with it, that in calm Content possess!

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4. And to do so, strive towards *one End alone*,  
 With thy whole Heart and Soul; but let it be  
*Naught earthly*, thus wilt thou move *surely* on  
 Towards it, for naught here can hinder thee,  
 Or check thee in the least:— e'en Poverty  
 And Want, which mar so many a mortal Plan,  
 Enrich with Means to perfect the *« true Man! »*  
 And knowing this, thou mak'st *« the Man »* thy Care,  
 The *Soul*— *which* perfect, *all Things* perfect are!

## FAITH.

Yea, there are Griefs, and bitter sufferings  
 To be endured on Earth, Griefs that might make  
 Us heavyhearted, and it might be slack  
 In the good Cause at times, had we not Wings  
 To lift us from the fret of earthly Things,  
 And give unto our Souls that which we lack  
 In this Life's fleeting forms: like the Cloudrack  
 Which Evening o'er the Sunsetheaven flings,  
 These are shapemoulded by a higher power  
 To the Soul's secret Uses: as the sun  
 Thro' lazyflak'd clouds his light doth shower,  
 Kindling them into types of things which none  
 On Earth have e'er beheld, so Faith's high Lore  
 From Time can draw a timeoutlasting dower!

## ALL GOOD SELFDERIVED.

How few Men are all that which they might be!  
 How few possess *themselves*, their *Souls*, or know  
 What divine Blessings may be made to grow,  
 Like precious Fruits, where they as yet can see  
 But Thorns and Barrenness on Life's fair Tree!  
 With their *own Thoughts* they can make all Things so,  
 So lovely— Spring bids not more Dayseyes blow,  
 With her first Breathings, on some grassy Lea,  
 Than they can call forth Joys: we ourselves make  
 The *Beautiful* we seek for— we must wake  
 Ere we can quicken that which round us lies.  
 The Lyre has in itself no Harmonies:  
 Nor the Seashell no Murmurs, 'till the Ear  
 Be put to it: and all this fair World here,  
 With the vast Compass of its Melodies,  
 Is but as a sweet Lyre, which the Hand  
 E'en of a Child can easily command:  
 Is but as the Seashell: the Spirit, by

Which it is haunted ever, we can hear  
 But with the inner Ear, then all the high  
 And glorious Hymn sweeps on us full and clear.  
 But we must be first tuned ourselves, for we  
 Are as a String in the grand Harmony:  
 For how, oh how! can a jarred String be made  
 To play *its* Part, or feel that which is played?  
 And wisely God has left each human Soul  
 To *tune itself* with this stupendous Whole:  
 This is its *End*, its *Mission* 'neath the Sky!

## LONDON.

The Heart of mighty England art thou, and  
 Thy pulses beat unto the Ocean's shore,  
 Waking tenthousand Hearts that slept before,  
 Bound with the electric chain of Mind: from Land  
 To Land thy strong Voice shouts, and Freedom's brand,  
 Bequeathed us by the glorious race of yore,  
 Is handed onward, brightening more and more,  
 Thro' Time's stillchanging mists, by Truth's breath fanned!  
 O God, grant that this mighty Heart for thee  
 And Truth alone may beat: that thus for aye,  
 In every Land and Clime, the good and free  
 May turn to England her best praise to say,  
 « Thence was the dawn of Liberty, and we  
 Walk in the light of a reflected Day! »

## FAINTHEARTEDNESS.

The Coward and the Slave alone despair,  
 The Patriot hopes: for come what may, still he  
 Is what he will within himself, still free,  
 In the best Sense of Freedom — Sun and Air  
 Ripen the backward Fruit: the Tree must bear  
 If the Soil whence it springs be good and strong:  
 A generous Cause the Heavens will not wrong,  
 All *natural Influences* are with the fair

And holy Efforts of the good and wise!  
 The universal heart beats with them still!  
 Be man but true unto himself, the prize  
 Is his already — but Mistrust doth kill.  
 For where there is no Faith, high Heaven denies  
 Its miracles, the heritage of steady Will!

## ON SELF-LIMITING.

1. That which *at first contracts* thy Liberty,  
 Cramps thee in real Life's seemingscanty Space,  
 Instead of Fancy's wide Domain, will place  
 Thee in thy Sphere of *best* Activity,  
 And make thee in the End more *truly* free:  
 Concentrate all thy Powers, and thus brace  
 Thy Soul to its high Task, untill it face  
 Its Lot, in calm Content, whate'er it be.  
 Within its Banks the Stream flows strong alone,  
 Diffuse it and it stagnates, or grows weak.  
*Restraint is Freedom's Essence:* Limits known  
 And fixed are needfull that the Soul may seek  
 Its *full* Development, attained by none  
 Who from Man's proper Sphere of Action break.

2. The *highest Greatness* which a Being can  
 Attain, is *to be itself*, and to this,  
 God himself, when he *made it what it is*,  
 Whatever that may be, Dog, Rose, or Man,  
 With *full* Means each has furnished — he then who  
 Forsakes Man's Sphere, cannot attain to his  
 True Greatness, nor that only must he miss,  
 But *every other*: for 'twould be a *new*,  
 Strange Mode of Being to him, and God has  
*Not* furnished him with Means or Powers *thereto*,  
 For he ne'er destined one Thing to be two!  
 How foolish then beyond that Sphere to pass,  
 Where *merely being* what *insensibly*

*Our Nature lends us to become, we grow  
Both great and happy, and so easily,  
As scarce the Why or How thereof to know!*

## TO MILTON.

Milton! I envy thee thy misery,  
If such it were, whose Magic touch could turn  
The Mortal to a God: for thou didst earn  
By soretried faith, thine Immortality!  
Sorrow and Suffering bear a meaning high,  
And are but veiled Blessings, tho' in stern  
And unseductive garb their worth we learn:  
They are Heavensguests, who, welcomed heartily,  
A Blessing leave behind, unknown before.  
Such did they prove to thee, their noble host,  
For from their Lips thou learn'd'st a mightier Lore  
Than Earth's cold, proud Philosophy can boast:  
A balm against all ills, all fond hopes lost,  
Its worth the more 'twas used, still growing more!

## THE PASSINGBELL.

Hush! hark! whence is yon' Sound that booms along,  
Waking deep Echos over Wood and Stream,  
Saddening the Scene until its beauty seem  
Clouded by some dark Meaning. E'en the song  
Of the blithe Nightingale floats on among  
The Leaves less joyously: on Fancy's dream  
It breaks, like some harsh voice: to few I deem  
Is its note welcome, for it wakes a throng  
Of buried Phantoms! 'tis the Passingbell,  
Speaking of fond ones severed from Love's breast,  
And in its tone is anguish: it can tell  
Its Tale with Eloquence to match the best  
Of Tongues: yet to schooled hearts it sounds no knell,  
But calls the wandering thoughts to their high nest!

## NEMESIS.

What is it that mine Eyes look on?  
A bodyless Hand that bears  
A Dagger, and upon  
Its Blade are Bloodgouts! is 't a Dream  
That with its fearful Semblance sears  
My strain'd Eyeballs, or does that bright Gleam  
Flash from a Weapon palpable to Touch?  
Dread Nemesis! I know thee: such  
The Shape in which from oldest Time  
Unseen thou stand'st by thron'd Crime,  
And with uprais'd Hand,  
Awaiting Fate's Command,  
Thy awful and invisible Stroke  
Smites him, e'en then when he has broke  
Intwain all Bonds that Fear,  
And Policy, and Guile, and Hate,  
Had bade him wear;  
E'en then, when in his Pomp and State,  
A Criminal too vast for Law's weak Grasp,  
He treads down Truth and Virtue in the Dust,  
And feasts his Ears with their Deathgasp;  
As tho' oblivious Rust  
Could blunt the Edge of thy dread Steel,  
Or thine allviewless Arm could feel  
The Palsy of Decay!  
Vain Fool! amid the glittering Spears  
That compass him around thy Way  
Is airfree, no Footfall he hears,  
Yet, *like his guilty Conscience*, thou  
Art with him everywhere:  
And when he least expects the Blow,  
Thine errless Arm is there,  
To lay the Tyrant low,  
And bid fair Liberty

Lift up once more her Banner to the Sky.  
'Twas thou didst place in Brutus' Hand  
Thy crimeavenging Steel,  
And bad'st him save his Fatherland  
From Slavery,  
He made the haughty Cæsar feel  
That Kings like common Men can die.  
The first Step o'er the Rubicon,  
And by his Side from that day on  
Thy awful Form, veiled from his Sight,  
Stood by him in its viewless Might,  
*In its Shadow aye he stood,*  
Yet dreamt not of the coming Blood,  
'Till the Hourssands had run,  
And Cæsar's Life with them was done!  
But thou hast other Weapons, nobler far  
Than these frail, palpable Tools,  
With which to war  
Against the Tyrant, who to his vain Car  
Would chain Mankind — Pride that befools  
And maketh dizzy on the Pinnacle,  
Where Fortune leaves her Votary  
To look aghast into the yawning Hell  
Whence rise the Ghosts of former Crimes,  
Dread Shadows of past Times,  
To smite his Soul with Agony!  
What are the palpable Throes  
Of bodily Wounds compared with those  
Which Conscience, to thy Service sworn,  
Inflicts on Guilt, of every Solace shorn:  
What tho' the Tyrant triumph o'er his Foes,  
And make the Block holy with Martyrsblood,  
The *one* Voice he has quenched shall spread abroad  
On the four Winds of Heaven,  
And unto *every* Tongue be given  
Some Echo of those Accents high,

And from the Martyrsashes, ere they die,  
Shall Nemesis her Torch relight!  
Thus Death, who lays waste all Things, cannot blight  
The Cause of Truth and Liberty;  
The Form decays, the Spirit still remains:  
The Hope of Oldentimes still passes on,  
Flamelike, from Heart to Heart — the Earth retains  
Its Lifepower still; so long as sun  
Shines on it, and the Rain doth wet,  
It will unweariedly beget  
All that Industry can ask:  
Tho', in Desolation's Mask,  
A wide Waste its Bosom seem,  
Yet beneath all good Things teem!  
Thus in the Human Heart as well,  
As long as Faith and Hope do dwell  
Within it, good Seeds ever lie,  
That soon or late must fructify.  
Spite of Cloud and Storm they'll spring,  
In their due Season blossoming.  
Then let us suffer, for to *bear*  
*Nobly* is a Triumph fair,  
God himself doth calmly wait,  
Then let Mortals imitate!  
Do their Duty, let it cost  
What it will, tho' all be lost,  
And setting selfish Fears aside,  
By Wisdom's self be justified.  
Mankind, like Shadows, pass away,  
Yet still the mighty Heart for aye  
Beats on, and every fleeting Year  
Brings us to the Goal more near,  
Still it glows with holier Fire,  
And the pure Ether doth respire,  
Of Love and wise Humanity,  
Embracing in its Sympathy



Every Form of Being here,  
 Least and greatest, in its Sphere.  
 Thus Truth wins her Victories bright,  
 Not by brute, material Might,  
 But by opening up, more wise,  
 Men's Hearts to all high Sympathies!

## THE STRANGERS BURIAL CORNER.

Tread lightly Stranger, for the Brokenheart,  
 In nameless rest, is slumbering 'neath thee here!  
 And tho' the grass be greener than elsewhere,  
 'Tis rank with cold Forgetfulness, whose smart,  
 Like Adder's sting, seeks out the tenderest part  
 Of the poor breast it wounds-- no friendly Tear  
 Has watered this lone grave, nor true Love e'er  
 Strewed its vain Offerings, with simple art  
 Cheating a cureless woe: could that lone grave  
 Find but a voice, how much of Poesy  
 And Pathos it might wake! how many a brave  
 And injured one may here forgotten lie,  
 Seeking in Death from the World's Scorn to save  
 A broken Heart to Immortality!

## THE BEST MEANS FOR WORKING OUT GREAT BLESSINGS.

How would ye work out *grand* Results, save by  
 The *most familiar* Means? or how would ye  
 With Profit rouse Men's Hearts to feel and be  
 The Godlike which they are, if not by steadily  
 Subliming, purifying, what is high  
 Within them, by the Aid of all they see  
 And hear? the *commoner the better*, the  
 'More certain then will be its Agency,  
 'Till Repetition to fixed Habit grow:  
 But by the *daily* Beatings of the Heart,  
 The Hopes which leaven, lighten here below  
 Man's daily Bread? sublime *but these*, impart

To these Religion's allennobling Glow ,  
'Till , like the common Air we breathe, it flow  
Thro' his whole Being, leaven into Food  
Fit for the Angels' Lips his daily Bread ,  
Then *commonest* Things will *most* subserve to Good ,  
For in them *at all Moments* may be read  
The sublime Lesson thus made present to  
Men's Minds, in all they think, hope, feel, and do ;  
A daily Warmth within the Heart to keep  
Its best Affections, Energies, in still  
And quiet Action, yet intense and deep,  
Like that upon the Householdhearth, around  
Which so, so many Blessings meet, to fill  
Not with intoxicating, but profound  
Delights the wise Heart which has learnt to bound  
Itself to that *best* sphere, which *itself* can  
Fill out and perfect — by these Means alone  
Are *great* Results to be accomplished — Man  
Is benefitted, bettered thro' his own  
*Most daily* Thoughts and Feelings only, by  
His *most familiar* Impressions ; *these*  
Once in your Power, you mould him as you please,  
The Drudge of Earth or Angel for the Sky!  
The Fool alone wants Means, and hopes by rare  
And farfetched Methods to work out great Things,  
Neglecting those, which like the common Air,  
Abound on all Sides: not so Wisdom brings  
*Her* Plans unto Perfection, for she knows  
That God, who has supplied the meanest Flower,  
May e'en the crawling Earthworm with full Power  
Its Being to fulfill, has not left those  
Unfurnished whom he fashioned for the Sky,  
After *his* divine Likeness, and that when  
He gifted Man with Mind and Heart, he gave,  
Summed up in these, *all* Goods which he could have,  
All that was needful in the narrowest Span

Of human Life to form « *the perfect Man!* »  
 And with what wouldst thou fuse the Hearts of Men  
 Into one godlike mighty Heart, save by  
 The *daily Warmth* which *their own Breasts* supply?

## THE SKYLARK.

Sweet Bird, thy Heart within is as thy strain,  
 And from my breast it shakes all withering cares,  
 As the winds do sere leaves, when springtide airs  
 Stir in the trees and wake life's sap again.  
 It seems unnatural to think of Pain  
 When listening to thy music, for it bears  
 No meanings dark, no feverish impulse shares,  
 Echos no idle fears, or hopes as vain.  
 It sounds as blithe as on that primal Day  
 When first thy young wing bore it up the Sky,  
 To the blue depths where Sorrow has no sway,  
 Nor mortal fret intrudes, nor fears to die!  
 Thus in thy perfect innocence Man may  
 Learn a deep lesson of Morality!

## RELIGION.

Religion, thou art rarely seen below  
 Such as pure Faith delights that thou shouldst be:  
 Led by thy Handmaids, meekeyed Charity  
 And patient Love: but in thy Stead we bow  
 To a foul Idol, fashioned from the low  
 And earthly Passions which Men sanctify  
 And worship with thy Name, a gilded Lie,  
 Which yet 'tis Sin to doubt: and Time can show  
 Full-many a Martyr to the ready Hate  
 Of this false Deity, whose Altars reek  
 With frequent Blood of such as dare to seek  
 Salvation their own Way; for 'tis the Fate  
 Of Truth to pass oft for a Lie, so weak,  
 Where Superstition reigns, is her Estate!

## HOPE.

Hope is the only Mistress who repays  
 Us ever with like Love! and tho' it be  
 That she may leave us for awhile, yet we  
 First rudely scare her; in our darkest Days  
 She comes to *share* our Grief, and soft doth raise  
 The dim Veil from her Brow, and lo! we see  
 The wellknown Features smiling modestly,  
 On which nor Time, nor Pain have left a Trace!  
 And even when Age turns our Hair to gray,  
 And all the World's false Joys forsake us quite,  
*She*, still unwearied in her Love, doth stay,  
 And growing ever fairer to our sight,  
 In all her Plenitude of youthful charms  
 Returns a Virgin still unto our Arms;  
 And when on the Gravesbrink the last Embrace  
 She gives, an *Angel soars up in her Place!*

## THE FREEMAN.

Who is the freeman? — he that in his pride  
 Of heart exalts himself above his kind,  
 And in selfglory's sanctity enshrined,  
 Is his own idol? he whose wishes wide  
 Embrace a universe, yet cannot hide  
 The seeker's poverty! or such as find  
 Their Deity in wealth, or not less blind,  
 In Earth's brief pleasures? Truth will not abide  
 With these vile slaves to fancied Liberty,  
 Whose Circe-cup transforms them into Brutes,  
 Yet leaves no sense of their deformity.  
 True freedom in such Soil as this ne'er roots,  
 But in subdued Will, Selfmastery,  
 The Empire of the Breast, 'tis there she yields her fruits!

## ON FAVOURTAKING.

Ye think it godlike to refuse a Favour!  
'Tis still more godlike to accept it: yea!  
To meekly bow thy Head, nor turn away  
E'en from a Beggar's Kiss! for thus the Power  
Of Good in us is strengthened, and the more  
From others *we receive*, the more we may  
Ourselves *bestow*, and in all Love display  
The Gratitude, which, garnered up in our  
Own inmost Heart, at length will overflow  
In all kind Actions: 'tis not Virtue to  
Refuse a favour, 'tis false Pride, e'en so  
Its baneful Tendrils twine around the true  
Stem of all virtues: how else can we show  
And foster Love, save by affording new  
*Occasions unto Gratitude?* it grew  
From Acts of kindness, and begets as due  
After its kind; but he who will *take* no  
Kindness, shuts up its Fount, and none will *do*.  
We should receive from others all we may,  
And do all in our Power to repay  
Their Love: when not to their ourselves, to those  
Whom Heaven in our Path on Purpose throws  
To keep alive Man's Gratitude: would all  
But do all for each other, and receive  
All from each other, ready at each call,  
How lovely would *all* Hands be joined, the *small*  
As able as the greatest, then to weave  
The web of human Happiness! therein  
Each least, least Thread of Being right to blend:  
All, all in Joy and Harmony to spin  
Together to one high and sublime End:  
To clothe the Earth with human Blessedness  
As with a Garment, an enduring Dress  
Of Beauty, to form which each Thought should tend,

The Child's and the Philosopher's, the Maid's  
 And Matron's, for none, none e'er work in vain :  
 Each brings that which the other wants, and aids  
 It to Perfection, 'till the whole shall gain  
 A *blended* charm, like sunset as it fades!

## THE MIND'S ALLSELF-SUFFICIENCY.

What tho' the limbs be fettered, Heaven's light  
 Shut out from the dim Eye? can tyrant's art  
 In its vain mockery inflict a smart  
 Like that he feels within him? can his Might  
 Rob the pure soul of that which renders bright  
 E'en the dim Prison's gloom, an upright heart  
 Where crime and self-disturbance have no part?  
 It is not so! Faith's glance can put to flight  
 Legions of nether Ill, and in his breast  
 Man can create an Eden where on high  
 And heavenly hopes his wearied Heart may rest,  
 Transforming Time into Eternity!  
 There may he taste *true* Freedom, still more blest  
 Than those who scorn him, for he scorns them equally!

## WISDOM.

Forth from the Scabbard pluck th'indignant Blade,  
 The best of Umpires since the only one;  
 Lo! Nemesis herself now beckons on,  
 And in her Hand th'avenging Steel is made  
 By Justice, forged in Truth's own Flame to aid  
 Man's Rights against the proud usurping Throne.  
 Hold! hold! a viewless Angel lays upon  
 Thine Arm his Hand as gently to dissuade,  
 And lo! the Sword is shivered like a Reed!  
 List, Mortal, « Vengeance is the Lord's, » and thy  
 Brute Aid not even here doth Wisdom need  
 In aught, e'en if 'twere possible that by  
*Such* means she could attain aught pure or high!

In Peace and Love's deep Soil *she* sows the Seed  
 Of *during* Blessings— and *her* Watchword is,  
 'Twixt Man and Man, of Brotherlove a Kiss;  
 And when from Lip to Lip *this* Token speed,  
 Then will my Form grow clearer to thine Eye,  
 Yea! *Mankind will itself* become indeed  
 The *Angel that now warns the viewlessly*,  
 Transformed to that, when from its Errors freed,  
 An Angel of pure Peace and Charity!

## A MOTHER'S LOVE.

O God! how holy is a Mother's Love,  
 How fair, for by an Emphasis of Right  
 It is the Love of Loves: there is no sight  
 In all this dull, cold World, that so may move  
 The Sense of beauty, since by it we prove  
 Our Nature not all selfish; and its Might  
 So deep, selfsacrificing, changeless, bright,  
 Melting into the softness of the dove,  
 Yet blent with more than Man's proud Energy,  
 When peril hovers o'er her young one's nest:  
 She hears not, feels not, fears not, has no Eye  
 Or Heart for aught but this, and deems her blest  
 By her Babe's slightest Glance or greeting Cry,  
 Beyond all Joys that Earth esteemeth best!

## THOUGHT.

Thou art unhappy? yet wherefore I pray?  
 Thou *need'st not* be so one sole moment more  
 Than thou thyself deem'st fit; thou hast the Power  
 To *think*: bring but thy Thoughts beneath thy Sway,  
 And thou wilt have an Empire wide as Day:  
 He who is *pinched by his own Thoughts* is sore-  
 Beat'd indeed, yet all he bears and bore,  
 Will melt like vain Dreams from his Mind away,  
 If one bold Thought into the Magicring

But step, where Foolopinion spellbound lies,  
 Like Sprites at Daybreak, all his Whims take wing.  
 He is the worst Slave who from his Mindseyes  
 By Force of Thought the Bandage cannot fling  
 By Fancy bound, that she her Juggleries  
 May thus play off and distort everything.  
 Diseases of the Mind a Thought can heal,  
 As a Thought caused them, and to be a King  
 Of Self, that is *to be a King indeed*,  
 'Tis only needful so to think and feel,  
 Thine own Thoughts are the neverfailing Seed  
 Of all *real* Ill and of thy *godliest* weal!

## MOONLITCHURCHYARD.

How sweet the Moonlight sleeps upon that Grave!  
 Nor could it find a fitter place of rest,  
 Pouring a flood above its grassy breast  
 Of Heaven's purest light! methinks I have  
 Beheld no lovelier scene. Yon' yewtrees wave  
 With whispering murmurs at the wind's Behest,  
 As if to bless the spot: I scarce breathe, lest  
 A Sound should break the holy calm, where save  
 Myself nought stirs, and yet there's nought of Death.  
 All gloom is scattered by the calm, pure light,  
 E'en as a Mother's soft kiss steals the Breath  
 Of her dreamtroubl'd Babe. Oh holy Sight!  
 My heart could almost wish to sleep beneath  
 Yon' grassy turf, it looks so green, and lies so light!

## PROPORTION.

Proportion! 'Tis therein that Wisdom shows  
 Her Mastery; for she can mingle so  
 Conflicting Feelings that from thence shall flow  
 Bliss pure and perfect as an Angel knows!  
 Each passing Day into Life's goblet throws  
 Some fresh Ingredient of Joy or Woe,



And yet the whole tastes to her lips as tho'  
 'Twere Nectar mingled for a God's repose!  
 The Hope of things to be, the Memory  
 Of Past, the Sense of Present, *mixed well*, make  
 The genuine draught of Immortality:  
 An Elixir far mightier than Medea's  
 To keep us ever young: to cure each ache  
 Of the poor Heart, and turn to smiles its tears!  
 For he who drinks it makes his Being whole,  
 Lives not in Time or Space; but in the Soul,  
 And yielding nothing to the jealous Years,  
 Reaches, ere *yet this race be run*, the Goal!

## THE VILLAGEGREEN.

1. Oh I do love to see the Villagereen  
 On a calm Summerseveing, when the glare  
 Of Noon has melted off, and in the air  
 The dewy Star shines forth with modest sheen,  
 To call the peasant home: for rest, I ween,  
 From wholesome toil is sweet, and those who are  
 Compelled to labour for their bread, may share  
 An hour of harmless merriment, which e'en  
 The sated eye of wealth, with all its scorn,  
 Might see with Envy: for there is a spell  
 In pure enjoyment that can ne'er adorn  
 The hollow Joys of Pomp, which seem to tell  
 Of inward barrenness, a Heart all worn,  
 That ne'er has known the bliss of doing well!

2. Alas! such happy scenes are but too rare  
 In our once-merry England: now no more  
 Around the Maypole, as in Days of yore,  
 The Maidens weave their dance, but hollow Care  
 Sits on the poor man's cheek, and on the Air,  
 Instead of merriment, from Town to Tower,  
 A voice of sorrow speaks, and brows do lower

That should be clothed with smiles : alas! we are  
 A selfish generation , bowed to Earth  
 Beneath the burthen of our misery ,  
 Toilers in Mammon's mine , whose very mirth  
 Is feverish , false , unholy : 'till Faith's high  
 And undiurnal thoughts again have birth ,  
 And Charity arise , there is no remedy !

## SUNSETSCENE.

1. And deem'st thou us , oh God , fit to look on  
 This glorious Vision , worthy of the Eyes  
 Of Angels? yes , for surely Paradise  
 Could show naught fairer— lo! the Settingsun  
 'Mid Clouds is sinking , and the Peak of one  
 Vast towering Mass is burning with rich Dies ,  
 Like fiery Crater , and o'er all the Skies  
 Its Glow is sent , while ever and anon  
 The Cloudlets floating o'er it melt away  
 In Gold and Purpledrops— And now 'tis gray ,  
 Like an extinct Volcano! silent fade  
 The Fragments of the Pageant to the Lay  
 Of Eveningbirds , as if their Music swayed  
 Its Motions , and *interpreted by Aid*  
*Of Sound* the Eye's *still* Harmony— lo! Day  
 Dies out — the glowing Ashes in Nightshade  
 With Dew's are quenched , and all this rich Parade  
 Dissolves in Air , like some vain Dream , for aye!

2. And yet but one brief Moment past' twas there  
 In all its Loveliness , as tho' the Sky  
 Would have preserved it ever , and the Eye  
 Halfdoubting seeks the Place , yet vainly , where  
 The Vision stood : alas! it was *too* fair  
 To last , too fair for Man's dim Eyes , and by  
 Creative Nature shown thus momentarily :  
 Ethereal Landscape! too divine to bear

Aught save the skywardsoaring Fancy's Tread  
 Or Angel's Footing, but not this dull weight  
 Of earthly cares, which bows each mortal Head!  
 Yet let us gaze, as if Time out of Date  
 It had been, and would still be for us spread:  
*Fill thy Heart with its Blessedness*, instead  
 Of mourning the brief Lease allowed by Fate  
 To human Bliss, thus will thy Soul create  
 From perishable Shapes of Joys soon dead  
 That which abides—call up the *Spirit* of  
 Past Bliss, freed from all Earthliness, above  
 The reach of Change, a perfect Angel led  
 By Faith and Fancy for the *Form* that's fled!

## TO NAPOLEON.

Napoleon! thou art a lasting Brand  
 And Stigma on man's name: his destinies  
 Were at thy bidding, yet thou couldst despise  
 The godlike power to bless, redeem: thy hand  
 Was on the golden key of that fair land,  
 The land of promise, and the nations' eyes  
 Were strained to see their Morningstar arise  
 On Time's horizon: but with Magicwand  
 Ambition touched thee, and thy features grew  
 Into the likeness of a Fiend: thus all  
 The hopes of worlds betrayed, like leaves that strew  
 The Earth unseasonably, fade and pall!  
 But from their dust shall spring a harvest true,  
 Of *self-derived* hopes: *their* Trust, *thy* glory's Fall!

## FOREIGN CATHEDRALTHOUGHTS.

O God! amid this timehued pile, by thee  
 And thoughts of thee made holy, let me bow  
 And ask thy blessing: tho' it be not now  
 For worship that I enter, yet to see  
 Aught that awakes the faintest memory

Of what thou art, effaces every low  
 And earthward Thought, and stirs the inward flow  
 Of feelings that but slept awhile; to be  
 But stronger at their waking: and tho' here,  
 Not with the words that from my Mother's tongue  
 I learnt to offer thee, thy praise be sung:  
 And tho' the forms be not such as I hear  
 In my own Fatherland, yet still among  
 Thy servants it is sweet to pray, and feel thee near!

## POVERTY.

Poor Man, seest thou not that the scant, coarse Bread  
 Whereon thou liv'st is Manna from the Sky,  
 That the unyielding, stern Necessity  
 Whose grudging Hand has hardly furnish'd  
 The food by which thy little ones are fed,  
 Is but a disguised Angel? verily  
 It is so! wilt thou see it with Faith's Eye,  
 Thy scanty board shall seem a table spread  
 For Angels' Visiting: yea, they *are there*,  
*As surely as thyself and Children!* lo!  
 Thou wantest nothing: nay, thou hast to spare,  
 A Breadcrust to the Beggar who may go  
 Past thy poor Door, a Kiss of Love to show  
 Thy Gratitude to God, who sent him where  
 Two Mouths may be by one same morsel fed,  
 For where *Love* is the Table's richly spread!

## ASPIRATIONS AFTER THE IMPOSSIBLE.

1. Vain Aspirations, that on faltering wing  
 Uplift your rash and heavenscaling flight  
 Into that Air where none may breathe: such height  
 But preludes deeper downfall: ye can bring  
 Back unto Earth and to Earth's puny King  
 No vaster Bliss than suits his bounded Might  
 And frail Capacity: the heavenslight

Is not for these frail mortal Eyes! each thing  
 Is perfect in itself and boasts its own  
 Particular charm, each moment bears upon  
 Its wings some shape of bliss, and ere 'tis flown,  
 Be wise and pluck, or else the Rosebloom's gone,  
 And Dissappointment's barren thorn alone  
 Remains, to sting the Heart, when « All is known »!

2. What is to live? to live *each moment's* space,  
 With these to build up thine Eternity,  
 For still 'tis made of moments: as they fly  
 To hive their honey: not in the vain chace  
 Of coming pleasures' fancygilded race,  
 Mere sunbeammotes, to let the present die  
 And wither on Time's stalk unplucked. Oh *why*  
 Are we not Children still? why from the face  
 Of Nature do we turn away or gaze  
 With sated eyes, why do we Live no more  
 Unto the moment's bliss, as in the Days  
 Of Childhood, when Life's *seasonable* flower  
 We gathered and were blest, and in its Place  
 Sprang new ones, *seeds of that plucked just before!*

3. Alas! what is it in this world that makes  
 True happiness a name, an airbuilt dream?  
 O'erbusy in the search, on life's dark stream,  
 Chained to Hope's oar, we toil and toil, 'till breaks  
 The last wave on Time's wreckstrewn shore, and wakes  
 Us with its Shock to catch the flickering gleam  
 Of Hope's expiring torch, the spectral Beam  
 That lights us to the Grave: while o'er life's rocks  
 The thundering surge of dark Eternity  
 Breaks like the wave o'er bubbles! Oh! awake,  
 Seek not to grasp the Future lest it fly  
 E'en as a shadow from thy clutch, a snake  
 Which in our Bosoms cherished, long will lie;  
 With the Heartsblood at length its thirst to slake!

## NECESSARY LINKING OF GOOD WITH GOD.

One Angel brings *another*, one good Thought  
 Another! as when in the Spring we see  
*One* flower we know that *all the rest* will be  
 Soon there in sweetest fellowship, as brought  
 Forth by one breath of Love, and as is wrought  
 The Beauty of the Spring by these, so we  
 Feel all of Heaven drawing silently  
 Around us, when our Souls a ray have caught  
 Of one high Fancy: like a smile sent down  
 From Angel's Face, soft in the Ether clear  
 Melting away, 'twixt two white cloudlets shown:  
 So distant, yet to Fancy so, so near,  
 That we stretch forth our hands, and lo! anon  
 Are floating with him thro' his own blest sphere!

## PRAYER.

How glorious the Anthem peals on high,  
 Fit music for th' eternal God, and wakes  
 Thoughts not of Time, as up the roof it breaks  
 In wavelike Harmonies: yet sweeter I  
 Still deem the fervent voice that seeks the Sky  
 In halfbreathed whispers: this from Heaven takes  
 By sweet compulsion what it asks, yet makes  
 No vain Display of Speech, as if God's Eye  
 And Ear were dull as Man's! what tho' the voice  
 Breathe not my native accents? yet the name  
 Of God is sweet in every tongue, the same  
 In every clime, and hearing we rejoice.  
 All Prayer is welcome to him, if free choice  
 Prompt it, if his good pleasure be the aim!

## ON GIBERTI'S GATES TO THE BAPTISTERY AT FLORENCE.

Worthy to be the Gates of Paradise!  
 To be? they are! for he who enters here

With pure Heart and with Conscience free and clear,  
 Dead to the World and all its Vanities,  
 Which now without those doors forgotten lies,  
 Hath entered into Heaven! for *his* Ear  
 The mortal voices hymning faintly near  
 Are turned to swelling Angelharmonies,  
 And as he kneels, no Image of vain Stone  
 Bends mutely, but the Saviour's self instead,  
 Consoling and exalting! lo! all's gone!  
 Walls, Altar, Dome, all, all has vanish'd,  
 The Outward, Visible, which was alone  
 As the Foretemple, like a Dream, hath fled,  
 And the eternal Soul alone abides,  
*Its own best Temple*, vast, unlimited,  
 Where we adore the Spirit which resides  
 Within, no *Semblance*, but the true Godhead!

## THE CHURCHYARD.

It was an Eve of Summer's gentlest mood,  
 And the slope sun smiled o'er with lingering ray  
 An old Churchyard that in a green nook lay  
 Far from all stir of worldliness. I stood  
 Wrapt in its holy beauty, for a flood  
 Of golden Light on the cold graves did play,  
 And they were cold no more, but seemed to say,  
 «We are not that ye deem us, to the good,  
 The grave is peace, and life, and liberty.»  
 And my Heart answered «yes:» wherefore I know  
 Not, but that «yes» was echoed by a sigh!  
 Haply 'twight be that tho' the soul thus glow  
 At thoughts of life eternal, yet to die  
 In the frail flesh wakes still some shuddering throe!

## OCCASIONS OF GREATNESS.

The great Soul needs no opportunities  
 To show its Greatness, it *creates* them: takes

Earth's commonest Materials, and makes  
The Poesy of Life from them to rise  
Pure as the Muse's fountain; *that which lies*  
*Before thee*, 'tis therein that Wisdom wakes  
The soul of Good oft dormant, 'till it breaks  
Forth like the Flame whose unspent Energies  
Lurk in the Embers, which the careless eye  
Perceives not! thus by divine Sympathy  
One Soul awakes another seeming dead.  
Thine own Heart can impart a Value high  
To things most mean, by thousand Channels spread  
The noblest Blood of its best Artery!

## PRAYER.

O God! from whom all holy Blessings are,  
And chiefly those Chief blessings, a pure heart  
And humble, grant that I may set apart  
My Soul, a shrine to thee: that as the air  
Receives the Light, so may my spirit share  
The light of Truth: grant me in every part  
Of manyfeatured life that better Art,  
*To love myself in thee*, aright to bear  
Its *seeming* Ills: for these too, like the Bee,  
Have Sting *and* Honey, as we bear them we  
Taste this or that! so shall the Thought of Thee  
Attune my Heart, tho' fallen on evil days,  
Like the keynote of some high minstrelsy  
That runs thro' all the strains: and when thy ways  
Seem dark and intricate, oh let me be  
Led by that better light which ne'er betrays!

## SORROW.

Oh Sorrow, holy Sorrow, thou hast shown  
Me thy whole Face, and lifted quite thy Veil,  
And tho' thy Features may be somewhat pale,  
Yet Beauty like to thine I ne'er have known!



Oft with a secret Trembling have I flown  
 From thy veiled Presence, but now thy least Tale  
 Or passing Sound of Voice can never fail  
 To stay my Steps and tune them to thine own!  
 The noblest Things are deepest — not upon  
 The surface found, but like the Pearl, below,  
 And oft uncouth in semblance; they alone  
 Whom thou *hast sobered but not saddened*, know  
 That e'en to thy pale Forehead may be won  
 Such Smiles as o'erflushed Joy could never show!  
 Nor are thy Tears all bitter ones: oh no!  
 But these alone are left thee to express,  
 Yet how imperfectly, thy Consciousness  
 Of the Unspeakable, which in thy woe  
 Revealed itself first to thee, still and deep,  
 Like to some solemn Vision in sweet Sleep:  
 An opening up into Eternity  
 When hoped for least, a full Glance from the Eye  
 Of God himself, a Recognition clear,  
 When like to Moses in the fiery Bush  
 He stood revealed in all his Majesty,  
 For purified by Grief, thou thyself wert  
 No longer earthly: the diviner Part  
 Had triumphed, and *in that* thy God drew near,  
 The primal Likeness stamped within thine Heart  
 In its old Glory did again appear;  
 But of the Godlike which filled thee, a Tear  
 Of Wonder only to thine Eye could start!  
 The Noblest, Godliest, we cant express  
 But *only be*: its sublime Consciousness  
 Imprints itself on *all* we think and do,  
 Its only Utterance a whole Life thro'!  
 Like the Earth's Centrewarmth it works unseen,  
 Save in the countless *Blessings* which have been  
 Caused by it, in the Flowers and Fruits with which  
 It makes her *else bare* Surface so, so rich!

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## FANCY.

Oh Fancy, what sweet offices, what bright  
 And holy missions hast thou! 'tis thy power  
 That lights the damp and darkling dungeon's floor  
 As with a Heavenray, and by that light  
 The sad and sinking Prisoner calls to sight  
 The fresh, green Fields and Hills he wandered o'er  
 In happy boyhood, and the home no more  
 His Eyes shall look on; and in Fancy's Might  
 His clanking Chains fall off, his Heart is free,  
 Far 'bove the petty Spite and baffled Hate  
 Of his oppressors, and all memory  
 Of what he is, snatching from bitter fate  
 An hour of rapture: e'en the outward Eye  
 Sublimed, the Spirit helping to create!

## THE BURIAL.

I've stood upon the dark and fearful Brink  
 Of the deep Grave, and heard the cold earth fall  
 Crumbling, above the breast of what was all  
 We love, revere—oh how it makes one shrink,  
 That dust! it seems to break the last fond Link  
 With which hope cheats the heart, and tho' so small,  
 Yet 'tis the last of those that still may call  
 Up thoughts not quite despair: howe'er hope think,  
 There is in that sad sound I know not what  
 Of agony, that like an icy grasp,  
 Clutches the struggling heart and to the spot  
 Forces the Eyes, like Stones, 'till the Breast gasp  
 For the poor boon of life: 'tis a dread Lot  
 To see our loved ones thus, and think that they are not!

## TRUE STRENGTH WHAT? LATIMER.

Behold yon' oldman bound unto the stake,  
 His gray Locks stirred by the wind, and here

His sacred body to the flames which are  
 Unwilling Instruments, and for his sake  
 Lose all their terrors: know ye whom ye make  
 To suffer, whom ye with the Martyr there  
 Have bound, his pangs and triumph high to share?  
 Who is it that the oldman's form doth take?  
*'Tis Christ himself!* yea! for himself hath said,  
 That whatsoe'er of Good or Ill ye do  
 To the least of *his* flock, that it unto  
*Him*, as if present there, is offer'd;  
 Since all the Faithful form in Union true  
*One Man with Christ*, for that high End he bled!

2. Chains are not strength, nor arm'd hosts! see there,  
 Ye blind Tools in Godshand, who do not know  
 From whence ye come, or whither 'tis ye go,  
 Or *what ye labour at!* he who can bear  
 The cross of Christ, yet faint not, nor despair,  
 Is mighty, yea! as Christ, and shall lay low  
 With nothing but the Cross each earthly foe;  
 For he is no more single: Legions are  
 Embattled 'neath the Standard which he shows,  
 Whose power can enlist not sword or spear,  
*But Thoughts and Hearts of Men*, which he who knows  
 To win atchieves a Victory bright and clear;  
 The Heart which his one Bosom doth enclose  
 Is many Hearts in one, yea! all Hearts here!

## EARTHSWISDOM.

Amid the Leaves, yon wing'd Gem of air,  
 The firefly, sparkles, with his paley-light,  
 Shedding a halo faint, that to the sight  
 Scarce makes him visible, as if he were  
 A Miser hoarding his frail lamp with care.  
 Methinks in this poor insect, read aright,  
 An emblem of that selfish prudence might

Be found , which 'mong the Sons of Men doth bear  
 The name of Wisdom , tho' it scarcely throw  
 Light on the narrow circle of its own  
 Moletrack : oft wanting found e'en in the low  
 And grovelling paths of earthly Gain alone.  
*True* Wisdom , like the Star above me now ,  
 With catholic and alldiffus'd light doth glow !

## PRAYER .

1. Wilt thou not send an angel from his Sphere  
 To stand beside me , and inspire my Song ,  
 To urge it like a Prophet's soul along ;  
 God let it be so , let him fill mine Ear  
 With accents like to those , to which when near  
 Thy throne , one of the everquiring throng ,  
 He strikes his divine harp ! yet I do wrong  
 Thy Goodness much : for do we not *all* hear  
*Far more* than an Archangelsvoice ? yea ! *thy*  
*Own voice* , within us , in its own calm wise  
 Filling us , like a gentle Breath , and by  
 The Soul's deep Language deigning to reply ,  
 To comfort and console , when fears arise ,  
 Best Oracle ! which in our own heart lies !

2. All Prayers conducive really to our Good  
 God grants , and willingly : yet not always  
 In the *same sense* we ask , nor in the days  
 When *most we hope them* , nor by means *we* should  
 Have looked for ; all things are but as the mood  
 In which we take them ; Blessings have no place  
 Within a Heart devoid of divine Grace ,  
 E'en tho' they were the choicest Heaven could  
 Bestow on man . Oft in our bitterest woe ,  
 When least we think our prayers are heard , they are  
 Already registered above — and lo !  
 Like the Moon *under Clouds* , Light from afar  
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The soul receives, which silently doth grow,  
 'Till its full Brightness clouds no more can bar!

## VENICE.

1. Fair Venice! scarce less fair than in the pride  
 Of better Days, when glory's golden Wing  
 Fanned thy victorious Waves, and Earth would ring  
 With thy most high exploits, for still abide  
 The relics of the Past: Time cannot hide  
 All traces of thy Majesty, nor being  
 Such memories low; and tho' a forlorn Thing,  
 Yet hast thou tenfold Might to stir the Tide  
 Of holiest sympathies: oh it would need  
 A Heart of stone to see thee and not weep,  
 Thus sinking 'neath harsh Desolation's tread,  
 A dim Sunset into old Adria's Deep,  
 Whence thou erst rose, a Dayspring on the Sleep  
 Of Worlds benighted, Heroes, Commerce, Arts to breed!

2. Yes, thou didst spring a fair and goodly Tree,  
 Of many Centuries' growth, and 'neath thy shade  
 The Nations sat; yet have we seen thee fade  
 With scarce enough of life and memory  
 To mourn the thing thou art! and on (a) thy high  
 And haughty dwellings patriotgrief has made  
 His sad memorials, in wrath has bade  
 The dumb Walls curse the Tyrant! it doth weigh  
 Like some misshapen Dream upon the Mind,  
 Too huge for Grasping, and we turn away  
 From the dim Vision of our *Thought*, and try  
 In mere Reality Relief to find,  
 But lo! it rises sadder on the *Eye*,

(a) *Alluding to the touching Mementos on the Palacewalls, such as « verrà il Giorno: » « non Nobis . » etc.*

And stands before us, Fact and Phantasy!

3. And when we have o'erpass'd the narrow Space  
Of Waters, which that City round Embrace,  
And sever in real Fact unto our Sight,  
As to our Fancy it stands severed quite  
From common Things, unique in Time and Place,  
It seems not as if we had passed alone  
Those few Miles, but as if a Gulf were thrown  
Betwixt us and the World-- yea, it doth seem  
As if from real Life into some strange Dream  
We had just stepp'd: as if the Present were  
Forgot, and in its Place the Past stood there:  
We lose all Consciousness of Self, and as  
Spectres ourselves, 'mid Spectres onward pass,  
Like our own Shadows: real Existence seems  
Something we cannot grasp, a Life of Dreams!

ON SELFSEEKINGNESS.

1. Care not thou merely for what is thine own:  
Thine own House, Children, Fortune, Family,  
Nor even thine own Land alone: for by  
So doing thou wilt lessen, tho' unknown  
To thee, that which *thou* cherishest *alone*;  
*Thy* little Stream of kindly Acts, of high-  
-Er, nobler Thoughts and Cares, tho' seemingly  
In the vast Ocean ever rolling on  
Of human Affairs lost, will yet someday  
Be in sweet Dews repay'd to the Springhead,  
Which without these were dry: altho' it may  
Seem as the Source were in thyself, 'tis fed  
By means to which thou hast contributed  
But little; from the years long fled away

2. Before the Flood, from such far Sources flow  
The daily Blessings which make Life so dear:

How much hast *thou* contributed to rear  
 True Freedom's holy temple, in which now  
 Thou worshipspest, and liv'st, and breath'st, as tho'  
 It had been ever thus; and yet whose were  
 The Hands that lay'd the Cornerstone? which ne'er  
 Had been thus firmly fixed had all thought so  
 As thou dost: labour then for others' Good,  
 'Tis but a *surer* Mode to reach thine own;  
 Of Man's high Heritage how little would  
 Fall to thy Share, hadst thou *that part* alone  
 Which thou *thyself* hast added; everyone  
 Is with the wealth of all Mankind endowed!

3. Do all for all Men! let not one pass by  
 Thy Door unaided: and if thou hast naught  
 Besides to give, give that which all men *ought*  
*And can*, a *Debt* due to Humanity;  
 For none should be *so* poor as to deny  
 A Kiss of Love, a Blessing, which have wrought  
 Oft far, far greater Good, than those have thought  
 Who gave them: for the *truest* charity  
 Is that of Heart to Heart! let thy Soul blend  
 With others, as Star blends with Star to light  
 The Heavens; not 'till all men's minds unite  
 Can Life's great Blessings mingle to one End.  
 Beat but the universal Heart aright  
 And to thine also Health and Strength 'twill lend,  
 For is not thine a pulse of it, a Vein  
 That bears the Lifeblood to it, and again  
 Receives it thence, more noble and more pure  
 By this Commingling for the common Good?  
 But if each Vein no longer bear its Blood  
 To the great Heart, Disease beyond all cure  
 Will seize on it, and these must perish too  
 With that from whence *their* Nourishment they drew!

## ON WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

1. In this vast pile, amid the mighty Dead,  
Eight centuries of Glory, I have caught  
An inspiration from their tombs. I've thought  
On the old Days, when, in the organ's stead  
That dies in feeble echos o'er my Head,  
The mighty voice of an whole people sought  
The presence of its God, and upward wrought  
As it would rend the roof: and as I tread,  
Methinks the spirit of old times doth wave  
His dusky wings above my pensive brow,  
And like a solemn voice from out the Grave  
Thrills coldly at my Ear, « Time, Time lays low  
The mighty from their seats: spares nought: nought, save  
Worth's memory, and what thou look'st on now!

2. This pile was built when Faith sprang from on high  
And still worked Miracles, in Days of yore  
When warm Enthusiasm's fullest power  
Swayed the untutored Heart, and men would die  
For their forefathers' creed devotedly:  
The growth of Centuries, and by the dower  
Of many generations built, not poor  
In works of Faith, that to Eternity  
Witness Religion's Might; but this old Creed  
Has passed away, and left its Dwellingplace,  
Rich in such spoils as Time cannot efface,  
But hallows more by memories which feed  
Thoughts not of earthly hue, to a new Race  
Of Worshipers, who o'er their ancient Foes here tread!

3. Here 'mid this timeworn Aisle, so dim and gray,  
On which eighthundred years do brood, I stand  
In all man's nothingness: on either hand  
The Dust of Ages crumbling slow away,



Relics of things and creeds that in their Day  
 Could stir Men's Hearts like Earthquakes; who has scanned  
 Such Scenes unmoved, where Time but waves his wand  
 And Centuries vanish, like a Dream, for aye!  
 And all their Might and empty Pageantry,  
 Their cherished hopes, their passions and their pride,  
 Leave but a few faint signs the curious Eye  
 Scarce traces on the walls, which still abide,  
 Tho' Generations pass, to teach a high,  
 Sad Truth, « Earth's hopes are dust and Vanity » !

## THE BROOK.

How fresh yon brook flows murmuring along,  
 Making sweet music to the distant ear  
 Of the wayworn and feverish traveller.  
 And tho' its Windings' scape the Eye, its Song  
 That warbles, birdlike, the bright Flowers among  
 And roundembosoming Trees, as he draws near,  
 Like to a glad some Wellcome fresh and clear,  
 Comes waking in his pensive Breast a throng  
 Of happy recollections. Nature aye,  
 So Selfdisturbance banish not her away,  
 Can offer consolation and a balm  
 To the bruised Heart : methinks I hear her say  
 « Come rest thee weary one : amid this calm  
 Take thy just share of bliss, of thoughts that know no harm !

## ON ESTEEMING THE ETERNAL ONLY.

Hast thou e'er asked thyself if it can be  
 Wise to *lay much Stress* upon Things which are  
 But *accidental*, which scarce reach so far  
 As the mere outward Attributes which we  
 Attach unto them? learn thou then to see  
 With the *Immortal's Eyes*: live as a Star  
 'Mong Stars, which strive not about Place, nor war  
 For Precedence, *too busy with what the*

*Great God created them to be and do!*  
 And oh! how happy were it for Men too  
 Would they but do the same! each occupied  
 With being simply « *Man*, » each helping true  
 His Brethren : all Distinctions set aside  
 Which serve Man's inborn Dignity to hide :  
 Each seeming in his Fellow's Eyes, *as to*  
*God's own*, an Equal : neither great nor small,  
 But Children of the one great Father all!  
 And surely then that Man is little wise  
 Who makes Distinctions *which God's self denies!*

## THE NIGHTINGALE.

Awake my soul, for 'tis the selfsame Song  
 That in the pure days of thine Infancy  
 Called forth the love of Nature with its high  
 And thrilling accents : can that voice belong  
 To a mere Bird? or is my fancy wrong  
 When I would deem some spirit wanders nigh,  
 Giving a Tongue to thoughts that hidden lie,  
 Like dewdrops, in the flowers! 'tis a Mirth  
 So deep, so holy that it can have birth  
 But in a Breast where Love has harboured long :  
 Methinks *all* pleasures mingle with that sound,  
 That Fancy dreams, or on this Earth are found!  
 Could I, glad Bird, but learn thy holy Lore  
 And sing like thee, my now harsh Voice should beat  
 All strains of minstrelsy, should charm and cheat  
 Men's Ear's, 'till their dull Hearts grew true once more!

## ON LOWAINED PEOPLE.

Meansoul'd! to talk thus of a Familyname;  
 Can *such* an object fill the ample Eye  
 Of Wisdom, or of pure Humanity?  
 Can Life's wide Sphere afford no worthier Aim?  
 Canst thou not make thy Heart one and the same

With that calm, mighty Heart, full of all high  
 And holy Things, which beats eternally  
 In Nature's Bosom? then will a pure Flame  
 Burn up upon thy household Hearth, as 'twere  
 An Altar of Humanity, and so  
 It would be; but if thou wilt take no Share  
*In what concerns Mankind*, then art thou no  
 Member thereof, a Branch that will not bear,  
 To which no Sap from the great Heart can flow,  
 And which *enjoys* not *its own* Life too, for  
*The Part lives by the Whole*, such Nature's sublime Law!

## EFFECT OF EVENING STILLNESS.

O God, my heart is stirred with secret prayer,  
 And in my eye the tears of gratitude  
 Stand soft as dewdrops, for in solitude,  
 This silence, where each blade and leaf doth share  
 A sense of thee, and everything is fair  
 And taintless as a Babe's first thoughts, the mood  
 Of Man's proud Spirit melts towards thee, Allgood,  
 Allbounteous Deity: we seem to hear  
 Thy voice as in the mystic Days of yore,  
 When Man held commune with his Maker and  
 Received his blessing: still thy Works are grand  
 And fresh as on the primal Day when o'er  
 The Heavens and Earth thou look'd'st, and with thy Hand  
 Didst motion Sun and Moon, and Chaos was no more!

## TRUE POSSESSION TAKING.

What *we think* we possess that truly we  
 Possess *by thinking so*, tho' otherwise,  
 Tho' really out of Reach the Treasure lies:  
 While what *we think we have not*, that can be  
 Never enjoyed, nor *truly* ours, tho' the  
 Sound Titled deed in every Point defies  
 The quibbling Lawyer's flawdetecting Eyes.

To *think* a Thing *is making it so*. — he  
Who thinks that God is *in him*, will live so  
As if God were, will *live godlike* in Deed  
And Thought, and *then* most truly God *will* grow  
A Part of him, his Spirit! and will lead  
Him on to Spiritwealth, untill of low  
And perishable Goods he feels no need.  
What we believe is realized, *at least*  
*To us*, and what more would a man request?  
Believe thyself then capable of all  
That's great and godlike, and deem nothing small,  
The Little only Littleness can see.  
Yea, think that *like God himself* thou mayst be,  
And then thou wilt become so: think but this  
*With thy whole Heart and Soul, and give it Act,*  
Then with each Day thou 'lt grow more so in Fact,  
For thy sublime Belief *is also His!*

## THE GRAVE.

Descend with me into the Grave, and there  
Gather what Time has left: look back upon  
The giddy World, and think when all is won  
That boundless Folly covets, still the Care,  
The Fret, the Toil of years, unerring bear  
To this poor Goal: here sets false Glory's Sun,  
Weath's Glitter fades, and Pleasure's Course is run!  
What wouldst thou bring with thee? Earth's seeming fair  
Yet hollow Gauds, or with more sober Eye,  
The healing Conscience, that plucks out the thorns  
From an unquiet Deathbed? of Eternity  
This is the narrow Pass, and here must die  
All that is not eternal: Truth still warns  
From the Grave's Dust, but man her Counsel scorns!

## TIMESGLASS.

1. Maiden with the sunny Brow ,  
And the starry Eye of blue ,  
Tell me truly dost thou know  
Who it is that stands by you?
2. When these charms of Form and Face  
Withered all like Mayblossoms lie ,  
Hast thou to supply their place  
Treasures laid up for the sky?
3. Hast thou higher Beauty which  
Time and sere Decay touch not ,  
That can make thee truly rich  
Tho' stern Want should be thy lot?
4. As the Years pass o'er thy Brow ,  
And imprint their Wrinkles there ,  
In the deep Heart far below  
Seek thou that which shall not wear .
5. Thou that like a fragile Flower  
Seem'st but destined for the Sun ,  
Know that by the passing hour  
The future web of Life is spun .
6. If then it be wove awry ,  
It will give thee pain and care ,  
Toil and trouble to untie  
The knots which Folly's hand made there !
7. Thus spake an old , old , grayhaired Man  
With something of solemnity ,  
Yet an halfsmile , if close you'd scan ,  
Lurked in his shrewd , grey , twinkling Eye .
8. Then held he up unto her face  
A glass which in his hand he bore ,  
And said , « what do'st thou , Maiden , trace ,  
Saw'st thou e'er the like before ? »
9. She gazed into the glass with pride ,  
Her cheek was flushed , her Eye did beam ,

- She pushed the old Man's hand aside  
Halfpettish ! yet wellpleased did seem.
10. He held up next an hourglass,  
And said, « these little grains which sink  
Thus noiselessly, will bring to pass  
Strange things that neither of us think,
11. And they will make us too, I hope,  
Betteracquainted than just now,  
Tho' paltry seems their scanty scope,  
*They do much, for no rest they know.*
12. Make sure of them, they show like Sand,  
But they are worth far more than Gold,  
Oh! let them not slip thro' thy Hand:  
Their full worth thou wilt know *when old!*
13. Tho' small t' their Size, they make the Day,  
Yea! and the bulk of each big Year,  
And if you cast them once away  
They leave an awkward Gap I fear.
14. The Maiden at the Hourglass  
Look'd not, but in the Mirror took  
Another peep ere he did pass  
Away, and his grey Head he shook.
15. Years had rolled on, and once again  
The oldman by the Maiden stood,  
He found her, as he left her, vain,  
« Tomorrow and Tomorrow » was her mood!
16. He showed her in the glass that face  
Which Time had altered visibly,  
Yet still retained the former grace,  
Which pleased the undiscerning Eye.
17. Complacently she looked on it,  
Yet many Tokens pained her there,  
And chagrined, half her lip she bit,  
Then turned about with angry Air,
18. Begone, old Dotard! who are you?  
I know you not, your toil is vain:

- Said he, « my duty I but do,  
I leave you, *but to call again!*
19. That you do know me not is clear,  
The more the Pity 'tis for you,  
For they who learn to know me here  
Too late, their fault are sure to rue.
20. The years flew on, and pityless  
They furrowed over that smooth brow,  
And hateful grey mixed with each tress,  
Yet left the heart unchanged below.
21. The Hive was empty, and its bees,  
Wing'd moments, who should fill the cells,  
Were few, and Autumn's breath did freeze  
The flowers where the best Juice swells.
22. Again by her he took his stand,  
He showed his glass, she turned away,  
Then shattered with an angry hand  
The *too true* Image of decay.
23. He showed the hourglass once more,  
The grains were running very low,  
« Take heed, before thy soul to God  
With these dread Witnesses shall go,
24. They are unbribeable », he said,  
Then left her on his words to muse,  
But Truth, when Vanity's not dead,  
Can Folly's eyes scarce disabuse.
25. Fix'd habit still the sceptre grasps,  
And passions their old nurture crave,  
And Age's skinny hand unclasp  
Its bauble only in the grave.
26. Once more he stood beside her; on  
A sickbed pale and worn she lay,  
« Dost thou *now* know the erst unknown, »  
He said, the worms demand this clay,
27. And Heaven thy soul, such as it is! »  
She gave a look of shuddering fear,

Art thou not Time? oh God! in this  
Moment with Death I feel thee here!

28. But a short while ago I was  
Time limited and brief, said He,  
But onward now with thee I pass,  
*Not Time, but all Eternity!*
29. And just as these words reached her ear,  
The last sandgrain of all had run,  
Earth claims that which *remaineth here*,  
For this, said He, she lived alone!
30. Mortals take heed, this tale is ours,  
And while we criticize and laugh,  
Look to it, lest these same swift hours  
Winnow not grain, but empty chaff.

## PATRIOTISM.

Truth's Martyrs ne'er by Tyranny are crush'd,  
They have a thousand Lives; tho' baffled Hate  
Scatter their Ashes, 'tis but to create  
From every Particle of hallowed Dust  
A Spark of Truth, that dies not out, but must  
Or soon or late blaze up; few Years may date  
Their bright Career, or Guilt anticipate:  
'Tis but to make them of *all* Time, a Trust  
And Pledge to Worlds betray'd: the Light  
That burns within them is of Heaven's best,  
And may not be extinguished, tho' the Might  
Of Hell be leagued its Lightnings to arrest;  
It passes harmless o'er truetempered Sight,  
Scathing the Tyrant on his Throne, 'till Earth have Rest!  
Henceforth, a *spiritual* Presence o'er  
The Earth they watch-- a thousand Forms they take,  
Live in a *thousand* Hearts, not as before  
In *one*: 'till multiplying more and more,  
The Universal Heart *in each* awake  
And *each in it*, for Parts the Whole still make!



And then *again* they live in *one* Heart, as  
 Before, for *Mankind's* Heart grows what *theirs* was;  
 Thus in their single Breast *the Hearts of all* they bore!

## INTOLERANCE.

He who would chain the Eaglewing of Mind  
 Within the narrow Circle of his own  
 Particular Creed, alas! cannot be one  
 Of those who love the Truth: yet such we find:  
 Nor wanting those that with base Shackles bind  
 Her nobler Votaries, who labour on  
 With Martyrcourage, 'till the Goal be won:  
 With Martyrreverence and Zeal ne'er blind,  
 That will not take a Lie, nor accept aught  
 Of Man's Inventions, for her divine Light.  
 It is a Task with Peril ever fraught  
 To take it from the Bushel, where from Sight  
 The Cunning-ones of Earth have hid it, taught  
 That Men cannot be Slaves and see aright!

## TO FREEDOM.

Hail Freedom! Springhead of each choicest Good,  
 Flowing from Heaven's depths, the more that share  
 Thy Draughts the fuller is the Fount. Lifeair,  
 By which alone we live, and are renewed!  
 'Tis thy strong Beating spreads the healthy Blood  
 Thro' th' Universal Heart, whose Pulses were  
 Else dull and stagnate, and of all Things fair  
 To thee are due the Firstfruits, next to God!  
 How glorious, methinks, thy Name to hear  
 In the *calm Whisper* of tenmillion low,  
 Accordant Voices— like the Ocean, so  
 Mankind, when *joined in one*, has nought to fear:  
*Each* then is *what the Whole is!* and when one  
 Is injured, it is *all* Humanity  
 That's injured *in him*— thus is each kept by

The Whole inviolate as itself— none  
 Are little, but all godlike as the Whole,  
 All free, like Drops that with the Ocean roll!  
 Thus too each Soul is safe in the great Soul,  
 And injuring it, you injure the Mosthigh,  
 Who will remember it accordingly!  
 There is I know not what in such a Sight  
 Of Majesty, when private Hope and Hate  
 Mix not therewith its Grandeur to abate;  
 When in the sole Conviction of Man's Right  
 A Nation lifts its Voice, and in the Might,  
 The fearless Consciousness of Truth, elate  
 Yet sober, while just Means most fitly mate  
 With holiest Ends, goes forth unto the Fight!  
 A Triumph too not stained with Blood nor wrought  
 By Violence, that mars the Good it sought:  
 But thro' the noblest Feelings of Mankind,  
 Resistlessly, *as in one Heart* combined!  
 And when that Heart has but the *Feeling true*  
*Of its ownself*, and *what it's destined to*,  
 No greater Good will it then seek or find!  
 For if it thinks and feels godlike and free  
*Within itself*, where can it truly be  
 So much so, and thenceforth what chains can bind?  
 Thoughts are the only Fetters for the Mind!

## CONTENT.

Poor Fool! to look with Envy at a King!  
 Saw'st thou how quick the Temples throb below  
 That jewelled Bauble glittering on his Brow,  
 Couldst thou but feel how many curses cling  
 To that false Pomp, its Brightness withering:  
 Or look beneath vain Semblances, and know  
 Within that narrow Space how much of Woe,  
 Guilt, Shame, and Fear, are ever ministring  
 Their slow, sure Poison to the restless Heart:

Oh! thou wouldst turn away in Selfdisgust,  
 To think that hollow Splendor can impart  
 To a poor Worm, made, like thyself, of Dust,  
 Such Sway, that Men, slaved by the baser Part,  
 Unto their Eyes, their Judgments thus entrust!

## EARTH'S BENEFACTORS.

Toil on, ye godlike Spirits, toil: plough ye  
 The Furrow, and therein the good Seed sow,  
 Truth's divine Seed! but seek not here below  
 Remuneration: for *the more* ye be  
*Like Christ*, so much the more ungratefully  
 Shall ye be treated! for ye shall rise no  
 Statue or Column, Festival or Show,  
 To cherish in Men's Hearts your Memory:  
 But like the Echo of a most vain Thing,  
 Your Names shall pass away without a Trace:  
 'Till the *true* Crop, in due Time ripening,  
 Shall vindicate for you a higher Place  
 In Glory's Shrine, than Conqueror or King,  
 Whose Trophies Worms and Dust shall soon efface!

## LIFE.

And what is Life? — a Child among the Flowers:  
 ▲ Kiss: the Loosing of a Maiden's Zone,  
 The Lifting of the Veil by *Fancy* thrown  
 Around her Form, and then the bitter Hours,  
 The Heritage of those who use her Powers  
*Unwisely*; 'tis the Sickman's feeble Moan:  
 A Mother's Joy: an evervarying Tone,  
 A passing Shadow: Sunbeams amid Showers.  
 It is *all* this, but it is something *more*!  
 It is a Striving towards all Good — a wise  
 And steady Application of that Lore,  
 Wherein all Happiness and Wisdom lies,  
 By which we draw forth from Afflictions sore  
 That Evenmindedness, Life's noblest Prize!

## BEINGSRIDDLE.

We leave this World as strangely as we came  
Into it, without learning why or how :  
The Riddle still remains unsolved , we know  
At last , nor more nor less , but just the same  
As at the first — 'tis as if Nature's Aim  
Had been to wrap in Mystery , which no  
Thought e'er can penetrate , the Source whence flow  
The thousand Streams of Being : should I name  
One who might loose the Knot , it likeliest were  
The newborn Child , who but just now was there  
'Mid the great Spirits all , before the Throne  
Of God ; yet were he able back to stare ,  
Impenetrable Gloom would meet alone  
His Glance , and Witness save the Soul is none !

## NIGHTTHOUGHT.

Oft from the Closing of the Flower 'till  
The Opening thereof , ye Stars , have I  
Watched ye move onwards thus , thus silently ,  
And my Soul spake — « how meekly they fulfill  
Their so unspeakably grand Task : how still  
They burn , with Fire soft as in Love's Eye :  
And each , as he sinks downward from the Sky ,  
Shines on the same — ! » Oh might they but instill  
In me the Spirit which impels them , how ,  
How blessed would Man's Being *then* appear !  
No Strife , no Vanity , no Doubt to throw  
Upon his Path a Shadow or a Fear ,  
But being *calm itself* , all Things would grow  
Like to the Soul , by its own Light made clear !  
'Till this so troubled Scene of Earth should seem  
As lovely as those Stars which o'er me gleam !

## IDOLATRY.

There are far worse Idolaters than those  
 Who bow down to vain Images of Stone  
 Or Metal: Men, whose Hearts have never known  
 One generous Thought! who worships falsely, shows  
 At least that still the Fount of Feeling flows  
 Within him, but directed ill alone;  
 But to these, God or Devil, 'tis all one:  
 Naught, naught is holy — so they but hold close  
 The one great Idol, « Self », in their Embrace!  
*These* are the worst Idolaters, Men who  
 Their Maker's Image wantonly deface,  
 Who laugh at all high Thinking, at all true  
 And noble Feeling, as quite out of Place  
 In *Weekdaylife*, as having naught to do  
 Therewith: Proofs of *mere Simplesness*, and to  
 Romancers' Dreams akin! as if there could  
 Be any Field *so fit* for all that's good  
 And godlike as Man's *daily* Sphere! the Space  
 His *most familiar* Affections should  
 Comprize! 'tis here the great Mind gains that Mood  
 Of sublime Wisdom, teaching it to brace  
 The Sinews of its Industry, to see  
 Nothing as mean or little, tho' it be  
 To break Stones by the Roadside: but *all good*  
*Alike* to help us to *unfold the Soul*  
 Within us — to become « *quite Men* »! to this  
 High Purpose making Good and *Ill* subserve,  
 Nay! making them *indifferent*! such is  
 Her divine Privilege, her highest Goal!  
 Enough, if in all Stations he preserve  
 The *Man*, and what he wants, at least *deserve*:  
 And *then* he will *want Nothing*! for when he  
 Has *himself worthy* of the Blessings made,  
 Then they, like Angels, will be near to aid,  
 Nay! *flowing from himself* unfailingly!

## LOVE.

Love is the Leaven of Life's daily Bread,  
Without which it will nourish not; and oh!  
Without, how salt is its best Fare! more so  
Than the hard Crust on which the Beggar's fed,  
If with one kind Word seasoned: Love can spread  
A Banquet worthy of the Angels— tho'  
The Fare seem coarse and scant, it is not: no!  
But so, so sweet that nothing in its Stead  
Could nourish half so much, for it doth make  
*Content*: no Man is poor who loves *indeed*!  
The scanty Bread which he doth daily break,  
By Miracle like that whereof we read,  
Is multiplied, and made too, for his sake,  
More than sufficient for Life's every Need!  
Would'st thou be rich, *most* rich? then love, love, love:  
Love *all*, and thou'lt be rich as He above,  
Who loving all *before himself*, is the  
Great Focus of eternal Love, from whence  
Each Ray that fosters this cold Earth must be  
Derived, and to which it returns from hence!

## MARTYRS.

Oh! there are other Martyrdoms than those  
Of Rack, and Stake, and Fire! some are by  
Their *own Hearts* martyred, and the Poesy,  
Whose Perfume far excels the sweetest Rose,  
Is wrung from out them, like the Sweat which flows  
From the pale, throbbing Brow of Agony!  
On the high Altar of Humanity,  
Like costly Incense, the *true* Poet throws  
His Heart, and there in its own holy Fire  
Is it consumed: yet still the pure Desire  
At which the Flame was kindled, that remains,  
But more sublimed by all its Griefs and Pains,

And when in Ashes that Heart shall expire,  
 Consumed therewith, fresh Force thereby *it* (a) gains,  
 And like pure Gold, still its first Worth retains,  
 Reducing all, of Origin no higher  
 Than Earth, to Dust, when into Contact brought  
 With it, the Lightning of eternal Thought!

## THE UNUTTERABLE.

1. Hast thou remarked the *purpleclustered* Vine  
 In Autumn, *thus* so meekly, silently,  
 With its rich Fruitage thanking thee for thy  
 Long Care of it? and is there naught divine  
 In this its Silence? speaks it not to thine  
 Own Heart? and if it had a *Voice*, whereby  
 To *tell* its Gratitude, could it reply  
 More godlike or intelligibly? shine  
 Not too the Stars with stillymodest Rays,  
 The Good they do their only Hymn of Praise?  
 And when thou pluck'st the ripe Grapes, does it ask  
 One-least, least ~~Re~~compense? it only lays  
 Aside its Treasures, meekly to its Task  
 Gathers its Strength *within*, and 'neath the ~~Mask~~  
 Of deathlike Winter, 'till the coming Spring  
 Shall bid its Blossoms in the Sunshine bask,  
 Fulfills its godlike End un murmuring!

2. And thou, oh Man! wilt thou not act likewise?  
 Or shall the Flowers of the Field do more  
 Than thee with all thy Wisdom and vain Lore?  
 If Nature *in thee first alone* doth rise  
 To sublime *Consciousness* of Mysteries  
 Hid from all other Beings: if before  
 Thy godlike Eye this World, with all it bore  
 And bears, be as a Glass where it describes  
 The Forms of coming Things shown visibly,

(a) *The Desire.*

Shadows cast down beforehand : Echos clear  
 That come from and fade in Eternity,  
 Which in the vast Bell we at all Times hear;  
 If the invisible Things of God are by  
 The visible revealed to thy sole Eye,  
 Then let *that Consciousness* in thee appear,  
 The Consciousness of wherefore thou art here?  
 For when thou work'st out *most consciously*  
 That End, then art thou too *most godlike*, ne'er  
*Forgetting in thyself the Deity!*

3. In this so lovely World their destined Aim  
 All Things work out, unconscious it may be,  
 Yet still they work it out as sure as thee,  
 Yea! surer with their Instinct, than, oh Shame!  
 Thou with thy Reason! with the Sword and Flame  
 Thou mar'st his Works, and oh! because thus free,  
 Because more godlike than all else that he  
 Has made, wilt thou alone belie thy Name?  
 Oh! if the human Soul within thee could  
 Work out the Godlike but as steadily,  
 As stilly, as that Vine does what it should  
 After its Kind, and knowing not the why  
 Or wherefore, but content with doing Good,  
 How bless'd wert thou in like Simplicity!

4. Couldst thou but bear thy Gooddeeds as it does  
 Its Fruits upon its Branches, within Reach  
 Of all, yea! e'en the Child's! or could'st thou teach  
 Thy proud Heart to do even as the Rose,  
 Which casts its Perfume on the Air, nor knows  
 When next the Dew may fall! how all Things preach  
 In Language so, so eloquent, what each  
 In its high Maker's Service to him owes!  
 Not e'en the Bramble bears its *Thorns* in vain,  
 But inculcates this Moral with the Pain



It gives the rude Grasp, that not by brute Might,  
 But holy Gentleness, we *surest* gain  
 The End proposed, thus ever in our Sight  
 The Hand of God himself directs us right!

5. There is no Word to utter all that the  
 Deep Soul contains: and God himself doth know  
 (Nay, this it is that makes his Godhead) no,  
 No other Way to utter all that he  
 Feels, frames, thinks, save by thro' all Things that be  
 Making some Portion of *his ownself* flow:  
*He is the Unspeakable!* therefore below  
 The Soul that *feels him most*, is that which we  
 Hear *speaking* least of Him, is that which least  
 Can *utter* what it feels! the Deity  
 Takes to himself the undivided Breast,  
 And sends a holy Tear unto the Eye,  
 The best Blood to the Pulse, thus to attest  
 The Godlike, which must *still* unuttered lie!

6. The Low, the Common, that is loud not deep,  
 The Love that bears no Fruit, but only Flower,  
 Is cradled, confined, in one fleeting Hour,  
 And dwells much on the Lip, which it will steep  
 With honeyed Falsehoods— but that which can keep  
 The Heart warm in old Age, that dies before  
 It utters half of what within it bore,  
*E'en by its Deeds*, not Words! it can but weep  
 And smile unutterable Things, and press  
 The Heart it loves in holy *Consciousness*,  
*Deeper and sweeter from its Secrecy!*  
 Like unto God, in pure Meekheartedness  
 Creating from afar the Good whereby  
 It seeks all in its Influence to bless;  
 Or like some Star lost in the distant Sky,  
 But shining on contented not the less,

Yea! *nearer, dearer* unto God's clear Eye,  
Because thus *hid* from mortal Littleness!

9. Then thou, dear Soul, go home to thy poor Cot,  
Content and happy with whatever Lot  
The Heavens assign thee, for therein thou still,  
Tho' but four narrow Walls embrace the Spot,  
Canst work out *all* the Godlike, and fulfill  
Thy Being's Aim, as well as if the Span  
Of this widereaching Universe were thine!  
Go, kiss the Brow of her who at thy Door  
Meets thee, and of thy little ones, and feel,  
Yea! with thine inmost Heart, I tell thee feel  
That which thy Want makes but still more divine,  
The Consciousness of being « *quite a Man!* »  
Nor call thyself but for one moment *poor*,  
For that were Blasphemy! but break thy Bread,  
And ask *thy* Father's Blessing, and then see  
If 'round thy Wife's and each Child's little Head,  
A Glory, like an Angel's, be not spread:  
And if thou seest it not, *the Fault's in thee!*  
Then ask thy deep Heart what it feels, and sure  
'Twill say, I feel the *quite Unspeakable*,  
*Yea! God Himself!* and more I cannot tell!

## THE MAIDEN AND THE ROSE.

Oh! Maiden, view *thine* Emblem in the Rose,  
And as the Flower guards its Beauties by  
Its Thorns, enshrine thou so thy Chastity  
In mildlysevere Thoughts, which may, like those,  
Repel the Nature coarse and rude, that knows  
Not the *heartreaching* Power of Modesty,  
But wound not that which gently woos with high  
Conviction of the Reverence it owes  
To thee in God, and God in thee: for where  
Meekness and Pureness most inhabit, there

Is he most too! and as the Heavens dew  
Lies on that opening Rose, so fresh and fair,  
So may its choicest Blessing light on you,  
*Heartfresness, Feelings still to Nature true,*  
As Flowers trembling in the Sun and Air!

## IRRELIGION.

God! God! I feel my very Heartsblood rise,  
Boiling with Indignation at the Thought  
That divine Things should thus be sold and bought.  
Oh! send thy Son down once more from the Skies  
To cleanse the Temple of such Blasphemies:  
For Moneychangers there have so long wrought  
Their Trade of Infamy, that they have brought  
(In Minds that mark not where the real Ill lies)  
E'en thy Name into Disrepute — not worth  
Is longer deemed a Requisite for thy  
Bless'd Service, but mere worldly Wealth or Birth!  
And thus of Divine Things there is such Dearth,  
That carnalminded Priests, yea! e'en close by  
Thine Altar, make thy Word a Mockery!

## A MAYDAYWALK INTO THE COUNTRY IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

1. The Citybells were ringing loud,  
I wot not well what it was for,  
And in the Streets a motley Crowd  
Was shouting Liberty and Law.
2. Gay Streamers floated on the Air,  
Which kissed them with its Breath of Love,  
Highsounding Titles written were  
In golden Characters above.
3. Shout on, said I, within myself,  
But Freedom answers not your Call,  
Who couples her high Name with Pelf,  
In other Ears the Fool should bawl.
4. She dwells above the starry Spheres,  
And looking calmly down from thence

- The pure Soul's sublime Prayer she hears,  
Who grasps the Sword in Selfdefence!
5. But think ye on this Hubbub here  
Where Idiots deaf each other bray,  
She bends her from her Ether clear,  
Or hears one Word of all they say?
6. In some low Clime, far short of that  
Where her calm, serene Breath is drawn,  
Those idle Sounds die out, where Bat  
And dull Oblivion brood forlorn!
7. No Tenpoundfreeholders knows she,  
No Sum of Gold can buy the Right  
To that divine Equality  
In which her Worshippers delight.
8. I heard the loud Forgehammers ring,  
And saw the tall Smokecolumns rise,  
With countless Proofs how everything  
There aided Mammon's Victories.
9. It checked the Beatings of my Heart,  
I breathed as in a stifling Mine.  
Whose few vile Crannies scarce impart  
A Reflex of the Light divine!
- †0. I saw the greedy Hand clutched fast,  
And Childhood martyred unto Gain,  
Receiving from the cheerless Past  
The Heritage of future Pain.
11. On the pale Lip no merry Song,      00  
No holy Meanings in the Eye,  
And e'en the godlike Form by Wrong  
Debased irretrievably.
12. The divine Lamp within the Soul  
Left void of Education's Light,  
Vile Clay to mould the Knave or Fool,  
As Chance might fashion it or Spite.
13. The Mansion left untenanted,  
Where a bright Angel's self should dwell,

- And Thorns upon the Pillow spread  
Where hope in golden Dreams should revel!
14. I heard loud Voices boast of Gain,  
Saw Envy, Bickerings, and Strife,  
And Men who for a Shadow vain  
Plucked out the Heart of social Life!
15. And Statesmen talked with loud Applause  
Of national Prosperity,  
Discussed divine and human Laws,  
Then sealed with Blood Man's Slavery.
16. Mammon rudejostling God aside  
Holds on his Altar Orgies wild,  
The Church, Christ's once celestial Bride,  
Is by Adultery defiled.
17. A Heart of Mire this God of Clay  
Asks as his chosen Sacrifice,  
And emptying their Breasts, away  
Men fling the Joys of Paradise.
18. Love, Mercy, Truth, Humanity,  
Are trodden in the Highwaydust,  
And these pure Jewels of the Sky  
For Earth's vile Mire are pawned in Trust!
19. These Jewels, which on God's own Brow  
Fill the celestial Halls with Light,  
By Panders' Hands are soiled below,  
Void of all Beauty in our Sight!
20. Men pluck from out the Soul its Eyes,  
That they may ne'er desire aught  
Save Mammon, yea! they'd pay the Price,  
Tho' e'en with God and Gospel bought.
21. Gold, Gold, the mighty Thief! he robs  
The Maiden's Heart of its chaste Lore,  
And in the Pulse, where first Love throbs,  
Instils the Passions of the Whore.
22. Gold whispers in the Priest's quick Ear,  
And while God's name is on his Lip,

- Mammon rules in his Heart, and there  
Of sublime Faith the Wings doth clip.
23. Gold sits beside the sternbrowed Judge  
When Justice rises wroth to speak,  
And warn'd by the wellknown Nudge,  
He shuts his Ears to Misery's Shriek!
24. Gold gives the Statesman Eloquence  
To turn white black, and black to white,  
To smooth and gloss with sly Pretence  
Crimes to which Power and Greed invite.
25. Then in the Blackman's Blood his Pen  
He'll dip and sign a Nation's Woe,  
Heap Ruin on his Fellowmen,  
Then smirk and smile, and cringe and bow.
26. We bring our Children up for Gold,  
'Tis Life's grand End, the Wiseman's Aim,  
No matter if the Heart be cold,  
Be the Purse full, 'tis all the same!
27. No matter if the Lip ne'er glow,  
Nor the Pulse beat to divine Thought,  
If on the dusty Track they go,  
And *Gold in due Amount* be wrought!
28. 'Tis placed within the Baby's Grasp,  
And glittering, snakelike, lures his Eye,  
Then round his Heart its Folds doth clasp,  
'Till all high Feelings stifled die.
29. The *Cradle* thus is made the *Grave*  
Of Infancy, and Hope, and Love,  
And from their Wrecks the Soul can save  
Naught which it erst brought from above.
30. Oh England! thy once mighty Heart  
Is wellnigh cold within thy Breast,  
And its faint Beatings scarce impart  
A doubtful Life unto the rest.
31. Thou might'st be as a Soul of Good  
To the wide World, and make the Sea

- As the Mainartery which should  
Bear the Lifeblood of Liberty!
32. But Providence is just and good,  
And forces us to reap the Field  
Which we have sown with Love or Blood,  
Whatever Crop the Seed may yield.
33. Gold, Gold, when sought as thou hast sought it,  
Is Barbarism and Selfishness,  
With thine own Barbarism hast thou bought it,  
The Curse on thine own Head doth press.
34. Th' Indifference which thou hast shown  
To human Happiness abroad,  
With its unnatural Beak thine own  
Bowels in Vulturewise hath gnawed!
35. Th e selfsame Spirit here at home  
Hath scourged with cruel Laws thy Sons,  
And stained with Blood Streams that should come  
Pure from the Fount whence Justice runs.
36. Thro' this too antique Prejudice  
Begets on Change a motley Brood,  
Halfman, halvesavage, Centaurwise,  
Hermaphrodite of Bad and Good.
37. These Thoughts had made me very sad,  
The City seemed a Smithy vast,  
The Sun shone bright, the Earth was glad,  
But Gloom hung o'er it from the Past.
38. But as I left its Din behind,  
And all its evil Sounds and Sights,  
A gentler Mood stole o'er my Mind,  
Sadness which has its own Delights.
39. With every Step I happier grew,  
And as o'er the sweet Flowers I trod,  
I smelt the Perfume of their Dew  
Sent like an Incense up to God,
40. Not in four, narrow Walls I stood,  
With Worldlings fashionably drest,

Preserving in Godshouse the Mood

Of Life's vain Fever and Unrest :

41. No Priest mouthed o'er the Words of Love,  
Or robbed them of their divine Grace,  
But Inspiration from above  
My Soul to her high Task did brace.
42. A lovely Vision rose before  
My Sight, and like some Feverdream,  
The City and its Din no more  
Than a vain Fancyfreak did seem ;
43. Wood, Hill, and Plain, before me lay,  
At bright aerial Distance seen,  
And still before I saw my Way  
Leading by Stream and Meadow green.
44. Sunlancing Spires in Distance rose,  
Some bosomed deep in antique Trees,  
Of which each one its old Tale knows  
But whispered only to the Breeze !
45. And by the Breeze to Poet brought,  
Dreaming by haunted Wood or Stream,  
And who can by celestial Thought  
Some Fragments of the Past redeem.
46. Then many an old forgotten Song  
Comes sweeping past upon his Ear,  
And on his Mindseye Phantoms throng  
From Graves of many a buried Year.
47. These waken 'neath the Poet's Tread,  
Some stirring like a Trumpetsblast,  
And others soft and sweet, as fed  
By Memories of Loves long past.
48. Some whisper like a Womanslip,  
Mourning o'er Guile and broken Vows,  
And some like Tempestwinds which strip  
The Autumnleaves from off the Boughs.
49. And with them come all mingled Sounds  
And Sight that Eye or Ear can know,



- Farechoing Horns and baying Hounds,  
 Reflected in a Lake below.
50. And Castles frowning o'er the Steep  
 Of some hoar, rivergirdled Rock,  
 Which down beneath in Eddies deep,  
 For Ages to the old Towerclock
51. Hath sung wild Music: then as on  
 The Phantasmagoria moves,  
 Cities sleeping in the Sun,  
 And learn'd Academic Groves;
52. Where Infant-Art and Science lay,  
 In the still Arms of Solitude  
 And Time longeradled, 'till the Day  
 When they grew powerful for Good.
53. Gay Tournament and Plumes that dance  
 In Fancy's golden Atmosphere,  
 Who with her Wand loves to enhance  
 All she presents to Eye or Ear.
54. Then up a Dustcloud rises high,  
 With Spears sunglancing seen above,  
 Hark! the Onsetshock, the Cry,  
 Tramp of Coursers, Thrust and Shove.
55. And now its Echo fades away  
 Longthrilling on the inward Ear,  
 And *as his Dream* that bygone Day  
 And all its Uproar doth appear!
56. Anon he looks o'er leaguered Towns  
 And Tents, War's Stir and Panoply,  
 With Glimpses, o'er greenswelling Downs,  
 Of Fleets and the bluebosomed Sea,
57. And as the Mirror lets us know  
 The Features else we ne'er should see,  
 So do these Visions truly show  
 Our *doublefaced* Humanity!
58. Then up he wakes as tho' he'd been  
 Years in another World, for Thought

Can crowd into a Momentsspace  
What Time's slow Centuries have wrought!

## THE WANDERER.

Barefoot he is, and scantyclothēd too  
'Gainst Life's rude Blasts, yet Comfort's in his Eye,  
And Age sits on his Greyhead cheerily,  
Strewing with gentle Hand its gradual Snow.  
Tho' he be worldforsaken, he doth show  
No Signs of Desolation: evernigh  
An unseen Power props him inwardly,  
And to an ampler Shape his Soul doth grow,  
'Till the Claytenement can hold no more!  
He can create around an Atmosphere  
Of Joy, and send abroad from his Heartscore  
A Beauty and a Brilliance, still to cheer  
The Forms of outward Being: with high Lore  
His Faith is fraught, and by it he sees clear!

## ON PURELIVING.

Oh live this Life as a Foresabbath to  
The long, calm Sabbath of Eternity,  
And ever in Imagination's Eye  
Let this fair World, domed by the Heavensblue,  
Be but as a *Foretemple*, *Forecourt*, thro'  
Which thou must pass to reach the Sanctuary,  
Unto the Holy of all Holies, nigh  
The inmost Shrine, to spiritual View  
Revealing the One God! when holy Death,  
Sole Porter at the Gates of Paradise,  
Shall let thee in — live pure then, draw the Breath  
Of daily Life like Incense for the Skies:  
And let thy Thoughts be innocent as are  
The Flowers of the Field, without Disguise!  
Tho' clothed with Beauty, they show forth not *their*,

But *his sole* Glory, who first bade them rise;  
Go! let thy Life like Testimony bear!

## ON THE ANTINOUS IN THE FLORENCE FINEARTSGALLERY.

Music! — what Music e'er was like to thy  
Low Voice, Antinous, which fills the Ear  
Like Seraphechos from some happier Sphere?  
How often have I listened, while hardby  
The vulgar Herd passed on unconsciously,  
As if there were no Language save that here  
Which we employ, distuned by Grief and Fear:  
As if there were no Utterance, calm and high,  
Whose slightest Whisper is far mightier than  
The Thunder, and whose Echos die away  
In Regions far beyond the Thought of Man!  
Yet 'tis, alas! not always that I may  
Hear those sweet Accents: Silence, chill and wan,  
Seals the cold Lips, which speak not to dull Clay!

## WISDOM.

Wisdom is *ever young*, she cherishes  
A *childlike* Heart, and takes Delight in Things  
Which seem of little Worth: and as his Wings  
The Butterfly expands to Summerskies,  
So she her Heart to the least Impulses  
Of holy Nature — not a Bird that sings  
By Wood-or-Streamside, but she thereto brings  
A willing Ear, a Heart which strives and tries  
In Lowliness and Love to comprehend;  
And as to Love there is no Mystery,  
So thro' the Birdsmouth Nature's self will send  
From th' universal Heart an Impulse high,  
Which hers with it in quiet Strength shall blend,  
And pour a hidden Worth thro' Ear and Eye!

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## CONSCIENCE.

Oh thou sweet Voice, thou Voice of dearest Friend,  
 For ever prompting at my inmost Ear  
 To Thoughts of holy Awe, and wholesome Fear  
 Of that which is not right, 'tis thine to send  
 After a Gooddeed Music that doth blend  
 With our Soul's very Essence, and we hear  
 The far off Angelchoirs more sweet and near,  
 Whispering in Joy around: oh! that each End  
 Of Life may meet thy Praise, still gently give  
 Me holy Admonitions how to live:  
 Oh may I list thy sweet Voice evermore  
 Tuning my Soul to Music: let the Strife  
 Of earthly Sounds have o'er my Ear no Power,  
 But in thy calm, deep Wisdom be my Lore!

## A PROPHECY.

When shall Man *Brother* be to Man, the Brand  
 Inglorious rust, or haply be but scanned  
 With curious Eye — a Token of those Days,  
 When the Sword reaped a Harvest of more Praise  
 Than Pen tho' wielded by a Milton's Hand,  
 And flashing sublime Lightnings o'er the Land?  
 The Dust of many Ages on his Wing  
 Must Time first gather, ere to Hope he bring  
 This rich Fulfillment — Men must first be taught  
 By what Means all enduring Things are wrought:  
 That Conquests of the Sword are palpable,  
 And, like the Hand that wields it, pass away!  
 That those of Mind alone enduring dwell,  
 Like the Soul whence they sprang, a Good for aye!  
 And they must learn too, that the beating Heart  
 Of human Love is still Man's noblest Part;  
 And that to God the Offering most dear,  
 Is of that Love, one little, heartfelt Tear!

## HOPE.

Hope is the greatest Thief and Juggler! he  
 Robs us of this fair Present, of the Hour  
 Which is our own, and which he has no Power  
 To give us back, with all his Jugglery,  
 For that which we may never live to see;  
 He lures us on from each ripe Fruit and Flower,  
 Still promising us sweeter, 'till to our  
 Heartsgrief we reach that bright Futurity,  
 Painted so fair, and find naught but the Grave,  
 From which the Sunset has just died away!  
 And weary with the vain Chace which we have  
 Followed so long, we sit down on the gray,  
 Old, mossy Stone, and while the dark Yews wave  
 Above us, listen to the Sculls, which say,  
 « Here Traveller is the Bourne of thy long Way,  
 Take one more Look of Life, for soon naught save  
 A few Bones and vain Name, to such as stray  
 Here, will repeat the Warning which we give  
 Thee now, and bid the Fool make haste to live! »  
 He who has not learnt what Life should be 'till  
 Told by the Grave, its Ends can ne'er fulfill!

## CHILDHOODREMINISCENCES.

1. Sweet early Years, pure early Years,  
     Oh ye are flown away,  
     Your pleasant Smiles are turned to Tears,  
     Your Hopes Time doth gainsay.
2. Like Summerbees, ye wandered o'er  
     The first, fresh Flowers of Life,  
     Yet now, alas, ye be bear no more  
     Your Honey to the Hive!
3. Oh 'tis a saddening Thought to think  
     On the sweet Days of Youth,

When Time has forced our Lips to drink  
The bitter Draught of Truth.

4. There are whom Sorrow touches light,  
Whose Joys do not fly fleet,  
Yet the first View most charms the Sight,  
And the first Taste's most sweet.
5. Yes, even these may sigh, to think  
Their Hearts less pure are grown,  
For who may Life's dark Waters drink,  
Yet wish no Thing undone?
6. Who has not often wished to be  
Again a little Child,  
From Memory, Thought, and Passion free,  
As artless and as wild?
7. Oh could I lay my weary Head  
Upon my Mother's Breast,  
I would give Wealth and Fame instead  
For one such Hour of Rest!
8. But never on such Pillow more  
My throbbing Heart can lie,  
*That* Breast is now not as before,  
And oh! changed too am I!
9. E'en on that Pillow Time has strown  
The Thorns that wound me *most*,  
And should I seek it, 'twould alone  
Bring *Dreams* of what *I've lost*!
10. My Mother's Breast, on which the Flood  
Of youthful Fancies fair  
I poured, so happy! for how could  
I dream of Sorrow *there*?
11. Whereon I wept my sweetest Tears,  
Aye Tears more sweet than Joy,  
And sighed in Peace the Moment's Fears,  
Which stir but not annoy.
12. My Mother's Breast! on which I breathed  
My Aspirations bright

- For Fame and Name, while Fancy wreathed  
Her Laurels for the Fight.
13. Fade Daydreams sweet, your Rainbowhues  
Have melted all in Air,  
Ye were as in the Flower the Dew  
Which Midday finds not there.
- 14 Or if some few should still survive  
Of the whole Swarm, scarce one  
Returns unto the ruined Hive  
Whence all it loved are gone.
15. The young Enthusiasm that shed  
Its Light so brilliantly  
Upon Life's Dawn, is cold and dead,  
Or smouldering doth lie.
16. Yet Poesy her Torch has lit  
At the expiring Flame,  
And the pure Altarfire, with it  
Enkindled, burns the same.
17. She can unweave Life's Web again  
And blend it as she will,  
She makes a Dream of Grief and Pain,  
A Child at Moments still.
18. And tho' the Poet often find  
His Inspiration bright  
In *his own* Throes, th' immortal Mind  
Sublimes them to Delight!
19. Yet there are Grievs which Poesy  
In vain would seek to heal,  
Yes, Grievs which have a Sanctity,  
Which the true Heart *must* feel.
20. Sorrows which Love has holy made,  
Where Fancy's Sacrilege,  
Which never from fond Memory fade,  
Which are Affection's Pledge.
21. The Ivy from the Tree is shorn  
And leaves it slightly scarred,

- But Graftboughs when once rudely torn  
Are both by one Blow marred.
22. Sweet early Years, pure early Years,  
Tho' ye be flown away,  
Yet not for ye I shed these Tears,  
Claimed from our poor, frail Clay,
23. I mourn the many Links intwain  
Snapp'd from that chain of Love  
Which binds our Hearts, that viewless Chain  
By Angels forged above.
24. That Chain which binds the Earth to Heaven,  
And blends them into one:  
To which the least Touch by Love given,  
Runs straight to God's own Throne!
25. My Heart is inly stirred and full,  
With Thoughts of bygone Years,  
I cannot see, mine Eyes grow dull,  
Filled with unbidden Tears:
26. My Home, my Home! with all its bright  
And gladsome Looks of Love  
Once more I see, a Dream that might  
The sternest Spirit move!
27. For as some green Nook smiles amid  
The wildest Alpine Heights,  
So in Man's Heart are Feelings hid,  
Which the cold World ne'er blights!
28. Enough, 'tis idle thus to wake  
A Sorrow half at Rest,  
Yet Memory at Times will shake  
The Stoic from our Breast!
29. Can I forget that such Things were?  
*Were!* and to me *how* dear!  
Look at the Leaves the Branches bear,  
So sapless and so sere!
30. Vain Mourner stop: thine Hourglass take,  
And thoughtfull turn it o'er,



- Think in its Span how little make  
A few, brief Moments more!
31. Would selfish Grief recall to Earth,  
From Bliss undreamt below,  
The Beings whom we loved, whose Birth  
Linked Joy more close with Woe?
32. He who the Wound thinks fit t'ordain,  
Gives too the Power to bear,  
Cease then his Wisdom to arraign,  
He visits but to spare.
33. Cheaply is bought the World to come  
With thoughtbrief Pains in this:  
'Tis o'er! Time's fleeting Dream is done,  
We wake— to Life and Bliss.

## HOPE.

1. That which we hope, we *have* already: far,  
Far lovelier than if e'en now our own:  
'Tis twofold beautiful, for it is shown  
Like to an unreal Thing, or as a Star,  
On Life's far off Horizon, whose Beams are  
Sent thus into our Souls, ere it sinks down,  
And the Spot where it stood remains unknown,  
When we draw near to grasp it and to mar!  
And yet 'tis real, *more* real than if it were  
Already in Possession: thus thro' Hope  
Do we enlarge a thousandfold Joy's Scope,  
For all the Meanwhile by that Vision fair,  
Like to a Glory on our Path, still there,  
Are we attended, and by it we ope
2. The Treasurechamber of the Joys which lie  
In the far Years, and tho' they be but as  
Shadows softgliding o'er the Magicglass  
Held by the Future up to Fancy's Eye,  
Yet they to us are pure Reality,

If we *as real enjoy* them, ere they pass  
 Away and are forgotten: when I was  
 A Boy, I do remember well how I  
 By mere Intensity of hoping made  
 My Fancies to come true: the Passingday  
 Was but a friendly Steppingstone, by Aid  
 Of which I speeded surer on my Way  
 Over Time's Torrent, which between me lay  
 And the dear Object after which I prayed.

3. Thus what we hope we have: at least *all Bliss*,  
 (Nay more,) that it can yield is ours, and this,  
 Methinks, is the *best* Part of it: what more  
 Could the Thing *itself* bring? besides, *before*  
 Possession it has something vague and vast,  
 And exists unto Fancy, but *when past*,  
 It becomes a *mere Fact*, and Fancy is  
 Compelled to fold her Wings: it is then to  
 Mere Sense reduced: and tho' more real and true  
 In one Way, for the Hand grasps and the Eye  
 Beholds it, yet it is *too palpably*  
 Possessed, and thus the *Soul its* Part doth miss,  
 The *best*, methinks, *the Sense of its Infinity!*

SUGGESTED BY THE LITTLE STATUE OF LOVE SLEEPING  
 ON A LION, WITH HIS TORCH BESIDE HIM, IN THE UFFIZI  
 GALLERY AT FLORENCE.

1. Oh thoughtless Love! thy Torch will burn away,  
 Thus sleeping: yet how many Hearts still need  
 To be touched by its holy Flame!—indeed  
 The World is not so much beneath thy Sway  
 As Poets feign, and Mortals go astray  
 When thou, their surest Guide, art gone: the Seed  
 Of all good Things thy quickening Warmth must feed.  
 It is no Time for Sleeping! wake, I pray:  
 Thou art the *Civilizer*, thou alone,

And in thy Absence human Beings grow  
 More savage than the Lion thou liest on.  
 I'll wake thee— but now that I think on't, no,  
 I'll steal thy Torch: alas! what Good were done?  
*Thou thyself* in each Heart the Spark must throw!

2. But thou art not the *divine* Love I sought,  
 Else would'st thou not lie slumbering idly here,  
 Thou art the *fabled* Love, whose Realm is sere  
 As Autumn's withered Leaf, and good for nought,  
 Save for a Poet's Rhyme! How little thought  
 The Grecian Bard of that sublimer Sphere  
 Of Christian Charities, which thou shouldst cheer:  
 Thou art the Love of Poesy, and fraught  
 With many a fancied Charm, but thou couldst not  
 Descend to soften and sublime the Lot  
 Of poor and suffering Humanity!  
 No heavenly Ministries were thine, the Eye  
 Of Passion to unfilm: to free from Blot  
 And Stain the Soul, and fit it for the Sky!

5. Thy Reign it over— therefore slumber on:  
 Thy Torch is fed with no celestial Fire,  
 And, fallen from thy Grasp, will soon expire.  
 Lo! thou thyself art changed by Time to Stone,  
 A Moral Fragment of a World that's gone:  
 Like antique Hieroglyphics, which require  
 Something to piece them out: with *Meanings higher*  
 By Time invested than those which *their own*  
*Inventors dreamt of!* I could fall asleep  
 Beside thee, for such Glimpses calm and deep,  
 Into the Life of Things, break in on me,  
 That with the Body's Eye I no more see:  
 Thy *Torch now blazes*, and by it I read  
 Nature's Papyrusroll, before me spread:  
 Not Language she employs alone, but by

Man's Generations writes her History.  
 Each fond Memento left us by the Dead  
 Is as an Hieroglyphic on the old  
 Sarcophagus of some past World, t' unfold  
 What lies within, if well interpreted,  
 Like *Half*reliefs, which yet serve to suggest  
 And help the Fancy to piece out the Rest:  
 We lift the Lid, and see the Mummy rolled  
 Up like a Chrysalis's Husk, whence Man  
 Has passed to purer Forms, an ampler Span  
 Of Being, as the cast off Sloughs attest!

## WEALTH'S NOTHINGNESS IN ITSELF.

Deem not the Richman envyworthy 'till  
 Thou know'st well what he is *in his own heart!*  
 For Riches *themselves* do not make us rich,  
 Wealth *itself* teaches not the *Use* of Wealth,  
 It bringeth no such Heritage, else were  
 It Wealth indeed, and worthy of the Name.  
 All Blessings of *real Value* still must be  
*Earned by ourselves*, and not *inherited*  
 At others' Hands: *our Labour* makes *their* Worth,  
*They are the Labour itself*, and the more  
 Of *Sacrifice* there be, the more divine  
 Their Nature: and in order to reward  
*Us fitly*, they are felt to be so *most*,  
 When we have disciplined and schooled our Souls  
 To deem them *cheaply bought* at any Price,  
 By *any sacrifice* of vulgar Goods.  
 'Till toiling towards some *seeming distant* Goal,  
 Some Blessing which we fancy *different from*  
 The Labour leading to it, with Surprise  
 And Joy we find the *very Toil become*  
*The Blessing which we sought for!* while the Bad  
 Believe that Labour to be bitter Pain:  
 And so it is, until we *inly* feel

*Delight* from it, and looking not beyond,  
And asking nothing at our Father's Hands,  
Receive the *Fullness* of Reward from that  
Which *promised least of all!* then Poorman be  
Thou of good Cheer: if thou wilt but *think* so,  
Thou art *not* poor: the proudest Monarch on  
The Earth is not so rich, nor can he give  
So generously! when from thy Daysbread  
Thou giv'st a Mouthfull to the hungry Child  
That begs of thee, thou givest more than Kings,  
Who scatter thousands which they do not *miss*,  
Nor *know the Use of!* does the Flower smell  
Sweeter, or show more lovely to the Eyes  
Of sated Wealth, than unto thine, when for  
Thy Daughter's Hair, upon the Sabbathmorn,  
Thou pluck'st them from the Rosebush twin'd around  
Thy Cottagedoor, the Growth of thine own Hand?  
My Friend, their perfume is *so sweet* e'en by  
That *very Sweet*, that low, despis'd Toil,  
Wherewith thou earn'st thy bread: for when God gives  
A Blessing, *that* can make Life's seeming Bitter  
So sweet, can make its very wants and needs  
A Source of Overwealth, of truest wealth:  
A Source of *Virtues*, which bloom forth like flowers,  
Filling all round with sweetness and perfume,  
And scattering on this coarse, familiar Earth  
Seeds to renew, and thousandfold, the Joys  
Which they first yielded: Joys of Paradise!  
'Till e'en the sharp Flints 'neath thy naked feet  
Are for thy Faith's sake turned to softest Down,  
And o'er the hard stone upon which thou lay'st  
Thy weary head, an Angel spreads one wing  
To pillow thee, as soft as ever Babe  
Was cradled on his Mother's beating Heart,  
And with the other screens thy bare, poor brow,  
And lightly touching with his divine lips

Thy sleeping mouth, breathes into thy sad Heart,  
The Blessedness, the Peace, which fills his own!

EVENINGTHOUGHTS.

1. The Eveningstar is in the Sky,  
And shineth with its holiest Light,  
The Villagebells are ringing nigh,  
Like Voices full of past Delight.
2. The Eveningbreeze wafts on my Ear  
The Music of the closing Day,  
And Sounds that wake the slumbering Tear,  
With 'Thoughts of those who're far away.
3. How many Chords has Memory,  
That link the Present with past Things,  
And wake to Joy or Agony,  
If some Chancebreath but kiss the Strings.
4. There is in that glad Villagechime,  
A Voice as of my early Youth,  
And yearning Thoughts of that sweet Time,  
When words were things, and Hope all truth.
5. How many scenes are in each tone,  
Of Home, and Peace, and Infancy,  
Of many hearts blent as in one,  
One Hope, one Joy, one Memory.
6. Those Hopes are nipped by Time's harsh breath,  
Life woos, then stings the cheated mind,  
The flowers fall, and leave beneath  
But naked thorns, and scathed rind.
7. Home's dear ones, one by one, depart,  
And nought is left to tell their Lot,  
Save a dull Void within the Heart,  
The Consciousness that they *are not*.
8. Those Eveningbells, those Eveningbells,  
Sound merry to the careless ear,  
But a sad tale their music tells  
To such as mourn o'er times so dear.

9. They take their tone from man's deep heart,  
     To him who has a home 'tis glad,  
     But unto those who feel the smart  
     Of homeless griefs, 'tis sweetly sad.
10. Those Eveningbells will still ring on,  
     For other hearts, and other ears,  
     As blithe and merry when I'm gone,  
     And wake to Joy or stir to Tears.
11. Strange, that so blithe a Sound should wind  
     Like Passingbell around my heart,  
     But Memory, ever-wake, will find  
     A grief, where grief should have no part.
12. The mighty heart of Nature speaks  
     With the same calm, deep voice of yore,  
     But man interprets it and seeks  
     Vain echos of the passing hour.
13. Those sounds have died upon the air,  
     And like a snowflake on the wave,  
     They melt into my heart, and bear  
     It to that Land beyond the Grave.
14. The Eveningstar still shines above,  
     With a calm, clear, and steady Light,  
     And seems to chide me, but in Love,  
     Tho' Earth be dark, still Heaven's bright.
15. My hopes shall rise, oh God, to thee,  
     And like the dew that falleth now,  
     Return to fresh my heart, to free  
     It from the Fret of thoughts so low. —

## ON ILLLUCKBEARING.

Vex not thy Soul with Troubles *past* and *gone*,  
 When *coming*, gather all thine Energies  
 To check or lessen them: for Victories  
 May even from what seems Defeat be won;  
 And to *have done our utmost*, that alone  
 Is Victory's *best Part*! for tho' the Prize

*Proposed* be missed, a sure Good ever lies  
 Within our Reach, *the Strengthening our own*  
*Resources*, and that Man ne'er knows Defeat,  
 Who rises stronger from each Loss. Then treat  
 The Ill but just gone by as if it were  
 A timegray Grief, and lightly as on Air  
 The Child a Feather blows, so let it pass.  
 For to fret at it is to make what *was*  
 A present Ill: feel not that which thou *art*  
 Alone, for that is of thee the *least* Part,  
 But feel all that thou *mayst become and be*,  
 Then will the Calmness of Eternity  
 Descend on thee, for *God is in thy Heart*;  
 And where *he* is must it not be so? yea!  
 For what is Heaven if not God's Presence, pray?

## REAL LIFE

Oh! lovely Things are yet untold, and still  
 More lovely yet undreamt of, neither Ear  
 Has heard, nor Eye beheld, that which I hear  
 And look on: yet 'tis no vain Dream to fill  
 Fancy's dilating Eye, called up at Will,  
 And lost when she her Eyelid shuts. Sleep ne'er  
 Could call up with her Wand such Sights as here  
 Truth's sober, waking Eyes look on; what Skill  
 Would not that Poet have who could but see,  
 Feel, and describe, Life's bare Reality,  
 Not *dreaming* it, but *living* it— awake  
 With Heart and Eye! but then, methinks too, he  
 Would deem it a vain Thing thereof to make  
 A few poor Verses, for itself would be  
 So, so godlike a Poem, that one Day  
 Would be worth more than Homer's *Odyssee*!  
 Then *live* thy Life— most richly 'twill repay  
 The Living it. The *Real* alone and *True*  
 Are godlike, make thy Life then so— then too



Will it be godlike, else an idle *Dream*,  
 A Shadow floating o'er th' eternal Blue!  
 For if thou *thyself art not real*, then to  
 Thine Eyes this World no longer real will seem.  
 But to *feel it and thyself real*, that is  
 The *Life* of Man — I mean not real in this  
 Low Sense of touching and of seeing, no!  
 But in that Sense in which 'tis real to his  
 Enlarged Capacity, who seeing thro'  
 It as if it were chrystal, yea! e'en to  
 The one allfilling Light that makes it so,  
 Thus « feels that we are *greater* than we know! »

ALL GOES WELL WITH US WHEN WE GO WELL.

« Aye, when the World goes better with me — then — »  
 My Friend, thou hast not spoken wisely: when  
*Thou* goest better with the World, the World  
 Will then go well thee! Believe me, it  
 Is so! if thou dost right, and meanest well,  
 The World cannot go ill with thee, tho' thou  
 Hast nothing but the Heart within thy Breast!  
 Lose not the Good, in seeking thus the Better;  
 The Good, if once attained, will *itself soon*  
*Create the Better*: thou canst not o'erleap  
 One least Link in the wise and lovely Chain,  
 One least, no, not the lowest, Step of all  
 On that bright Ladder of fair Virtues, which  
 Like Jacob's leads up to the Ether clear,  
 And whereby they like Angels still ascend  
 And descend, bearing Missions from God's Throne,  
 And holy Fire from Truth's Altar, which  
 Burneth eternally before God's Face,  
 Fanned by the Archangel's everwakeful Wings.  
 How canst thou become *better*, if thou art  
 Not *good first*? verily, one Virtue lays  
 The Basis of all others: the Keystone

Which best supports that goodly Arch whereon  
 Selfempire's Fabric rises, is no more  
 Nor less than « *Patience* », which can turn all Ill  
 To unmixed Good, by bearing it as if  
 It had no Poison: do but one Gooddeed,  
 And that which follows it will be *still better* !  
 The second stirs already in the Womb,  
 The chaste Womb of the first: the Angel's Wings,  
 You feel them fluttering, and with a Thought,  
 The Angel's self stands bright before your Eyes,  
 Holding one Hand out to thee like thy Child,  
*Thy firstborn*, in whose Presence thou wouldst not  
 Be guilty of an impure Act, nay! of  
 An impure Thought— think but one noble Thought:  
 Let but its Warmth once circle thro' thy Heart,  
 And others, like the Stars that follow on  
 The Eveningstar, 'till Heaven be all Light,  
 Will link themselves to it, and gather like  
 A Glory o'er thy Brow, 'till thou appear 'st,  
 Nay *art*, an Angel, many, all in one,  
 Embraced in thee as all Things are in God!  
 For the Goodman enjoyeth *all* the Good:  
 Wheree'er a Gooddeed's done, a good Thought thought,  
*He* does and thinks them, yea! as truly as  
 The Doer and the Thinker *himself* can!

NOTHING THAT INVOLVES A RIGHT OR A PRINCIPLE UNIMPORTANT.

1. Know ye not that *great Motives* may be found  
 In what seem merest Trifles? small Things bear  
 Great Issues with them, and oft by a Hair  
 The Weal of Mankind is together bound  
 With that of its least Member: yet 'tis sound  
 And strong, yea! stronger far than if it were  
 Of Adamant: a Link of that so fair  
 Yet viewless *Spiritchain*, which stretches round  
 The Universe, and keeps the Life of Man

In due Relation to the mighty Plan :  
 Binding a Buonaparte or Cromwell just  
 As well as their least Subject; which nor Rust  
 Of Time can wear, nor Strength of Mortal rend,  
 So *gently* forcing all Things to one End!

2. Then when thou seest the most despised of  
 God's Creatures injured, be thou not above  
 Resenting it: think not that *he alone*  
 Is injured, that 'tis *his Cause*, *not thine own*;  
 See not in him the Outcast that he is,  
*But the great God* insulted thus *in his*  
 Poor Form, as in the Majesty of Kings!  
 Then will thy Thought unfold sublimer Wings,  
 And from this Point of View thou'lt clearly see  
 That those who injure him must injure thee,  
 For he who injures God, must injure *all*,  
*Since God is all*— and that which seems not small,  
 Nor insignificant in God's own Eyes,  
 Wilt thou, oh erring Mortal, dare despise?

3. Thus view Injustice in *whatever Form*;  
 Not when done to the Beggarman alone,  
 (For is not God his Father as thine own?)  
 But, yea! I say, tho' to the least, least Worm  
 That crawls on God's own blessed Earth: for by  
*A purer and enlarged Humanity*  
*Man blesses himself, blessing others!* when  
 He guards his *Fellow's Rights as his own*, then  
*First truly* are his own to him secured!  
 And that which *for another* he endured  
 Becomes an Egis, not for his sole Breast,  
 But *for that of Mankind*, the surest, best:  
 The heavenfallen Shield, on which depends  
 A Nation's Welfare, which alone defends  
 It from all Foes— inviolable, yea!

As God himself, nay, *one with him* for aye!  
 No idle Fable but a Truth divine;  
 Then shield with it thy Fellow's Breast and thine!

## NIGHTTHOUGHTS.

1. The sky-lamps one by one are lit,  
 And thro' night's gloom their faint rays flit,  
 Like thoughts that thro' Eternity  
 Wander 'till lost in mystery.
2. Or like the glance that Memory gives  
 At times to cradleyears, and strives  
 To lift the veil that hides for aye  
 The spirit's first Promethean Ray.
3. How manyvoiced the nightwinds sigh,  
 Seeming to speak as they whisper by,  
 To commune low with each dewy flower,  
 To give and to borrow a mystic power,
4. And as it were at their destined Call,  
 The withered leaves scarce murmuring fall,  
 While the springtide ones more blithely wave,  
 As if for them time had no grave!
5. And calm the Earth lies, fresh and green,  
 Laughing beneath the pure stars' sheen,  
 Like babe beneath its mother's eye,  
 Ere yet its lip hath learnt to lie.
6. As a Spellmirror the sky might seem,  
 Where of future things the shadows gleam,  
 And the stars are wove in wordlike guise,  
 But their Language is not for mortal eyes.
7. Oh who can gaze on their mystic ray,  
 Nor feel the Earth pass 'neath his feet away,  
 And his spirit plunge from Time's dark shore,  
 Like a Swimmer afloat on Thought's frail oar.
8. Alas! it is in vain we dive  
 The depth of things to be, and strive

- To fling aside our nothingness,  
And grow to Gods or little less.
9. E'en at the moment when, most free,  
We ope our eyes, and trust to see :  
The dazzling light but glances on  
Our filmy sight, and all is gone.
10. I turn to Earth, alas! 'tis fair,  
But what I seek I find not there,  
'Tis beautiful, and calmly still,  
But yet my heart is sad and chill.—
11. In the brake the bird is singing,  
Echo's undersong is ringing,  
On the sward the stars are shining,  
All is peace, nought seems repining.
12. The mellowthroated Nightingale  
Sings joyous, but it sounds a wail:  
The far off brook is babbling on,  
To me it tells of bright days gone :
13. Fond Memory wanders o'er the scene  
And tells me what *I might have been*,  
And Hope from life's vain Future brings  
No Peacebranch on his drooping wings.
14. Alas! he must renew his flight  
To farther realms, beyond the night  
Of Time, or else for ever miss  
The Olivebranch, the pledge of bliss.
15. There is no beauty on the Earth,  
Save that which in the heart has birth :  
And not a pulse the peace can share  
Of Nature, if sin's fret be there.
16. By prayer we tune the Spirit's lyre,  
And fit it thus for accents higher  
Than aught that earthborn strains can wake,  
That jar the strings, the true tone break.
17. Then merry shall the bird's note seem,  
And Joy speak in the babbling stream,

- And the Spirit on Faith's Eaglewing  
 Shall soar, and list the Angels sing.  
 18. Then shall the heart an echo be  
 Of Nature's Centreharmony,  
 Oft with the Bird again shall sing,  
 And drink like him at Nature's spring.

## THE GRAVEHAUNTER.

1. Why sitt'st thou on that old gravestone,  
 Thou grayhaired Man of many Years?  
 Speaks it, like thee, of things bygone,  
 Why melt thy dim, old Eyes to tears?
2. Thereat the oldman tremblingly  
 Raised up his timebowed face of pain,  
 First cast a wistful glance at me,  
 Then bent it on the stone again.
3. Oh 'twas a sad, sad sight, to see  
 That poor oldman, forlorn and lone,  
 Like a stormscathed and leafless tree,  
 With all its Autumnfruitage strown.
4. Of the Churchyard he seemed a part,  
 So silent, old, so still and grey,  
 Sitting like Time, without his dart,  
 And mourning over Life's decay.
5. Then traced he, with Grief's finger slow,  
 A name which he had cleaned of late  
 From rank, oblivious weeds, that grow  
 'Till all we love be out of date.
6. Each Letter seemed to stab his heart!  
 Tho' from the tombs of those who sleep  
 Time may efface their names, his art  
 But graves them in the heart more deep.
7. When the oldman had traced the name,  
 He gazed into my face and said,  
 --She was the last of all-- they came  
 Like springflowers, and are now *all* dead!

8. And yet *I* live, tho' old and gray,  
Mourning for those should cherish *me*.  
Thereat he bent him down, and lay  
Lost in his own deep agony.
9. Alas! when from the Tree of life  
Th' unopened Buds fall first to Earth,  
Time steals the best sweets of Love's hive,  
And what he leaves are little worth.
10. Such tears are holy, shed by one  
Who suffers thus chastised by Heaven,  
Swifter than prayers their way is won,  
And pardon for their sake is given.
11. And when those natural drops were shed,  
The oldman rose from off the stone,  
And then his tottering steps I led  
Down the Yardpath his Daywalk grown.
12. When to the Churchyardgate we came,  
He turned with lingering step once more,  
For the Towerbell had chimed, the same  
That speaketh with the voice of yore.
13. Thereon he heaved a deepdrawn sigh,  
And passed his Hand athwart his Face,  
« Heaven's will be done » he said, for I  
Am a poor sinner, needing grace!
14. Then as we left the Church behind,  
And objects varied as we moved,  
The scene induced a calmer mind,  
The oldman talked of those he loved.
15. I was a happy Man indeed,  
The father of five goodly Boys,  
And one sweet Girl, who in my need  
A ministering Angel was;
16. My Wife died first, and one by one,  
My goodly boys were torn away,  
Once scathed the stem, the fruit thereon  
Sank with it, ere my head was grey.

17. Yet still my dear, dear girl was left;  
In us the spirits of the rest  
Seem'd blent in one, and tho' bereft  
I felt I was not allunblest.
18. But Heaven was pleased still more to try  
My fortitude, and lest I should  
Forget that nobler Bourne on high,  
Chastised me unto mine own good.
19. There is a fitter place of meeting  
For spirits severed here below,  
To teach me what I was forgetting,  
My girl was soon snatched from me too.
20. Oh stranger, hast thou ever known  
What 'tis to be alone on Earth,  
*Having been loved?* thy homehearts strown,  
And by their absence feel their worth?
21. My girl, she had such winning ways,  
I half forgot in her the rest,  
She was to my old eyes like rays  
Of light, each loved the other best.
22. Oh had you heard her softtoned voice,  
Or seen her seek my Bedroomdoor  
With tiptoe caution, lest the noise  
Should break my rest, and list an hour!
23. And if she saw me hide my Tears,  
She'd kiss me, then point to the skies,  
She had a sense beyond her years,  
For Love perfects the faculties!
24. Then she would read the Biblepage,  
On some calm, quiet Sabbath eve,  
She seemed an angel sent to 'suage,  
With words of promise, those who grieve.
25. But she is in her grave, and I  
Am here, a lone oldman, of Years  
And Sorrows full; but Misery  
Shall turn to Smiles, tho' born in Tears!



- 26 The Oldman's simple tale was done!  
And we had reached his cottagedoor,  
Where a wild Eglantine had spun  
Its thriftless tendrils, pruned no more.
27. The old Man looked, and shook his head,  
His grey hairs stirr'd in the wind,  
« It used not to be so, he said,  
Time has left naught to mourn behind. »
28. They are but emblems of what's gone,  
Of what has faded from the Earth:  
Of all that's noble, no not one  
But has in Heaven a second birth.
29. And with these words the oldman turned,  
And prophetlike his features glowed,  
A holier spirit thro' them burned,  
And thro' the Man th' Immortal showed.
30. If of an oldman's blessing thou  
Disdainest not the humble gift,  
'Tis thine, and when this frame lies low,  
Some thoughts of me thy soul may lift.
31. Tho' baffled oft on this cold Earth,  
The Love we bear our household-hearts,  
Hath its fulfilment, and imparts  
E'en by its Anguish higher Worth.
32. The oldman's blessing and his words  
Sank thro' my heart, like fresh'ning dew,  
And as I turned away, the birds  
Their strains seem'd blither to renew.
33. Oft have I passed the oldman's cot  
In Afteryears, and other Mood,  
And soothed my own with his sad Lot,  
And learnt in evil to know good.
34. There is a wisdom which doth bow,  
Heartwisdom, born of sufferings,  
That wound the Heart, therein to sow  
The seeds of future blessings.

35. And there are tears which those who weep  
Are holy in Godssight above  
The vain Lipworshippers, who keep  
The Letter, but from Fear, not Love.
36. Where Love is not, there is no Law,  
A Law unto himself He is:  
Instead of Law, fulfilling Law,  
And in fulfilling finds His bliss.
37. There's Wisdom in simplicity,  
And dignity in lowliness,  
And to be last is still to be  
Great in our very littleness.
38. And Joys there are in misery,  
That happiness has never known,  
A *Service* which is Liberty,  
And visions but to virtue shown.
39. Then let our eyes be dimmed with tears,  
Our hearts be purified by pain,  
Faith still can bear the weight of years,  
And make Mortality a Gain!

## ON FEELING IMMORTAL.

Wouldst thou feel and be *as Immortal*, here  
On Earth, tho' a frail mortal Man? then be  
*Completely* occupied with that which the  
Mere passing Hour brings with it. Thus Fear  
Of coming Ills, or Thought of pass'd, will ne'er  
Disturb thee: Past and Future are to thee  
As Naught, each *Moment* an Eternity,  
Without End or Beginning! Time, a mere  
Unmeaning Word— upon a small Scale, thou  
Art like to God himself: for, thinking naught  
Of thine ownself, thou art not conscious how  
Or what Change by the Years in thee is wrought.  
And if the Soul feels *itself only* now,  
It feels th' *Eternal only*, as it ought!

## THE WOODWALK IN THE SOUTH.

It was an antique Wood of untold Growth,  
Primeval Shades! not by the busy Hand  
Of Mortal planted, but by Nature's self,  
As is her Wont, when she luxuriates  
In all her boundless Wealth, and scatters round,  
With more than Fancy's rich Variety,  
Her neverending Multitude of Hues  
And Fairshapes, yet all in perfect Taste  
And Keeping with her comprehensive Plan.  
The Wood, with living Verdure dense, stretched far  
In sightoutreaching Loveliness, o'er Hill,  
And Dale, and Rock: and where the Eye could trace  
The ridgelike Heavings of the changeful Earth,  
In Waves of Vegetation, as it were,  
The Greenery flowed on: 'till o'er its Skirts,  
The deep blue Heavens in sweet Contrast, where  
The rosy Flush of Sunset lingered still,  
Brooding shut out all View of Scenes beyond.  
The Stars were gathering: one by one they broke  
The balmy Twilight, like to Eyes of Love,  
Full of deep Meanings to the thoughtfull Heart;  
For all Things have their Mission, and are fraught  
With gentle Visitations to the Soul  
That links them with the one great Cause of all!  
But of a brighter Beam, more calm and clear,  
They seemed to me, than when from this dim Earth  
Beheld, this Earth by its own Mists made dim.  
And my Soul spake to me: how stilly God  
Accomplishes *his* Wonders! see yon Stars,  
So countless, that Imagination sinks  
Oppressed by merest Fact! that what the *Eye*,  
Thro' the farreaching Glass, takes in, can scarce  
Find Room within Man's *Brain*, Man's *narrow Brain*!  
And yet he thinks to grasp the *God* who made

These Wonders, when the *Wonders themselves* are  
*Beyond* Conception! so that Wonder, no  
 More capable of itself, grows to doubt  
 That which *it sees*, *outwondered of itself!*  
 And yet how stillly all moves on, *so still*,  
 That but to pluck a Dayseye from the Grass,  
 Makes more noise than the Setting of a Star!  
 So stillly works *He* out the Godlike, so  
 Sublimely, modestly, that we, we Men,  
 Not comprehending aught *so unlike what*  
*We* feel and do, forget that He exists:  
 Because he is *not* little like ourselves,  
 We disbelieve the Godlike that he is!  
 Because He does not every Day appear,  
 As in the Firebush, and on a Scale  
 Adapted to our Faculties work out  
 Some *little* Wonder, (and what was the Bush,  
 But as a Spark from out the Blaze of his  
 Unutterable Glory?) He is no  
 More God forsooth! and does he not *each* Day,  
 In far, *far other* than the Firebush  
 Appear to Faith's clear Eyes? does He not shine  
 And glow thro' *this* whole World, thro' *countless* Worlds,  
 Scattered like Sparks of Glory o'er the Sky?  
 But it demands the Eye of God himself  
 To see this Wonder *as it is!* that so  
 Sublimelymodest Eye, which will not look  
 On *its own* Glory, and which watching still,  
 Looks on the least Worm crawling in the Dust  
 Rather than on itself! for even God  
 Keeps not his Eye fixed on himself: and yet  
 'Twere pardonable *in him* so to do,  
*Were he not God!* — and if it be not then  
 Excusable in Him to do so, be —  
 Cause he is *God*, how much less so in Man;  
 Because he's *Man!* so measurelessly less

Than God, whose sublime *Modesty* exalts  
Him above all his Creatures, more than all  
His Might and Glory! who shows forth in *them*  
*His* Power, as if it were but something  
*Inherent in themselves*, and not of Him!  
But Man, Man understands not how God works:  
For 'till he is *himself godlike*, how can  
He comprehend the Godlike? — he it is  
Who keeps his Eye fixed ever on himself,  
And being little *that* can *fill* his Eye  
And Heart: not like to God's, capacious, vast,  
And comprehending all Hearts, or at least,  
The *godlike Part* of all Hearts, in its own  
Calm, sublime Pulse, the Life of all Things' Life!  
Such Thoughts came o'er me as I gazed up to  
The gathering Stars, that preach so eloquent  
The Wisdom and the Goodness of the Lord,  
And casting down mine Eyes I felt him there,  
There also in the Dayseye at my Feet:  
I saw no Littleness in it, for I  
*Felt Him alone*, and *most* in mine own Heart,  
Else could I not have seen him in that Flower:  
And therefore I could see no Littleness  
In it, for feeling Him, *I* was myself  
No longer little: thus attuned, I passed  
Into that Wood, as thro' a Temple vast,  
Where the Highpriest himself officiates  
In Person, and administers unto  
The Faithful that sublimest Sacrament,  
From Nature's own Communiontable, of  
The Bread, the spiritual Bread of Love  
And Life: and where can it so fitly be  
Received as at *that* Altar, *by the Hands*  
*Of God himself* administered to all!  
Around the foremost Trees were Creepers twined,  
And chrystalbunch'd Grapes, lowdrooping with

Their lipripe Nectarberries, in Festoons,  
As by the Fingering of Fairyhands,  
Closetwined, to form a rainproof Covering,  
Where Thunderdrops for half a Summersday  
Might patter, and not moisten on her Nest  
The Wren's Breastfeathers: underneath no Light  
Came from the peering Stars, save here and there  
Some Straybeam, falling with a Perfumelight,  
Thro' Honeyblooms and breezekissed Openings,  
On the Dewgrass below: or that soft Ray  
Of Spherelight, which the Firefly had stole,  
Betraying his bright Theft: the Nightingale's  
Soft Notes, like Dewdrops, fell on Blade and Leaf,  
Making them tremble light: and as I crushed  
The Perfumes in my Path, which made the Air  
Wingheavy as he crept from Bough to Bough,  
More sweetencumbered than a Noontidebee,  
I could distinguish, more by Smell than Sight,  
(Which left Imagination free to strew  
The Path at her own Choice, and from the Womb  
Of Darkness call dim Shapes of Loveliness)  
The Flowers, which, with every passing Breath,  
Breathed rich Intoxication: — then I caught  
The Babble of a neighbouring Brook, and soon,  
The Pathway opening up, I saw it gush,  
In beadëd Bubbles and bright Waterbells,  
From out a deepmouthed Cave, whose shaggy Brows  
With the redberried Ash and Weepingbirch  
Were thicke'ergrown: and soon it shot along  
Thro' chequered Shades, broadening into a Leap  
For the hothunted Stag, when baying Hounds  
Make Rock and Dingle echo in his Rear.  
With this my joyous Guide, I wandered on,  
As if eternal Nature, with her own  
Still Hand, had led me, and regained at length  
The open Ground, delighted and refreshed,

---

As ever, by this Commune with herself,  
 Whose Hand so oft had sprinkled on my Brow,  
 The fresh, clear Dew, in Token of sincere  
 Regeneration, as a Sign that I  
 Was baptized to her Service thus once more!  
 Her blessed Service, where the Fret of Heart  
 And Fever of vain Hopes is calmed away:  
 Her Ways of Innocence, in which we walk,  
 'Till of her mighty Heart the quiet Pulse  
 Attunes our own: to that communicates  
 Its own sublime Serenity, 'till naught,  
 Naught more can trouble us! 'till evil Tongues,  
 False Friends, Unthankfulness, and Hate, and Wrong,  
 Grow like to Words without a Meaning, yea!  
*Are such to us*, for none *can* wrong us more,  
 None injure, none provoke us, for we *feel*  
 It not! esteeming it mere Folly to  
 Disturb, for Things so measurelessly less  
 Than it, the Soul! *sublimely blind*, we see  
 No Loss where all Men see it, and therefore  
 There *is no Loss to us!* God dwells in us,  
 And who can *injure Him?* who rob him? none!  
 And *with Him* what Loss can there ever be?

## VERSE OFFERINGS.

Here, Reader, here are garnered up for thee,  
 My first fresh Years of Youth: the *Scent* of those  
 Pure Flowers of Love and Hope, which, like the Rose,  
 Most fragrant ever in Lifesspringtide be.  
 Chuse at thy Pleasure, haply thou mayst see  
 Some little, modest Floweret which grows  
 Unconscious of the Charm, to which it owes  
 Thy Preference; and which perhaps, when the  
 More gaudy ones are withered, shall not fade.  
 For oft what in our Pride of Heart we made  
 To witness for us, passes like a Thought,

And that, which we ourselves esteemed as naught,  
Becomes the Theme of Praise, bursts from the Shade,  
Like Violets, full of *Nature's* Perfume fraught!

## ON IMAGINATIONUSING.

I do remember well the Day on which  
I wrought a Miracle, yet I had not  
Medea's Wand, or Archimago's Spell,  
I had them not, yet still less did I need;  
I wrought no Charm, I wove no mystic Words  
To pluck the Stars down from their orb'd Spheres;  
I only *thought*: and lo! the Thing was done!  
A Wonder — yet not wonderful, save to  
The Man who knows not what *he is and has*.  
I was in Sorrow, for the Grave had closed  
O'er one whom I much loved: I sat, and heard  
The Birds that sang so blithely, and I saw  
The Flowers unconscious of my Misery.  
And yet they soothed me, more, far more, than Words  
Of studied Consolation: for tho' they  
Are voiceless, yet they are a Language to  
*Be felt*, and God can speak as well by them,  
As by Man's Lip! and viewing them, I said,  
"Why do I weep when all around is Joy,  
Teaching in silent Wise the mighty Truth?"  
Is not Imagination mine? then why  
Should this sublimest of all Faculties  
Be left disused? this Faculty which is  
Health to the Sick, and Riches to the Poor,  
And unto him who will Eternity:  
Youth to Oldage, and everything to each,  
Who knows but *how to use it*, and *believes*,  
For without Faith there is no Miracle!  
I thought a little while, and he who *thinks*  
*Deeply* is far beyond the Reach of Pain,  
Withdrawn, like some far Star within the Depths



Of the blue Ether, from the Storm below .  
A Tear, which had just gathered in my Eye,  
Fell on my Hand and roused me, and I looked  
Upon it almost with a Smile, and half-  
Surprized, scarce conscious whence it came from, said  
« What do'st thou here, sad Messenger of Grief,  
Who hast forgot to tell what thou wast bid,  
And now art free to bear a Message for  
What Master Chance may send thee? » and, methinks,  
Thou might'st do Wisdom better Service far!  
Go mingle with the Dewdrop on that Rose,  
Thus do I hallow thee to Joy, and give  
Thee back to Nature, even as my Soul  
Is mingled oncemore with this lovely Whole,  
Partaking of its Meaning and its Calm!  
Unconscious that the Shadow of a Grief  
Had rested on it, as the Sun, now from  
Yon' Cloud just passing, still and unobscured!  
I call the Dead from out their Graves, and kiss  
The Lips which now are cold, and by my Side  
Sit the belov'd Forms of early Days,  
As they were wont to do. I still enjoy,  
In spite of Death, all that I once possessed:  
For a'l that we have felt, and thought, and loved,  
Abides with us, and in *our Souls* we build  
The *lovelier* World, which we enrich with all  
The Stores of our past Being, with all Forms  
Of Beauty, and all Sounds of early Joy:  
And like our Maker we have Power to say,  
« Let there be Light, and there is Light. » No Thing  
That ever has delighted us, is lost;  
The Hope which oft has made the Heart to throb,  
Will visit it again, yea, we ourselves  
Can realize it, tho' the outward Life  
Deny it a Fulfilment; we can *fill*  
*The Heart with Joy by it*, and how, how then

Can it be *better* realized? for so  
 Long as we hope, the Thing we hope for is  
 A Joy to us: and tho' we have not *it*,  
 Have we not all the Joy which it could give?  
 And is not that *the best Part* of it? yea!  
 It might be *realized*, and then that Joy  
 Would be like to a Flower, whose rich Scent  
 Had filled the Air *afar*, 'till *drawing near*  
 We pluck and crush it in the *little Space*  
 Of our poor *mortal* Hand, and for but one  
 Brief Moment smelling it, behold it fade,  
 Leaving the disenchanted Air forlorn,  
 The cold, prosaic Breath of weekday Life!

## ON HIGHER APPLICATIONS OF MACHINERY.

1. I see, as in a Dream, or on the Face  
 Of a calm Lake, the Images most clear  
 Of coming Wonders; Instruments appear  
 Therein as glorified, which but of base  
 Or lowly Ends as yet have borne the Trace,  
 Unto the Body dedicate: but here  
 They show like Weapons fashioned in the clear  
 Fire of Heaven, to work out Deeds of Grace.  
 That which in Mammon's Hand had wrought for no  
 High End, in Wisdom's and Humanity's  
 Becomes a mighty Lever. Light doth flow  
 From the Smithsforge, and on his Anvil lies  
 Metal soon fashioned for Truth's Victories,  
 Far other than vain Sword and Spear; and lo!
  
2. Her Seeds, like Corn beneath the Plough, are sown:  
 Amid the Oceanfurrows Tracks of Light  
 By each Barkskeel are left, like Stars by Night  
 Shooting athwart the Firmament: and down  
 The viewless Winds her mighty Voice is blown  
 Calling upon the Nations. — used aright

The *most familiar* Means acquire Might  
 Celestial: they operate alone  
 Steadily, *at all Times, all Places*, on  
 All Hearts, *within the Reach of all, and by*  
*All comprehended*; Wisdom's Hand upon  
 All household Objects may impress some high  
 Conception, and the Soul to Good be won  
 E'en by the coarse Wants of Humanity;  
 'This is *her* Triumph: by the *daily* Eye  
 And Heart she *lasting* Changes works alone!

## ON MONEYKEEPERS.

By God! one Handfull of a Milton's Dust  
 Were worth the Souls of all the modern Race  
 Of Wealthadorners: one Look of his Face,  
 Nay, e'en a Plastercopy of his Bust  
 Placed in God's Temple, would from out it thrust  
 With unendured Frown, the Brood so base  
 Of Moneychangers, to some fitter Place  
 For their Abominations! but we must  
 Be dumb as Stones! it is illbred, forsooth!  
 To use plain Terms and speak the naked Truth,  
 It shocks us! we are Dwarfs—mere Bastards, yea,  
 Bastards in Soul, and mincingly we tread  
 Where Gods have left their Footsteps; we must pay  
 E'en for the Reverence we owe the Dead:  
 We cannot near a Milton's Ashes stray  
 To commune with his Spirit, without Gold!  
 And at God's very Temple-door we've told  
 The Price of our Admission! e'en the Ray  
 Of his own Light is taxed—Shame, Shame I say,  
 How long must we endure that thus instead  
 Of heavenly Things, vile Gold be worshipp'd?  
 How many Knaves and Dotards buy their Way  
 To the Statespinnacle, who'neath should stay,  
 Were Bags of Gold not sought, but Heart and Head!

Ye Fools! if ye exalt such Men, will they  
 Not sell ye like vile Sheep? but still *your own*  
 Brute Vices scourge *ye in them, yours alone!*  
 For were the *Roots* but sound, the Fruit would be  
 Of generous Taste, and worthy of the Tree:  
 Not rotten at the Core, as now we see!

## THE POETSHARP.

The Strings with which the Poetsharp is made  
 Are those of his *own Heart*, no Wonder then  
 Its Music stirs so deep the Souls of Men,  
 As tho' his Hand on their own Heartstrings played,  
 And so it does!— And oh! how lightly swayed  
 Are those selftrembling Chords, which thrill e'en when  
 His Hand is sleeping, and wake up again  
 Old Melodies, wild Music, which had strayed  
 O'er them in bygone Days: for he scarce knows  
 Himself whence comes the Spirit of his Lay:  
 Oft 'tis aroused by some far Note, that flows  
 From Angels hymning on the newborn Day;  
 And like the Seashell is his Heart, for aye  
 With living Sounds and Echoes filled from those  
 Far Spheres, to which he longs to soar away!

## REAL GOODS HOW EARNED?

Life's *genuine* Goods by Rich and Poor are won  
 In the *same* Fashion: they are neither bought  
 With Gold nor go by Precedence, but wrought  
 By *our own* Labour: nay, 'tis this alone  
 That gives them Value— Patience must be shown  
 In *Bearing* and *Selfsacrifice*, but naught  
 Is harder practiced by, or rarer taught  
 The Rich, than this, whose Minds in Ease have grown  
 Enfeebled, dazzled by mere Shine and Show:  
 Too many Goods are none— they are enjoyed  
 Imperfectly, the Heart's not filled, but cloyed:

They injure too that *greatest* Good, which no  
 Infinitude of lesser Goods can e'er  
 Supply the Place of, nay, *these* are not so  
 Without that great Good, the « *true Feeling, clear  
 And godlike, of Man's Life!* » which once destroyed,  
 Then is the *Compass* lost, by which to steer  
 All Action and Affection to fit End!  
 For without this, we shall be apt, I fear,  
 To set Life's *Byaims* above those which lend  
 It all its Worth and Grandeur, and to make  
 Th' *Essential's* Place the *Accidental* take:  
 To merge the « *Man* » in that which is but here  
 The Mask and Mummung in which they appear,  
 Or rather *disappear*, to speak aright!  
 The Poor now is most likely to be quite  
 « *A Man*, » for in *him* Heart and Feeling tend  
 To rouse, and to keep steadily in View  
 The grand and simple Duties, which delight  
 A Spirit quite awake, to Nature true.  
 Then would the Richman win *this* Good, he too  
 Must cast his Wealth away, which dissipates  
 Life's *Oneness*, fritters it away, creates  
 A Multiplicity of Details, where  
 The *one* grand Feeling of this so, so fair  
 Existence, is quite lost: 'tis like a Glass  
 Shattered in Fragments, 'till the Form, which was  
 Grand, whole, and godlike, can no more be there—  
 In recognized: and since 'tis the full Light  
 Of this same Feeling brings out clear to Sight,  
 The Outline both of Man and God, if we  
 Once lose it, we are no more « *Men*, » and he  
 To us not God! he must from that lone Height  
 Descend then to the Level of those who  
 By common *Wants* of frail Humanity  
 Keep sound the Heart by *Contact*, faithful to  
 That Law which brings the Tear into the Eye,

The divine Law of human Sympathy!  
 For *not to need* our Fellowmen that is  
 The worst Ill— thus *from having naught to miss*,  
 We miss *all*, nay, grow a *Nonentity*!  
 But if by casting Wealth away he grow  
*Patient*, what other Wealth needs he below?

## ON HOLYLIVING.

Be pure, be good, be holy, for the more  
 Thou art all this, the more shall all Things grow  
 In Beauty to thine Eyes. let thy Soul be  
 Like some calm Star that in its Orbit moves,  
 Then shall the Harmony of this fair World  
 Reveal itself to thee, for *thou thyself*  
 Art then a Part thereof, else will it seem  
 Confusion, for *thy Being is confused*.  
*Respect thyself* the *most* of all! and that  
 Which thou before *another* wouldst not do  
 Out of Regard to him, that do still less  
 Before thyself, out of *Regard to thine*  
*Own Self*! — for whom does it behove thee most  
 To honor? thyself, and *in thyself* all  
 Thy Fellowcreatures, or another, and  
*Not thine ownself*, and therefore— *neither him*!  
 For he who honors not Man's Nature in  
 The Abstract, and in his ownself, can ill  
 Respect it in another! then respect  
 Thyself, thus too *in others' Presence* thou  
 Wilt seldom give Offence: and if in thy-  
 Self thou respectest God who made thee in  
 His Image, be assured thou wilt respect  
 Him then in others too — admit no Thought  
 Which thou wouldst not proclaim unto the Ear  
 Of everyman: act *always* as if thy  
 Breast were of Chrystal, and each Passerby  
 Could read thy Feelings as he runs: and oh!

Remember that there *is one*, to whose Eye  
 It *really is* of Chrystal! stand thou then  
 Always as in his Presence: then will thy  
 Whole Being grow transparent, with *his* Light  
 And Glory filled, like to a Diamond when  
 Held up against the Sun! — *seem* what thou *art*,  
 And *be* that which thou *seem'st*, then *all* may read  
 What passes in thee, just as well as if  
 Thy Bosom *were* of Chrystal: let thy Soul  
 Be as a Telescope, thro' which thou mayst  
 See shadowed forth the Forms of coming Things;  
 Live *in it*, as already up with God  
 In Heaven: feel *Him* in it — let it be  
 As a calm, clear, deep Water, giving back  
 Life's changeful Forms, *reflected in*, but not  
*Disturbing it*: nay, borrowing *from thence*  
 That Calmness, which seems *foreign to themselves!*  
*Force* not thy Thoughts or Feelings — let them spring  
*Of themselves*, like the Flowers of the Field,  
 From natural Influence of Seasons, Times,  
 And Circumstances, then will they be fresh,  
 As are the Flowers, full of Life and Sap:  
 A Light unto *the Moment*, in whose Soil  
 They struck their Roots, and took their Colouring.  
 Not like the cold Abstractions of dead Books,  
 But springing from the Heart, and full of that  
 Best Wisdom, in which all are wise, the pure,  
 Deep Wisdom of Humanity and Love!

ON AN UNDECYPHERED ETRUSCAN DEATHURN WITH  
 AN INSCRIPTION!

1. Best Secretkeeper! Ages whispered thee  
 Some mighty Truth, and to thy silent Care  
 Entrusted it, lest it should bruited be  
 To mortal Hearing by the blabbing Air!  
 A Spirit haunts thee still, whose Voice was on

The Winds and in the manyscented Grove,  
And in Man's Dwellings, but no Echo now  
Does Earth from all her Caves give back, to prove  
That such Things were: thus thou art left alone,  
Like *something in a Dream*, we know not how!

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2. Into what strange Relations does not Time  
Bring most familiar Things! the Flight of Years  
Fits commonest Objects for the Poet's Rhyme!  
Thus thou art as a Link betwixt two Spheres  
As distinct as Dreams from Reality:  
Since but for thee that World, unto which thou  
Belong'st, were but a Dream, and which has long,  
Long left thee, like a Shell, forsaken by  
Life's ebbing Ocean, and here in my Song  
I put thee to a Use undreamt 'till now!

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3. Within thy narrow Space of sculptured Rim  
Are Ages buried, all their Noise and Strife  
But Dust and Silence! oh! how faint and dim  
The Records of a Nation's mighty Life!  
A Babe would occupy a larger Space  
Than Time to the huge Bulk and Growth of Years  
And Centuries accords! some Words which we,  
Like Children playing with a Puzzle, trace,  
Hold forth a seeming Light, which disappears,  
And leaves us groping still in Mystery!

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4. What Language speak'st thou? did the Maiden's Tongue  
Trembling pronounce with it a Lover's Name,  
Did Statesman thunder with it, or sweet Song  
Stir up Men's Hearts with Truth's own sacred Flame?  
Faithful to its high Task it answers not:



Yet still in Silence eloquent, it says,  
 « The Past is even this same Dust you see,  
 Its Pomp and Glitter here, behold its Lot,  
 And take thou Warning hence: the present Day's  
 Thine own, the Past is in Eternity! »

## LIFE.

Oh! what were this Life if it did not lead  
 To something better? how could we endure  
 The Heartache and the Fever without Cure,  
 Save from allhealing Death, if on a Reed,  
 Shook by vile Chance's Breath, in this our Need  
 We were compelled to lean? how far more poor  
 Than the worst Beggar, if we were not sure  
 That this our Hope is something more indeed  
 Than a mere Fancy of the idle Brain!  
 But that Conviction, springing as it does  
 From Being's Depths, can pour in Spite of Pain  
 Its sovereign Calm upon the Soul's worst Throes:  
 Can quell rebellious Doubts, and place again  
 Faith on her Throne secure from all her Foes!

## MOTHERS LOVE.

What speaks of Heaven most on this dull Earth?  
 What kindles in the Eye its holiest Ray?  
 What is that Love which weareth not away  
 With Years or e'en Neglect, that knows no Dearth,  
 No base Alloy, no Stain of mortal Birth?  
 That, bless'd and blessing, *asks* for naught, but aye  
*Gives* still more largely, and from each Outlay  
 Of fond Affection reaps a Harvest worth  
 The Revenue of Crowns? oh is it not  
 A Mother's deep, unutterable Love,  
 Of holiest Yearnings, fondest Hopes begot?  
 All earthly Feelings and all Fears above,  
 On its Snowpurity no smallest Spot,

And in Excess itself naught to reprove  
Or wish away! who that has gazed once on  
A Mother and the Child she lulls to Rest,  
But feels his Nature beautified, his own  
Best Sympathies awaked, as thro' his Breast  
Love's Hand above th' electric Chords had flown,  
'Touching his inmost Being to its sweetest Tone!

FREEDOM.

All are not free Men whom the State makes so  
Or deigns to name so — can a paltry Space  
Of Earth or a vile Sum of Money place  
Within our Reach that precious Boon? oh no!  
Nor Gold nor Land release from Thralldom low; .  
We may with these be Men whom Freedom's Face  
Would scorn to look on, who to Custom's base  
And palsying Yoke their Necks un murmuring bow!  
We must be Citizens by *divine* Right  
Of a far other State than this, and by  
Far different Means! unto our Being's Height  
We must first rise by Truth, 'till that the Eye  
Be single, full of her celestial Light,  
And clear from Film of dull Mortality!

WHAT SHOULD BE MOVEABLE AND WHAT IMMOVEABLE.

Let Thought and Feeling be awake in thee,  
As lightly stirred as Leaves upon the Oak,  
In Sunshine quivering to the slightest Stroke  
Of Zephyr, or the Bird's least Breath: but be  
Thy *Principles* as firmset as that Tree  
On its deep Roots; that these, e'en when the Shock  
Of earthly Sorrow or of Ill have broke  
The Fruits of Promise, when they seemed to the  
Fond Eye of Hope sureripening, may still  
The Sap unto a nobler Growth supply,  
And with maturer Juice the Fruitage fill.

And as towards Earth's Centre those Roots, by  
Which the Tree lives, still tend, so too let thy  
Deep Thoughts towards the Centreprinciple  
Of spiritual Gravitation bend,  
Thence draw still their Beginning and their End!

ON A FRIEND ASKING IF HE DISTURBED ME WHEN WRITING.

1. Oh! think not that thou interruptest me;  
A warm Shake of the Hand, a kindly Look,  
Inspire me more, far more than this dead Book,  
Which quickens not, by divine Sympathy,  
Those genial Affections which must be  
Cherished by daily Intercourse: I brook  
The simplest Shepherd's Converse, who of Crook  
And Dog talks naively, better than to see  
That cold, dumb Oracle, Philosophy!  
I like to hear the Feelings of the Heart  
Speak, not in formal Phrases clipped by Art,  
But with the natural Eloquence of Eye  
And Voice, and Gest, which better can impart  
Wisdom than all the Books beneath the Sky.

2. In the pure Light of Things I love to stand,  
To see them *as they are*, nor more nor less;  
I need no spectacles of books t' impress  
Or magnify the wonders of God's hand.  
I with my *natural* sight have ever scanned  
His Volume, comprehended it far more  
By my own *Heart's plain Comment*, and the Lore  
Of pure delight, than by all that the band  
Of Pedants and of Sages ever penned!  
Then fear not that thy voice disturbs me, Friend;  
It tunes my thoughts, like pleasant chimes they fall  
In order, and a healthy glow thereby  
My cold Abstractions warms: and after all,

*This is real Life, that is but Poesy!*  
 And Life the highest Poesy I call!

## SLAVERY.

Firstborn of Sin and Darkness, Slavery!  
 How shall I name thee, Foe to all that's good?  
 Thou that canst change the Spirit's vital Blood  
 To Poison — where does thy true Power lie?  
 Thy petty Hate may dim the Body's Eye,  
 And wear the Flesh, but the Mind's constant Mood  
 Can shake not; nay, such Woes by Faith withstood,  
 Feed but the Lamp of Immortality:  
 And from Earth's Hopes, returning to their Dust,  
 Spring up the Fruits of spiritual Life!  
 'Tis in the Heart subdued to Sin and Lust.  
 Of all *real Ill ourselves* the Seeds have nursed,  
 By our Cooperation they grow rife:  
 Ill is to us so thro' our *ownelves* first!  
 And the *Selfslave* of all Thralls is the Worst;  
 What boots a Body free, a Mind with Truth at Strife?

## THE WIND.

Poet! what Poet's Strains can vie with thee,  
 Thou manytoned Wind, whom all the Strings  
 Of Harmony obey; when Thunder rings  
 'Round some hoar Mountain's Brows, there wilt thou be,  
 (While Echo sets the old Cavevoices free  
 From their Rockslumbers,) with thy mighty Wings  
 Sweeping the headlong Waterfall that flings  
 Himself in Air's Embrace: and when the Sea  
 Tunes all his Waves from Pole to Pole in one  
 Worldfilling Concert, art not thou alone  
 The Masterspirit of the Minstrelsy?  
 Yet canst thou mould thy Voice unto a Tone  
 Soft as in Woman's Ear the whispered Sigh  
 Of Love, for all sweet Things fit Company!

## MONEYCOVETERS.

How many sweat and toil for thee, how many  
 Seek thee from Day to Day, and Year to Year,  
 As the sole Good that Life can offer here,  
 Letting thee drop at last reluctantly  
 From Age's palsied Grasp! and when the high  
 And blessed Hour of Freedom draweth near,  
 When the prophetic Sight has Glimpses clear  
 Of Glories inexpressible, caused by  
 Some Angel's Hand uplifting partially  
 The awful Veil, still unto thee they cling,  
 With one Foot in the Grave, and drag thee down  
 With them into it, tho' the Weight must bring  
 Damnation on their Souls: still Mammon's own  
 Vile Thralls, when Heaven itself is opening!

## TIMESUSE.

Pay all thy Debts, *first* what to God is due,  
 Then canst thou owe to no *Man* anything!  
 Then shall the Earth and all her Voices sing  
 Sweet Music to thine Ear, and Spring shall strew  
 For Age her Flowers as when Life was new!  
 Be not closehanded, wisely mayst thou fling  
 Thy Bread upon the Waters, Time will bring  
 All back with Interest: for what unto  
 His Care Man trusts, thereof he loses naught,  
 But, like an Usurer, with Joy or Pain  
 He pays each Moment surely back again,  
 According as 'twas spent: by Wisdom wrought  
 Into the Substance of eternal Gain,  
 Or still by Folly deemed a mere Sandgrain!

## INNOCENCE.

Oh cherish in thy Heart a Nook where ne'er  
 The cold World's Strife may enter; where of Peace

The still, low Voice of Conscience may not cease  
 To whisper still unto the inward Ear,  
 Serene and ample, and awake to hear  
 Voices from other Days, that come again,  
 To teach us that our Yearnings are not vain :  
 Echos from other Worlds and Answers clear !  
 Alas for him who in Misfortune finds  
 No Comforter in his own Bosom, who  
 Has forfeited his Birthright : Conscience winds,  
 Snakelike, around his Heart, she, who should strew  
 With Joys the Path, him as a Bondslave binds  
 To Pain, still to her *double* Office true !

## LAMENT.

Oh! that a Milton would rise up once more  
 To lay his Hand on the old Harp, again  
 To wake the Music of past Days, the Strain  
 Which, like Spheremelody, from Shore to Shore  
 Passed o'er the Nations, making in its Power  
 The Thrones of Tyrants tremble, nor in vain !  
 Alas! we are are but Dwarfs, we cannot strain  
 Our weak Grasp to the Strings! the Days are o'er  
 When Sagespen and Poetsharp could wake  
 The World from out its Lethargy; we have  
 Naught of that antique Flame which erst could make  
 Menslips like Angels' eloquent, which gave  
 The Faith that, looking still beyond the Grave,  
 Life's godliest Prospect from its Brink could take!

## POVERTY.

Oh God! it is a soulsupporting Thought,  
 To think that ever the more poor we be,  
 The richer in all genuine Wealth are we,  
 If we have but the calm Belief that naught  
 Life yields has Value, save as it be wrought  
 To fitting Use and Application by

That *shaping Spirit* which *within* doth ply  
 Its godlike Office! save as we be taught  
 By it to see that all Things take their Worth  
 From *our own selves*, yea, even from the Way  
 In which we look at them! this ample Earth  
 At one Man's Feet its ample Stores will lay,  
 While of all inward Good another's Dearth  
 Deprives him even of the Light of Day!

MYSTIC POETRY.

1. There is a Poesy where Words do seem  
 Like Hieroglyphics to the practiced Eye,  
 A Shorthandwriting with fit Imagery  
 Penned as by Angels hands, or with the Beam  
 Of living Truth enwoven; words that teem  
 With grand and lofty combinations, high  
 And sweet suggestions, signs and tokens, by  
 Which we can piece the fragments of some dream  
 Of Beauty, and fill up the outline clear  
 Of the dim vision veiled in its own Bright-  
 Ness, which from time to time our dull path here  
 Crosses, then vanishes again from Sight,  
 Halfconscious Recognitions from a sphere  
 To which we tend as flowers to the Light!

2. But this is Poetry which he alone,  
 Whose soul is pure, can comprehend, whose mind  
 The perfect Beauty in itself can find,  
 And concentrate the scattered rays of one  
 Eternal Truth, wherever they have shone  
 Upon it, in one Socket, where enshrined,  
 Like to a living Eye among the blind,  
 The blessed radiance, glancing ever on  
 All objects, shows them in their genuine Light.  
 The Wisdom which is not of Earth, whose Sight  
 Is single, calm and serene, and whereby,

Through Hope and Faith, he looks beyond this Night,  
These changeful Mists of Time, and in his Eye  
Receives the Light of Immortality!

3. But to the worldly soul these words have no  
Deep meanings, give no Intuitions clear,  
No glimpses far into the life which ne'er  
To chance and change is subject: but like to  
The poor skygazing Savage, it can know  
Naught of the wheels of Harmony which bear  
The starry chariots thro' the silent air,  
While on the other Heaven's least star can throw  
The radiance of *all*, and lead him on,  
From orb to orb, thro' all the Galaxy,  
From link to link, yea! even to the throne  
Of God himself! for to his ample Eye  
Earth's *meanest flower* or that *one star alone*  
Are signs and tokens of *Infinity*!

4. The least sandgrain on the seashore is fraught  
To him with wonder, and it speaks as well  
As the loud Ocean: is a miracle  
As great as any in the old times wrought  
For those who *in their souls* had never sought  
The *miracle of miracles*, to quell  
All Doubts; that most incomprehensible  
God in our Breasts, who grapples with proud Thought,  
As with a babe, and flings him back to Earth,  
When without Faith he would investigate  
The mystery that hovers o'er Man's birth;  
For Faith and Thought to Wisdom's rich Estate  
Are *Cohairs*, Twins in Heaven they were, and so  
No perfect Being when divided know!

5. There is no Littleness to him *who sees*  
*God in all Things*; nay, often that which is



Despised as insignificant, in his  
 Esteem is but more wonderful : Degrees  
 Of Wisdom unobserved he marks, by these  
 Goes deep and rises high, still fixing sure  
 Each Spoke of Truth's vast Wheel, 'till it endure  
 The Weight of the whole Universe; where *cease*  
 The Stare and Wonder of the World, there he  
 Is lost *most* in Astonishment and Awe :  
 Amid the Chaos and the ceaseless War  
 Of human Passions, it is his to see  
 These jarring Elements, by one grand Law,  
 Made Parts of Nature's boundless Harmony !

## HOW TO MAKE BEING COMPACT.

Why is the Wheel so strong? a Child knows why !  
 Because the Spokes towards one same Centre tend, ' .  
 Which combined Strength to each and all doth lend .  
 So let God be the Centre of all thy  
 Life, Thoughts, and Deeds : and if unceasingly  
 They flow *from* him, *to* his sole Glory bend  
 Their Energies, and constantly ascend  
 For Motive and for Sanction to the Sky,  
 Then will thy Life, all Parts thus knit in one ,  
 Be firm and compact ! and what is this whole  
 Vast World but such a Wheel ? of which, as on  
 In ceaseless Agitation it doth roll,  
 And all is Change, that which we stand upon,  
 And we ourselves, unchanging he alone  
 Is the unshaken Centre and the Soul !

## THE POET'S LAMP.

What matters it, tho' to the godlike Toil  
 My Health, nay, even Life itself must be  
 Offered, the Price of Immortality ?  
 Let no low Thought the Sacrifice then soil ;  
 The Poet's Lamp is nourished not with Oil ,

Gross and material, like that which we  
 Employ the Labour of our Hands to see,  
 When busy with low Cares and Life's Turmoil,  
 But with the purest Naptha of the Soul:  
 Purer than that which from the Stars doth shine:  
 And kindled first by Truth, with her divine  
 And quenchless Torch, it lights him to the Goal:  
 To the great Spirit of this lovely Whole  
 Burning like Lamp before the inmost Shrine!

## ON USING THE PRESENT.

1. Live thou each Day as if 'twere thine *alone*,  
 Then wilt thou of its Worth become aware:  
 Then wilt thou too enjoy it in its fair  
*Reality*, and learn when it is gone  
 How great has been thy Gain: for to live one,  
 One single Day without a Touch of Care  
 'Bout Past or Future, is to be as are  
 The Birds and Flowers, who have never known  
 A Morrow or a Yesterday: the Hour  
*Which passeth* leaves alone the precious Dower  
*Of Life*: it yields enough to exercise  
 All Faculties, and calls for *all* our Power  
 To draw forth all its Good, and realize  
 The golden Vein which unworked therein lies!

2. For Time to us is but as Marble to  
 The Sculptor's Hand, and as he in this wakes  
 The sleeping Statue, and the coarse Block takes,  
 Beneath his Touch, the Shape which it should do,  
 So we call forth the Beautiful, the True,  
 And Godlike from the other. He who rakes  
 Mid the spent Ashes of *past* Pleasures, makes  
 The Present useless, and 'tis only thro'  
*This* that he can move *onwards*, or attain  
 Life's Goal— what boots it to live o'er *again*

The Past? the Past has *served its End*, 'tis gone,  
 And wherefore should the springtide Tree retain  
 Its withered Autumnleaves, and not put on  
 The *living* Beauty of the passing Hour?  
 The green, the ripe Fruit, must succeed the Flower,  
 Each is a Step linked with the former one;  
 Man's Course is onward, yet to dream upon  
 The Future also is unwise: for by  
 The *intermediate Steps* we reach alone  
 Its Blessings; nay, *there is no Future*, none,  
 Without the Present! Life is as a Chain,  
 Each Part linked with the other viewlessly:  
 Oft fine as Gossamer, yet by the Eye  
 Of Wisdom traced, and no least Link is vain,  
 In their Connection lies their only Power;  
 The intermediate Steps alone prepare  
 And *fit us to receive* the Goods which are  
 Still distant, else perhaps a Source of Pain,  
 Nay, Curses! to the feeble Child what were  
 Man's Strength of Reason but a Curse? gray Hair  
 Which Manhood has not fitted us to wear?  
 Then live the Present, this alone can be  
 Clasped to the Heart, substantial, solid Bliss;  
 Past, Future, are but Shadows, cleave to this!

## RICHES.

1. He who has least, has most — richest with nought  
 Beyond Life's grand and simplest Goods, an Eye  
 Not easydazzled with vain Glitter, high  
 Yet *sober* Feeling of what this Life *ought*  
 To be — a loving Heart, a Spirit taught  
 On Nature's solid Ground to build up, by  
 The firm Materials of Reality,  
 Its Happiness, not by vain Fancy wrought  
 From airy Nothings, but substantial Bliss:  
 Bliss to be pressed unto the human Heart

By which we live, thereunto to impart  
That daily Warmth of human Love, which is  
God's chosen Altarflame; for know, thou art  
Not yet a Man, unless thou *liv'st by this!*

2. He who has most is poorest, for he goes  
*Not into his ownself enough*, to find  
His Happiness — for still from our own Mind  
Must it be fashioned forth, and with the Throes  
Of our own Heart must it have Birth, like those  
Which to the poorest Mother's Bosom bind  
The Child of her own Womb, and make her *blind*  
To all that it *may want*; see what Love does,  
The Beautifier! he who makes this so,  
So rude, imperfect World more lovely than  
The Hues by Raphael thrown above the Brow  
Of his Madonna! — all that Riches can  
Teach us, is in ourselves this Truth to know,  
That they are needless to be « quite a Man »!

3. They loose the Sinews of our Industry,  
Make Purpose faint, and Execution slow,  
Religion a mere Form, impelled on no  
Unwearied Wing of Faith towards the Sky,  
But glancing still, with dull and filmy Eye,  
On those bless'd Words, which no true Meaning show  
'Till quickened into Life by holy Glow  
Of Feeling; in our *bitterest* Misery  
They first shine forth with their *celestial* Light.  
And oh! methinks, it were worth while to be  
A Beggar by the Road, to feel aright  
The Force of that divinest Prayer, as we  
*Should* do, « our Father which art in Heaven », see  
Thy Child, and keep him ever in thy Sight:  
« *Thy* Kingdom come, *thy* Will be done on Earth  
As 'tis in Heaven »! and if thou feel'st the Worth

Of these few words, then to thee straightway his  
 Kingdom will *be already* come, and Bliss  
 Will fill thy Heart, and flow from it, as flows  
 The Perfume from the summeropening Rose!  
 And if his divine Will be done *in thee*  
 As up in Heaven in the Angels, He  
 Will enter into thee, and thou, like those,  
 Wilt be a perfect Angel, blessed as they!  
 Tho' thou hast not a stone, whereon to lay  
 Thy Head, yet thou shalt sleep so sweetly, yea!  
 Such Sleep as Wealth on pillowed Down ne'er knows;  
*In God's own Bosom* shalt thou sleep, and o'er  
 Thy Head shall Visions of the Blessed play,  
 Life's bitter Breath thou shalt not breathe of more,  
 But *Ether*, and be served upon thy Way  
 By Spirits, still obedient to thy Sway!

## LIFEKNOWLEDGE.

Experience and Worldwisdom! oh how dear  
 They cost us, these same vaunted Treasures! how  
 Many sweet Streams of Fancy cease to flow,  
 How many Gushings of the Heart grow sere,  
 How many Flowers must be withered, ere,  
 Creatures of Form and Custom; we can bow  
 And smile, and play our Parts in this vain Show,  
 Where no Love is! 'till we have schooled our Ear  
 And Eye, and checked the Beatings of the Heart,  
 So that it no more throb, e'en tho' the Theme  
 Were God and Freedom! can we not redeem  
 Our Souls from this worst Thralldom, or must Art,  
 And Form, and Custom, mould us 'till we seem  
 Automaton, Machines in every Part!

## RAPTURESTEAR.

Oh! blessed Tears, come once more to my Eyes,  
 That, glittering thro' you, I may see all Things

As beautiful as tho' an Angel's Wings  
 Had dropped the Heavens dew, fresh from the Skies,  
 Upon them once again; the Glory dies  
 Which Youth and Hope breathed on the Earth: the Strings,  
 By Time too rudely touched, their Minist' rings  
 Unto Hope's Hand refuse! in vain it tries  
 The wonted Chords, it can call forth at best  
 But Chimes of jangled Music, which too well,  
 By what they *are not*, to the sad Heart tell  
 How much is wanting; but when from your Rest,  
 Ye Tears, ye start, at Joy, th' Enchanter's, Spell,  
 Seen thro' ye Earth as erst seems fair and blest!

## LAMENT.

My Heart is sad, and my Harpstrings have grown  
 Weary of this eternal Theme of Woe;  
 Oh that some good old Song might wake e'en now  
 The Spirit which so long from them has flown!  
 My Hand is heavy, and its Touch is thrown  
 Reluctantly athwart them, for they know  
 No Voice but what from blank Despair doth flow,  
 Their Mirth is forced, and turns into a Moan!  
 And if the blessed Music of old Days  
 Come back by Fits unto the Strings, it finds  
 No Ears that comprehend its Wisdom, Minds  
 Whose Music is the Clink of Gold: it plays  
 Like wandering Minstrel from some far Countree,  
 Who finds all strange where his dear Home should be!

NONE *need* BE POOR.

1. Had we but that which *really* here below  
 Is ours, how poor then would the Beggar be?  
 But, with a little Fancy, all we see,  
*As far as the Enjoying it can go*  
 At least, may be made ours; and who so  
 Truly the *real* Possessor then as he

Who draws most *Good* from it? a Thing to the  
 Richman may be as if *'twere not*, of no  
 Value or Use, it charms no more his Eye,  
 Because fastidious— but if thou quietly  
 Walk 'st thro' *his* Field, and view 'st it as *thine own*,  
 Pleased with it *as it is*, if it were thy  
 Own really, wouldst thou then *possess* it one  
 Jot more? 'tis no more his, but thine alone!

2. So walk thou thro' this lovely World, this Hall  
 Of Wonders, as if thou wert Lord of all:  
 Mar not thy Pleasure by the Wish to be  
 So *in Name too*: the Fruit is tinged *for thee*  
 With Gold and Purple, and the Flowers spring  
 Beneath thy Feet to give *thee* Welcoming!  
 Think that all, all is good, *nor fancy aught*  
*Could better be*, and *then there will be naught*  
 To be made better: all will perfect grow,  
*If thou enjoy 'st it perfectly*, with no  
 Vain Retrospects, nor Hopes of greater Bliss:  
 The greatest, if thou art but wise, is this  
 Which thou *now* tastest, for it *fits thy Mind*  
 For greater, *in that Fitness* thou wilt find  
 Not one Joy, but *all Joys* summed up in one:  
 As on the Instrument *in perfect Tone*  
*All* Music which its Compass can comprise  
 May be performed: thus in thy human Soul  
 The Harmonies of this so boundless Whole,  
 Tho' on a smaller Scale, yet still, if wise,  
 Unutterably sweet, thou mayst epitomize:  
 'Till, in *somesort* like God's, thy human Heart  
 Grow as the Whole, pervading *every Part*.'

## TO WONDERSEEKERS.

Yea! Miracles are wrought (and none shall make  
 Me change my Faith) by common Agencies!

The dovelike Glance shot from a Maiden's Eyes  
 Its stubborn Purpose from the Soul can take,  
 And bid it to its inmost Centre shake,  
 When Thunders, bellowing thro' th' affrighted Skies,  
 Would find it calm: herein we recognize  
 A Power, ever jealously awake  
 Within the human Soul, there to maintain  
 Of divine Things the due Supremacy:  
 These hold Communication, and reply  
 By Means which Sense would penetrate in vain,  
 Godlike to Godlike speaking, and still by  
*The Spirit* Spirit loving to constrain!

## WORLDWEARINESS.

Ye good old Thoughts, once more upon the Ear  
 Of sober Contemplation, long stunn'd by  
 The Jar; the Noise, and manyvoic'd Cry  
 Of this loud Babel, steal ye with the clear,  
 Sweet Chimes of other Days, with Fancies dear,  
 Dearer from Interruption: with all high  
 And blest Associations be ye nigh  
 To soothe the Soul, that it again may hear  
 The calm, eternal Voice discoursing sweet  
 Music of Things beyond the Reach of Chance  
 And Change, there where no busy Sound of Feet  
 Toiling in Mammon's dusty Paths, no Glance  
 Of Avarice or wrinkled Vice, may meet  
 The Ear or Eye, to break that bless'd Trance!

## WISDOM.

Methinks I would not paint thee with grey Hairs  
 And a thoughtfurrowed Brow! I rather would  
 Give thee a Child's young Heart, and bid thy Blood  
 Dance joyously, unchecked by Life's dull Cares!  
 Is not *Bliss* Wisdom? if then Wisdom wears  
 Pain's Livery, it is a sorry Mood,



Hard Service and worse Wages! Wisdom's Food  
 Is joyous Thoughts, and with these she repairs  
 The Injuries of Time: a wayside Flower,  
 A passing Cloud, can make her happier  
 Than Mammon's Darling 'mid his hoarded Ore!  
 And if in this so troubled World her Hour  
 Of Grief she too must feel, she has a Lore  
 Can make its Bitterness more sweet to her,  
 Than e'en Prosperity to those who know  
 Not its true Use, nor whence its Blessings flow! .

## LAMENT.

Shame on ye! dull, cold Hearts, who seek to gain,  
 By Prostitution of celestial Thought,  
 The Wages of vile Mammon! ye have brought  
 Divine Things into Disrepute, made vain  
 The Sage's Labours, to the Poet's Strain  
 Untuned our Ears, 'till we are fit for naught,  
 In Thought or Action, with true Grandeur fraught:  
 'Till we no longer comprehend the plain  
 And blessed Gospeltruths, but mouthe them o'er  
 With Apegrimaces, like the Pharisees:  
 Vain Forms and Ceremonies, where no more  
 Aught quickening survives pure Faith's Decease!  
 Alas! our Hearts are rotten to the Core,  
 And the Lifeblood there stagnates thro' Disease!

## GOLD.

I value thee but even as thou art  
 In Wisdom's Sight, yet thou too mayst be made  
 The Minister of generous Thoughts, and aid  
 The nobler Beatings of the human Heart  
 In thy brute Fashion! Wisdom can impart  
 Even to thee, so oft to vain Parade  
 By Folly's unreflecting Hand betrayed,  
 High Uses, and by her discerning Art

Reedem thee from the Dust! but shouldst thou e'er  
 With Feelings, Thoughts, and Hopes, of divine Birth,  
 Into Collision come, with Things that ne'er  
 Have bowed themselves from their celestial Worth  
 To thy lowthoughted and changetroubled Sphere,  
 I tread thee down into thy kindred Earth!

## TO MY MOTHER.

I would not rashly lift the Veil which lies  
 Upon thy Face, my Mother! lest below,  
 Too close examining, I learn to know  
 E'en in those Features, holy to my Eyes,  
 Our coarse and common Clay! past Times arise,  
 When the Heart's first Affections for thy Brow  
 That Veil of Reverence wove, with Thoughts which grow  
 Only in early Years, with bless'd Ties  
 And high Associations: it is long  
 Since we have met, and thou may 'st *no more be*  
*The same whom I so loved!* thou dost belong  
 To a *bright Dream*, and should Reality,  
 As he is wont, approach it but to wrong,  
*Who shall restore me what I lose in thee?*  
 Then wear it still— thus shalt thou to me seem  
 Life's *best Reality*, and— *fairest Dream!*  
 At once Life's *most real* Good, and what of best  
 The *Fancy* has, and of *idealdest!*

## A PRAYER.

The ardent Thirst hast thou not granted me,  
 Oh God! and wilt thou not accord me too  
 Wherewith to quench it? some few Drops of Dew  
 Celestial, from that richfruted Tree  
 Whereon all Knowledge grows, eternally  
 Watered by Truth's pure Fountain; and brought to  
 Me in an Angel's Palm, enjoined to strew  
 My Lips with that bless'd Moisture, 'till they be

Fit for the Utterance of divine Thought.  
 Far other Inspiration than was known  
 To Grecian Bard, tho' by the Muse 'twas brought  
 Descending visible, e'en such as on  
 The Harp of David its high Wonders wrought,  
 Whose Spirit down from Heaven direct had flown!

## FAME.

1. I thought I should be happy, if the Wreath  
 Of Fame might but for once o'ershade my Brow,  
 But I have learnt from others' Fate to know  
 My Error, for the Pulse still throbs beneath  
 Those idle Laurels, and the withering Breath  
 Of Disappointment not the less doth blow  
 Upon our Hopes— alas! it is not *so*  
*Real* Happiness is won: these Joys to Death  
 Are offered up, like Flowers on the Grave!  
 A more *substantial* Bliss the Heart doth crave:  
 Life was not meant to be a *Dream*, and we  
 Abuse that divine Gift of Fancy, save  
 When we employ its sublime Agency  
 To raise the *Real* by Hope of Things to *be*!

2. For this End was Imagination made  
 Our Heritage, that we therein a Sign  
 Might have of Birth and Destiny divine:  
 That still as from Life's flowers the bloom should fade,  
 And narrower grow our Cares, by its bless'd Aid  
 We might enlarge our Realm: o'erstep the Line  
 Within which Life's vain Sorrows would confine,  
 And see the Promiseland before us spread,  
 Wider and wider, like the growing Day.  
 The bitterest punishment that falls on those  
 Who worship Mammon; is the sure Decay  
 Of Fancy: she her glorious wings must close,

And no more soar up for the divine Ray,  
To feed Faith's Altar burning fast away.

## ON MINGLING WITH LOW NATURES.

What can the Contact with vile Natures do  
To disenoble one that is divine?  
Some Freshness at the Surface it may tinge,  
The frank Reliance, the Belief, which drew  
From its own Nobleness its sublime View  
Of Life: awhile into the inner Shrine,  
To purer Worship, loftier Design,  
The Spirit may retire, to renew  
Its Purpose, and to gather Energy,  
But for this, its first Disappointment, by  
The Oracle consoled, returns again  
To Life, and works with tenfold Industry  
The Good and Godlike *for their own Sakes!* for  
True Gold, tho' rubbed, remains without a Flaw,  
Gold in all Shapes and Uses 'neath the Sky:  
But the mere surfacegilded can retain  
Its Lustre only while not tested: when  
By base Materials rubbed, it changes, or  
By Contact grows like them insensibly!

## THE HOMELESS.

1. Hark! 'tis but the sere Leaf which makes  
Me with its Footfall motion start,  
Like to a guilty Thing that shakes,  
As all were not right at the Heart.
2. The *same* Star now is overhead,  
Which so oft on my Boyhood shone,  
As homeward sent to guide my Tread,  
Alas! where does it now lead on?
3. I know not — 'tis not to my Home;  
The Home I seek is very far,

- Farther than whence yon' calm Beams come,  
Yea! up above yon 'still, fair star!
4. Oh Eveningstar, that leadest now,  
Unto the household Hearth so dear,  
So many Hearts, oh how, oh how,  
Canst thou forget me mourning here?
5. Mine Eyes are dim at Sight of thee,  
My feet mechanically move,  
Thou draw'st me on resistlessly,  
Softbeaming like the Eyes I love.
6. Ah cruel Star, why wilt thou cheat  
Me with this Dream of Things longpast,  
Home has no Threshold for my Feet,  
No Warmth is from *that* Hearth now cast!
7. Thou art but a mere Star to me,  
Like those that near thee coldly shine,  
The Home, that gave the Charm to thee,  
Is gone, and thou no more divine!
8. They tell me even on thy fair,  
Calm Silverdisk, that Night and Day  
Alternate, and that Sorrow there  
'Too claims o'er human Hearts his Sway.
9. Then roll thou on thro' boundless Space,  
The Home *I* seek is not in thee,  
My Heart would find a Restingplace,  
The long Rest of Eternity!

## LIFE.

How often, seated in my Armchair, by  
The Fireside, with, save its fitful Blaze,  
No other Light, have I mused o'er the Ways  
Of God, as they have been revealed in my  
*Own* Life, for 'tis *this* Revelation I  
Have drawn most Comfort from, this to the Maze  
Has lent a Clue — our own Heart is the Place  
Where we may best consult him: evernigh

The Oracle is ready at our Call ,  
And if we but do or forego what it  
Bids or forbids , our Feet will seldom fall  
Into the Snare— what other Men have writ  
Instructs us :but the Comment best of all ,  
*For us* , is that of our own Hearts— when lit  
By their Light , then the perplexed Page grows clear ,  
For none can tell *us* what *we are or were* !

## TO THE DAISY .

Flower , that in the Soil of Memory  
Growest , whose Roots with mine own Heart seem knit ,  
As tho' they sprang and took their Life from it ,  
Fed by its Yearnings , would that I could see  
Naught but a little careless Flower in thee ,  
Upon whose Leaves the bygone Hours have writ  
No Records , thus to make me by thee sit  
With glistening Eye , and con the History  
Of Joys , which sprang at every Step , like thy  
Sweet self ! why from the cold , forgetful Earth  
Dost thou shoot up thus unconcernedly ?  
Spring sees thee with each Year renew thy Birth :  
Yet art thou no more to my saddened Eye  
The outward Emblem of an inward Mirth !

## THE EVENINGSTAR .

Homestar of Eve ! with what a lovefull Eye  
Must the poor Labourer look up at thee ,  
When , all his Daytoils ended , he doth see  
Thee shining o'er his Cot , so calm and high !  
O'er that dear spot , from the World's Vanity ,  
From all its brute Uproar and Turmoil , free ;  
What Bliss is his , when , dandling on his Knee ,  
To his least Babe he sings its Lullaby !  
But to the Richman that fair Star is nought ,  
It sweetens not the Sweat upon his Brow :

It is no Herold unto him of aught  
 That hallows still alike both high and low,  
 It has no beauty for him, brings no thought  
 Of Joys that from wise toil, their Springhead, flow!

## FREEDOM.

Tho' thousands call on thee, fair Liberty,  
 And with thy hallow'd name on their false tongue,  
 Work deeds of crime and blood: tho' often sung  
 By Hirelingbards, who prostitute their high  
 And holy Calling, for the Wreaths that die,  
 Ere Fame's vile Reek be past, yet ne'er among  
 Thy servants nam'dst thou these: for strife and wrong,  
 The visible Powers which work their Victory  
 With Steel, and Nerve, and Sinew, and brute Might,  
 Thou, knowing *whence* Strength is *and what*, dost scorn!  
 Thine are allbloodless Conquests, calm as bright,  
 For Liberty and Virtue were twinborn;  
 Thine make man Master of himself, for he  
 Whose State is selfdivided is not free!

## CHARITY.

Sweet is the smallest Act of Charity  
 As a foretaste of Heaven, worth, I weet,  
 Eternities of vulgar bliss: 'tis sweet  
 To have some quiet nook of memory,  
 Where, like a bright glimpse of the glad blue sky  
 Amid surrounding clouds, our gooddeeds greet  
 The backward glance with blessings; can Wealth bring,  
 Pomp, Power, or Pride, a Balm unto the Smart  
 Of stinging Conscience? no, their utmost art  
 A veil o'er hidden pangs at best can fling.  
 They never toil in vain who serve aright  
 The Giver of all Good, who truly seek  
 His Glory, not their own: tho' Fortune wreak  
 Her wayward Spleen on them, they find a Light

E'en in their very darkness, and a Might  
Beyond Earth's strength; for man is then most weak  
When he would stand alone, and if he break  
From Virtue and Selfcontrol, 'tis to bite  
The dust of which he's made in Selfdespite! .

HAPPINESS.

Oh! Happiness, how few who seek thee, find  
Thy priceless blessing, not that on life's tree  
Of manytasted fruits, the true one be  
Above the feeblest reach, but that with blind  
And thoughtless haste we pluck; it is the mind,  
Whose pruned or unpruned Wishes set us free  
From Earth's worst cares, or turn to mockery  
The Gifts we covet most; the tempting rind  
Hides bitter ashes: Wisdom hath no power  
To make us happy, if it teach not how  
To draw enjoyment from the passing hour;  
The simplest hind from his despised plough  
Reaps more than all Ambition's princely dower,  
From *our own* breasts, all Good or Ill doth flow!

WISDOM.

Whig, Tory, 'tis all one! *true* Wisdom knows  
Naught of Distinctions varying with Place,  
With Times and Prejudices, nor to base  
And selfish Partyends perverts she those  
Eternal Cares and Duties which she owes  
Unto Mankind at large. She views the Race,  
But higher Things therein doth ever trace,  
Than those engaged in it strive after, whose  
Exertions are but for themselves: like to  
The Rat in Wisdom, just enough to do  
As it, to leave the Building e're it fall,  
But not repair it duringly for all  
That's precious in *Man's* Heritage, a Store



For them and others, thus made tenfold more.  
 She swears not by a Name, her Sympathies  
 Are catholic — her Eye is single, clear,  
 Looking before and after, like a Seer,  
 Unto the Heart of Things — she doth despise  
 The Watchword of a Sect, the Badge of Clan,  
*Her Party is Mankind*, her Watchword, « *Man!* »  
 Then be ye *wise*, thus straightway shall ye know  
 Your Answer, and to which Side ye should go!

## REAL WEALTH.

1. The *daily Use* of what we have alone,  
 The *actual Consciousness* thereof, that is  
 Our genuine Wealth: grasping at *more* we miss  
*E'en what we have* — a Thing is then our own  
 When it is *present* to the Mind — when known  
 And felt, it first contributes to our Bliss;  
 Too many weaken but eachother — his  
 Enjoyment, who has *many Goods of one*  
*Same Kind*, can scarce be greater than his who  
 Has one alone: by Repetition he  
 Gains naught, nay loses! one Rose smells like two  
 Or three, *for one by one* still must they be  
 Enjoyed — and one small Room is worth to thee  
 A Palace, nay! *if content* is one too!  
 And haply far, far more, it is thy — *Home!*  
 The Heaven from which thy Wishes never roam;  
 A godlike Palace! for *God is there*, and  
 Where *He* dwells, who lives better in the Land?

2. But what now are those Goods which we most have  
 The *daily Use of?* our own Faculties,  
 Thoughts and Affections; from their Exercise  
 Springs all *real* Wellfare: do not then deprave  
 Them from their true Direction — if we crave  
 Life's Tinsel and vain Show, how can we prize

Aright its *solid* Goods?— our Sympathies  
 Should tend to godlike Things, and by these brave  
 The Shocks of Suffering, like Ivy twined  
 Around the Oak:— the *Wealth of his own Mind*  
 The poorest Man can have the Use of, yea!  
 More than the Richest: and therein may find  
 A Treasure *everpresent*, which from Day  
 To Day still multiplies, as 'neath their Sway  
 His true Affections bring Life's Forms, and bind  
 Them to the Heart enduringly for aye,  
 With Tendrils strong of Love, from the Springhead  
 Of *natural* Affection ever fed!

## HEAVEN'S VISITATIONS.

God's Gifts to us are perfect— it is we  
 Who, by *receiving them improperly*,  
 Do make them otherwise— it is the Eye  
 Of Faith, in each of Life's Events, must see  
 Their Uses, and the Good which thence may be  
 Extracted— E'en in Pain and Misery  
 God wills our Good: let Patience then stand by  
 The Sickbed, yea! the Deathbed too, for she  
 Is Life's best ministering Angel, and  
 Sole Healer! Thou receivest at her Hand  
 More than Misfortune takes, a Foretaste of -  
 That Heaven, which is to thee no more above,  
 But round thee, *in thee!* for if thou hast got  
 So far to be content with any Lot,  
 To say with heartfelt Gratitude and Love,  
 « Thy will be done on Earth as 'tis in Heaven, »  
 Then unto thee that Heaven will be given;  
 For but to do *His* Will on Earth, that is  
 In its sole Self, the Sum of Heaven's Bliss!  
 Then thankfully receive the Gifts he sends,  
 Whate'er they be; according to the Ends  
 Which thou direct 'st them towards, will they prove good

Or evil : but which of these two they *should*  
 Be turned to, that on *thy sole Self depends!*  
 For costliest Blessings, when received amiss,  
 Are none, and Sorrows give an Angelskiss  
 Of Peace to such as meet them in fit Mood!

## ON A LYREBEARING APOLLO.

And hear'st thou not the Music? are not those  
 The very Notes that floated on the Ear  
 Of blind Meonides, to whose so clear,  
 Inspiring Sound his full Heart sank and rose,  
 With Beatings mightier than Ocean knows?  
 See, see, the Elements take Shape, and near  
 The God, departed Forms of Beauty rear  
 Themselves to Sight! a Temple yonder shows  
 Its gleaming Marbles thro' the antique Trees,  
 Beneath whose Boughs, lightstirr'd by the Breeze,  
 A Band of Maidens o'er the new Grass speed;  
 Oh happy Vision! which with so much Ease  
 I have called forth *from nothing*, what we need  
 We *make ourselves*, and *do become* indeed!

## GRAVECHUSING.

1. Oh! Father, let me buried be  
     In yon 'sweet Churchyardnook,  
     Beneath the shadowy old Yewtree,  
     Hardby that pleasant brook :
2. Its voice, tho' *I* shall hear it not,  
     Makes music very meet  
     For that same calm and quiet spot,  
     The injured's last retreat.
3. It is a song of early days :  
     Snatches of happy times  
     Still meet my ear, as on it plays,  
     But too like jangled chimes.

4. And let there be no stone above  
    To tell its idle tale,  
    But freshest turf with flowrets wove,  
    And perfuming the gale,
5. For I should wish no curious eye  
    To know who I have been,  
    The few who *love* me, easily  
    Will find the spot I ween :
6. And let there be no ruder sounds  
    Than greet the dawning day,  
    The voice of that sweet stream, which bounds  
    So merry on its Way.
7. Let children sport above my grave,  
    And pluck the flowers there,  
    Enjoying, as I myself have,  
    Those hours so fresh and fair,
8. Let them not think on whom they tread,  
    The silence that's below,  
    But laugh as tho' there were no Dead,  
    And Life were ever so !
9. These tremblingvoicèd words had brought  
    A tear into her eye,  
    For still it is a bitter thought  
    So very young to die.
10. Then from her father's breast she raised  
    Feebly her sinking head,  
    One moment in his face she *gazed*,  
    Yet not one word she *said*.
11. There was a something at her heart  
    That could not uttered be,  
    She pressed his hand, as those who part  
    For an Eternity.
12. He answered not, there came no tear,  
    He clasped her to his breast,  
    He listened for awhile to hear  
    Her heart, but 'twas *at rest*!

13. And when I pass'd again that way,  
The birds were singing there,  
As tho' there had been no such day,  
Nor man e'er felt despair.
14. I wandered thro' the churchyardnook,  
The stream was flowing on,  
All things wore just the selfsame look,  
Save one small spot alone.
15. A little mound of turf was there,  
Which was not there before,  
No other mark to point out where  
Slept she who was no more!
16. The old yewtree its shadows threw  
Upon that humble sod,  
And on its breast the flowers grew,  
Emblems of trust in God.
17. And thus we pass away, and leave  
No void in the vast chain  
Of Being, and scarce one will grieve  
Or think of us again.
18. Our name is cast upon the winds,  
Our memory is gone,  
And all the curious searcher finds  
At best is a gravestone.
19. Ask of this manycenturied tree  
Who sleeps beneath his shade,  
Will Nature, think'st thou, answer thee?  
*She* cares not for the dead!

## MAN.

Hast thou not given us the eye to see,  
The ear to hear, and spread before our eyes  
This glorious World of beauty, Earth, Sea, Skies,  
With all their rich and rare variety  
Of soulawaking charms? yet we pass by,  
Tho' wonders at each heedless step arise,

As men who had no hearts! Mercy, allwise,  
Allbounteous God; chastise, but let it be  
In Love not Wrath, reclaim us to thy ways.  
We are but lipfree, our worst fetters are  
In our own souls: baser no tyrant lays  
On his least thrall, than who with self at war,  
And with his being's end, can pass his days,  
A selfchained captive to vile Mammon's car!

## AMBITION.

Ambition, like the kite, will soar full-high,  
Yet are his heart and ken still downward bent,  
His base prey's still beneath him, most intent  
On that when highest soaring; Folly, by  
A little gilded Dust thrown in his Eye,  
Makes a mere Crown seem a bright Halo sent  
By Glory's self to wreath his brows; the tent,  
Where like a God he sits, th' Idolatry  
Of fool'd hosts, blind tools and framed aright  
For such a hand, the shout, the feast, the fight,  
The bloodstained triumph, such the Steps that bear  
Ambition to his selfo'erbalanced height,  
Whence, on his Earth-Olympus, he will scare  
With his Claythunderbolts, to vulgar sight  
A God — and most fit too, for such as make  
Their Deity of Clay, and consecrate  
In him their selfscourged Sins: but drowsy Hate,  
Drugged by Oppression, shall at length awake,  
And the vain Momentsidol rudely break,  
Hurled to the Dust from whence capricious Fate  
Had raised him! of the Virtue of a State  
Its Rulers give the Measure — for they take  
*Their* Measure from *it*: this is the sole true  
Thermometer, which sinks and rises too  
As Good or Evil may preponderate  
In that great Mass, whence it the Impulse drew.

Vices must rise, when pressed up by the Weight  
Of those beneath, and *sink just as these do!*

## PHILOSOPHY.

1. Why por'st thou, old Philosopher,  
Upon thy wormeat book,  
When the winds are making such a stir,  
And the leaves from the tree are shook?  
Think'st thou from that dead page's Lore,  
To strike Truth's warm lifespark?  
No! thou mayst pore, and pore, and pore,  
And make God's daylight dark.
2. Like the spider thou spinnest, and spinnest on,  
The web of thy flimsy brain,  
Some solid Truth breaks it, and thou anon  
Must patch it up again.  
Oh! look thou forth on the sunny Sky,  
On the Earth, whose flowers are springing,  
Or draw thy lore from the laughing Eye  
Of the child, unconsciously singing.
5. Wisdom is Bliss! to flourish and bloom,  
It asks both air and sun,  
Like plants, when shut up in the studentsroom,  
It loses its color anon!  
Yea! Wisdom grows in the Wear and Tear  
Of mancolored Life,  
And the fruits which the closet alone doth bear,  
In the open air ne'er thrive.
4. Oh! wisdom comes by ear and eye,  
From their vast and ample domain,  
From the changing face of humanity,  
In joy, and sorrow, and pain:  
And he who walks the same dull Round,  
And views the selfsame things,  
His heart, like his eye, hath a narrow bound,  
And his soul has lost its wings.

## GRAYHAIRS.

1. Can Time accord a fitter ornament  
To Age's brows, than *its own* silver hairs:  
Brought by his Messengers, the winged Years,  
A mark of his high Approbation meant?  
The *seasonable* Gray, by hours wellspent  
Strew'd with a gentle hand, which Wisdom wears  
As her best token: by no idle fears  
Disturbed, no tremblings thro' the calm heart sent,  
Where sublime Faith sits firm upon her throne:  
Counting in serene hope, as past they fly,  
The Sandgrains, lessening gradual, one by one:  
And looking on the grave with steadfast eye,  
Till worms and darkness vanish, and alone  
Remains the sense of Immortality!

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2. Gray hairs are then like to a holy Wreath,  
By Angels wove for Virtue here below!  
But oh! how ill do they become the brow,  
When prematurely touched, and by the Breath  
Of Dissipation whitened! when beneath  
The temples, where no sanctity they throw,  
We trace the Feverpulse of passions low,  
Desires writhing in the grasp of Death,  
Yet prurient still: engrained by habitude,  
Tho' able scarce to warm the halffroze blood:  
Oh! then they are a bitter mockery,  
Placed there by time in his most scornful mood,  
A sign and token of his Triumph, by  
The Voice of Conscience sanctioned inwardly!

## NEWYEAR.

Another year has flown! — what means this year,  
Or what this idle phrase with which I break



My Fancy's Rest? how many days then make  
 This year? what boots how many days there are?  
 Let's take its measure *in the heart* — aye there,  
 Alas! 'tis oft a baseless dream, the wake  
 Of a Bird thro' the Air: save by the Ache,  
 And vain Regret it leaves, as if it ne'er  
 Had been! 'tis then indeed gone by, and flown  
 Recallessly: no Gooddeeds which, like flowers,  
 Smell sweet, long after they are past and blown,  
 And leave behind them ripened seeds for hours  
 Of future bliss: but when the soul has known  
 To use it well, past Time is *still* our own!

## THE SEASHELL.

What is there in thee, thou deepvoic'd shell,  
 That when unto my ear  
 I hold thee, I do seem to hear  
 Th' eternal Ocean's hollowsounding swell,  
 Tho' distancesoftened, as might be  
 His low rockmusic, borne on the windswings  
 To the sweet secrecy  
 Of some embowered inland haunt:  
 A spirit of wild murmurings,  
 Like to a distancedying chaunt!  
 What is there in thee, thou mysterious shell?  
 For not unto the sensual ear,  
 But rather to the soul, thy voice doth tell  
 Its tale of wonder: and we hear  
 The mighty Ocean rolling as of yore,  
 When in our childish awe we stood upon the Shore.  
 What Soul, what hidden Power,  
 Hath taken up its haunt in thee,  
 Crowding the Melodies  
 Of multitudinous waves and echoloving caves,  
 Within thy narrow boundary?  
 I do remember in my boyish days,

When wonder and delight  
Clothed, more than fancybright,  
The most familiar forms of weekday Being:  
Ere yet the Eye had lost the power of seeing  
With Joy's clear vision, and transfiguring rays  
Of Heavensplendor fell on this dim Earth:  
That Light which lingers round us at our birth,  
Dyings out of Glory,  
Scatterings from on high,  
The Beauty, and the Blessedness, and Love,  
Which, like a Garment, interwove above  
By Angels, clothes our Innocence:

How I, not knowing whence  
Those shellborn sounds, that gushed on my young ear,  
Could come, did break in eagerness and fear,  
Their Mansionhouse, in hope to trace  
The Minstrel to his Dwellingplace!  
And when the shattered fragments round me fell,  
I did repent me: for I learnt too late,  
That in the *Whole* that Music's soul did dwell,  
Not of one part a function separate!  
And such too is the soul of man!  
He, who would its mystery scan,  
With his vain anatomy,  
May cut, and analyze, and try  
On his knifepoint the soul to fix,  
As Doubt upon the Crucifix  
Did Christ, yet allin vain, for Soul  
Is felt and known but as a Whole:  
And all that he can hope to find,  
This vain blindleader of the blind,  
Is but the shell, from whence the mind,  
Hath fled to the Immensity  
Of its own home, Eternity!  
But he who seeks the Oracle,  
Where alone 'tis wont to dwell,

In the boundless living Whole,  
 Unto him the human Soul,  
 Be it in the breast of man,  
 Or in Nature's sublime plan,  
 (For by one same spirit they  
 Are upheld and linked for aye:)  
 Shall make clear and full reply,  
 Authentic tidings from on high,  
 Imparting warnings, holy fears,  
 Visions as of olden seers,  
 Thro' the changing mists of Time,  
 Glimpses of a sunnier Clime:  
 Snatches of far Melody,  
 Dying in th' Immensity  
 Of those realms beyond our thought,  
 Whence their music's spell is brought!  
 And as to the heedful ear,  
 The shell gives notice full and clear,  
 Of the hollowvoic'd Ocean,  
 And his timeunchang'd motion,  
 So the soul discourses well,  
 Things which words in vain would tell,  
 Of a faroff world of bliss,  
 Whose voice at times is heard in this,  
 Answering our souls, as Echo here  
 Our body's voice, and not less clear:  
 The chain of sympathy around  
 All things invisibly is bound:  
 And as Earth unto Earth tendeth,  
 Spirit still with Spirit blendeth!

## THE GRAVE.

Hast thou e'er wept above the grave of those  
 Whom Love and Youth's affections bound to thee?  
 Or in thy Afteryears, by Memory  
 Recalled unto the spot, poured out thy woes

There where the rank grass of neglect still grows  
As to reproach thine absence silently ?  
Oh how it thrills the heart, that fain would be  
In its wild outburst as the clod that knows  
No sense of being : but as tears gush o'er  
The rank, parched weeds, Contrition's dew, the stream  
Of passion flows subdued to grief, no more  
Rends the poor heart intwain : oh then 't might seem  
As tho' some voice spoke in that calm, and bore  
Its mission to the soul, unheard before !  
And bade us turn unto the grave, and pray,  
Humbled and meek, as tho' the body there,  
With all Earth's withered hopes and follies, were  
Blent with the dust we love : the grave has aye  
A Spell of Mystery, that stirs the heart  
E'en to its inmost core, where hidden lie  
Thoughts that are not of time, that never die,  
Tho' they be smothered : it can heal the smart  
Of woes immedicable elsewhere : why  
Should we then turn to seek earth's cozening art ?

## LIFE.

Is it not written that man's portion here  
Must be of good and ill, a sojourning  
As in a Passageland, where everything  
That this life offers him must wither, sere  
As Autumnleaves ? well were it if the tear  
Where shed alone, a holy offering,  
O'er nobler losses ; but alas ! we cling  
Unto the fleeting Moment, as it were  
A rock of Safety in Time's troublous sea .  
Wouldst thou be happy, then submit the Shows  
Of this vain life to the Supremacy  
Of Faith, who can transfigure e'en the throes  
Of the emprisoned Essence, 'till it be  
Sublimed and strengthened by its very woes !

## A SONG.

The Greenwood with songs is ringing loud,  
The stream, 'neath the wing of a passing cloud,  
Is eddying fretful, like child at play,  
When chided, and then it hurries away  
In the bright sunshine, gleesome and glad,  
Like Joy, when calm Wisdom has touched the sad  
And darkling thoughts into Pleasure's hue,  
Turning our Fancies to channels new;

Ye Greenwoodbirds, ye Greenwoodbirds,

Oh tell me what sweet mystery

Lurks in your notes, that thus, like words

Of bygone days, they sound to me?

Is it that in the heart of man,

The feelings which with life began,

Tho' gone, still leave their echos there,

And when ye sing, they from their lair

Start into life once more?

Oh give me of your gentle lore

But just so much that I may sing,

And charm you on the stirless wing

As you charm me:

A touch of your own holy glee,

Where selfdisturbance dwelleth not,

Nor shadows of past faults to blot

The stainless page of Memory!

The Evening calls ye to the nest,

And bids her star watch o'er your rest,

Twinkling so softly thro'

The dewleaves, where your gleesome eyes

Are closed, and hushed the harmonies,

That from your bosoms flow.

And when the sun's cloudgilding ray

Falls on ye, up ye start, and away,

To the Greenwood again,  
 Thus is your life, from day to day,  
 A joy and a beauty, a charm for aye,  
 With not a shadow of pain!  
 What silent Wisdom do ye teach  
 To us, who, in our Pride, still preach  
 Of God's high Word and Grace;  
 We mouthe the blessed Truth, yet ne'er  
 The seed within our hearts can bear  
 Its fruit, or leave a trace.  
 For oh! a fretful, stiffnecked Will,  
 Is quicker than the thorns to kill,  
 And choke the wholesome seed,  
 But ye are wise, ye *learn*, not teach,  
 And practice, while we idly preach,  
 Of rules ye have no need!  
 Ye find a bed 'neath every leaf,  
 Your joy is long, your toil is brief,  
 Ye *live much in short time!*  
 Ye bring me sweet, sweet memories,  
 Of times when I was e'en  
 As ye are, with your gladsome eyes,  
 Tho' no more what I 've been!  
 Farewell, farewell, ye happy things,  
 Oh that I had a pair of wings  
 With ye to fly in bliss,  
 From this vain scene of cares and fears,  
 Where Joy faintsmiles thro' Sorrow's tears,  
 And all but *seems*, not *is!*

## ALL'S RIGHT.

Oh God, with thee whatever is, is right,  
 Still will I hold my faith in weal or woe,  
 And when it is not given me to know  
 Thy boundlessness, when this unaided sight  
 May not pierce thro' the mists that lie, like night,

Betwixt my glance and Truth , I will not grow  
 Fainthearted or impatient , but will bow  
 In humble confidence and hope , and light  
 Shall not be then refused me , for thou art  
 Allwise , alljust ; when least thou seemest nigh ,  
 Thou 'rt in us and around us : let the smart  
 Of suffering touch my spirit then with high ,  
 Calm revelations , still a contrite heart  
 I 'll offer thee , all else is mockery .

## EVENING .

The last , faint , rosy Tinge is shot up by  
 The Sun into the Clouds , on Ocean 's Breast ,  
 Still as a sleeping Flower , sunk to Rest !  
 How soft and balmy is the Air ! the Sky ,  
 Startwinkling , spreads like a light veil on high ,  
 Betwixt our glance and heaven : from the West  
 The Day 's last blush has faded : pure and blest  
 As on the primal Eve all Earth doth lie ,  
 Bound with the eternal chain of Love , which far  
 And near extends , linking the loneliest star ,  
 That sparkles in its Solitude of light  
 'Mid Heaven 's blue depths , with the least flowers that are  
 Strewn o'er the untrod Wild : oh glorious sight !  
 Better than man 's vain lore when read aright !  
 This holy Calm can check the idle War  
 Of Passions , and , with its so gentle Might ,  
 Bend , as these Flowers are bent , our Hearts to Prayer !

## THE WIFE .

1. The Lovesmile 's on thy Lip , my dear ,  
     And in thy darkblue Eye ,  
     Yet dimming not , a soft , bright Tear ,  
     Is melting dewily .
2. Art thou the same , unaltered now ,  
     As on the Bridalday ,

- With downcast Eye, and blushing Brow,  
Thou trod'st the Altarway?
3. Has Time who changes all Things round,  
Wrought not some Change in thee,  
Have Marriagevows been but a Sound,  
And Hope, a Mockery?
4. Thou art the same, my Heart doth say,  
What tho' brief Flowers die,  
Life's Fruit matures 'neath true Love's Ray,  
And ripens for the Sky.
5. Thou sworëst, with an Altaroath,  
To love and honor me,  
And in thy Life thou hast done both  
In Truth and Honesty.
6. As Graftboughs, on a nobler Stock,  
Do lose Illqualities,  
So from thy Heart mine also took  
High Capabilities.
7. In loving thee, I loved the Truth  
And Virtue clothed to Sight,  
And loving thus, Man feels his Worth  
Increase, 'tis Love's Birthright!
8. Thy Brow is still as fair to me,  
As in thy Maydayprime,  
Truelove has never Eyes to see  
The Changes wrought by Time.
9. Thou art Reality to Hope,  
The Wakingday to Youth's wild Dreams,  
And Fancy, in his Rainbowscope,  
Grasped scarcely more than Fact; now seems!
10. *More!* no, not half so much as one  
Beat of thy human Breast,  
This gives the *Dream* a Charm unknown,  
Itself Worth all the Rest!
11. Our Hearts have learnt to beat as one,  
And when thou think'st on me,



It is but as an echoing Tone  
 Of what I think of thee,  
 12. And as we near our Journeysend,  
 We'll fling all Fears away,  
*Death* shall light Hymen's Torch, and lend  
 It Strength to burn for aye!

## EARLY MORNING.

Yon' lazy Clouds are touched, and as with a  
 Soft, sleepy Light they kindle, rent into  
 Transparent Fragments: stirless lies the Dew -  
 Drop on each Leaf, as if the waking Day  
 Held in his Breath, still loth to scare away  
 Those Clouds, which, like to Dreams fantastic, strew  
 The eastern Sky: in Masses Objects thro'  
 The glittering Mists loom out: there, Mountains grey,  
 Whose Peaks gleam clear above: here, Woods in one  
 Broad Shade, Hue blent with Hue, and Tree with Tree.  
 Oh Fancy stay those Clouds, and bid yon' Sun  
 Shine ever on them thus, let nothing be  
 Resolved into its Elements, that on  
 The Vision I may gaze, and when I see  
*It* still unaltered, think that over me  
 No Change has passed, that *Time's a Dream alone!*

## HAPPINESS.

The happiest Man, my Friend, in this dark World,  
 Who bears the Evil best, and thus inclines  
 The Gods to smile on him: when we are free  
 From Selfdisturbance and Selftreachery,  
 At one within ourselves, oh then we fight  
 Righthanded and righthearted: 'tis a Cause  
 In which we are ennobled, and the Strife  
 Itself is Gain: for Man has but *one* Foe,  
 And that the worst, *himself!* and tho' no Wreath  
 Time bind upon our Brows, for Conquests vain,

Where nought is won, and most is put at Stake,  
*Our Peace of Mind*, yet are we rich at Heart :  
 For Faith with Selfcontent her Sabbath there  
 Has made : and all our calm Affections bend  
 Thither, as Fruits to the riperaing Sun,  
 Drawing their Health and Durableness thence:  
 Nor is our Virtue less a Gain, tho' here  
 Below, it reap no vain Reward of Wealth,  
 No fickle Smiles of Fortune: these are but  
 A Recompense to such as value them,  
 ( And poor is he whom they *can* recompense : )  
 They worship but the empty Shows of Things,  
 Not the eternal Essence, which, in them  
 Belied, is an avenging Presence, not  
 The godlike Truth, that moulds them to the Shape  
 And Likeness of Immortals! other Meed  
 And fitter Recompense the Deity  
 To such accords: the Consciousness Worth,  
 That on the weekday Strife of this brief Scene  
 Can shed a Sabbathpeace, a Confidence,  
 And Selfrespect, which neither Hope delayed,  
 Nor venomlipp'd Hate, nor Calumny,  
 Backsliding Friends, nor anyother Shape  
 Of Ill can undermine or shake!

## LIFE :

Man's life is as a torrent that flows on  
 Its barren bed all chafed and frettingly,  
 Fuming and foaming o'er the stones that lie  
 In its unquiet track: his Course is run  
 Mid fretting hopes and fears, that one by one  
 Wear the heartspeace away, and dim the eye,  
 As streams mine out their banks: some gilded Lie,  
 Wealth, Fame, Ambition, Power, which when won  
 Yields no Fruition, save a feverish Joy,  
 That bursts in Foam, and on the barren shore

Of Disappointment breaks, still hovers o'er  
 His cradle to his grave: a greyhaired boy,  
 He stands upon the brink, nor dreams before  
 The Edgeearth crumbles in, that life's no more!

## NATURE.

Pluck the stillgnawing thought from out thy heart,  
 Forget thyself awhile, and turn thine eye  
 Unto the varied forms, that round thee lie,  
 Of pure and sinless happiness; each part  
 Whispers a holy calm, which doth impart  
 A sense of some deep Presence ever nigh,  
 Felt, like the wind, tho' viewless: nor would I  
 Exchange the eloquent silence, the dumb art  
 With which kind Nature woos me to her breast,  
 For all the finespun rules Philosophy  
 Weaves in her flimsy web: her everblest,  
 Eternal smile, reproving silently,  
 Contrasts our petty momentgriefs: her rest  
 Is a calm centralpeace diffusèd outwardly!

## VENICE.

Venice, the Past's dark shadow on thy brow  
 Of Sadness, veillike, rests! so the shroud lies  
 Above a recent corpse: yet still the ties  
 Of gratitude, the thoughts of what we owe  
 To thee and thine, forbid that thou should'st know  
 The fate of meaner things: the heart denies  
 Thy name to cold Forgetfulness, and tries  
 To make the Past a Future, and to throw  
 Above thy Sunset the rich hues which speak  
 Of a more brilliant Dawn! thy name evokes  
 Shadows of might and glory, and unlocks  
 A World: but now thy light is dim and weak,  
 And the shipcradling billow proudly rocks  
 No fleets of thine: thus Fate, where Envy fails, will shake!

## RHINEFALLS BY SUN-AND-MOONLIGHT.

1. How gloriously it comes dashing on ,  
 As absolute in its lone Majesty  
 As is the deepvoiced Thunder, flashing by ,  
 Dazzling the Eye and Brain! the parting Sun  
 Has wove the Spray in Rainbowhues that run  
 Like a Triumphalarch, where Phantasy  
 On winged Step may tread, and fearless eye  
 The seething Gulf below! and now 'tis gone ,  
 And now in Beauty it appears again ,  
 Like Bliss wrung out from mortal Sense of Pain!

2. See how the flashing Waters foam along,  
 Bursting the sullen Calm , in which but late  
 They seemed to slumber, with a Bound, like Hate  
 Springing upon his Victim, and among  
 The jagged Rocks below, as with a Song  
 Of Triumph, hurry onwards and abate  
 Their Fury, in the Distance, to a State  
 Of calm'd Agitation — what a Throng  
 Of Thoughts such Scenes awake within the Breast  
 That seeks to lay a weary Heart at Rest  
 'Mid Nature's Tumult: for this deafening Roar  
 Of maddened Waters, can, methinks, arrest  
 All other Thoughts, drawn from the inmost Core  
 Into their Stream, like Bubbles on its Breast!

3. The Moon is up, and e'en the Cataract's Pain  
 And Torture seem beneath the Smile she flings  
 To grow more calm and hushed! thus Love's Glance brings  
 Balm to the bruised Heart, tho' still in vain  
 All Grief she would obliterate. now sings  
 The merry Nightingale, from Tree to Tree,  
 Flooding the Earth and Air with Harmony,  
 Essence of Bliss, no Reflex of past Years,

A Moment's feverish Joy, but holy Glee,  
 Exuberant Innocence of Heart, that fears  
 No Diminution, nor can saddened be!

4. How holily the soft Moon's silver Light  
 Falls on the boiling Waves, that foam below,  
 As if with calm Composure on her Brow  
 She chid their Fret and Fever: oh how bright,  
 Unutterably dazzling to the Sight,  
 The paley Foam that o'er the Edge doth flow  
 Of the halfmoonshaped Rocks, until it grow  
 Into a white Flamewreath, and from its Height  
 Melts off in Silverflakes, like Snow! the Sky,  
 Studded with clustering Stars, within the Stream  
 Floats undulating; might not Fancy deem  
 That the bright Heavens glided swiftly by,  
 Rent into glittering Fragments, Beam on Beam,  
 And Star on Star, 'till lost 'mid Spray unto the Eye?

5. O God, how glorious are thy Works, how fair  
 In evervarying Beauty! I could gaze  
 Upon this Scene for ever, in a Maze  
 Of sweetentangled Thoughts, which seem to share  
 The Colors, Sights, and Sounds, that on the Air  
 And Waters float; amid a silver Haze,  
 As thro' a gauzelike Veil, the Forms we trace  
 Of Rocks and Trees, and the soft Breezes bear  
 The Music of their dewy Leaves, the low  
 And gentle Breathing of the Birds at Nest,  
 And the glad Things that on the Sward below  
 Take their due Share of undisturbed Rest,  
 With which kind Nature seals up every Woe,  
 As each lies hushed on its great Mother's Breast!

#### THE GRAVE.

Behold yon Grave, that in the golden Light

Of the slowsinking Sun is steep'd so fair!  
 The Flowers, growing on it, by the Air  
 Are scarcely stirred, and to the musing Sight,  
 By Nature's self thus taught to read aright  
 The Forms of Being, it seems as it were  
 Selected by the Elements, that there  
 Some holy Wonder of their gentle Might  
 May fittest be display'd! it is indeed  
 A Type of perfect *Rest*: and as it lies  
 So calm and still, e'en superstitious Dread  
 Smiles at itself, and all the Calumnies  
 Which sadden o'er the Grave; then be thou wise,  
 And by the *Light of Nature* learn to read,  
 (For thus alone thou canst) her Mysteries!  
*She herself explains all Things*: let her lead  
 Thee then into the Temple— if thine Eyes,  
 And Ears, and Heart, be open, thou canst need  
 Nought else: to such the Oracle replies!

## THE WORLD.

Like to an Alabastervase, made by  
 The Light within transparent, even so  
 Is this vast World, whence ceaselessly doth flow  
 The Light of God on Faith's calm, ample Eye!  
 Like a clear Diamond, everlastingly  
 Sparkling and flashing with an inward Glow,  
 And which, reflected by the Soul, will throw  
 Into it Light direct from the Mosthigh!  
 God looks on us from everything, if we  
 Have but the Power him in all to see:  
 And to that End naught else is requisite,  
 Save that *as one* with him *we feel and be*;  
 Thus having *in ourselves His* divine Light,  
 We cannot fail to read *His Works* aright!

## LOVE.

The Heart has need of Love, 'tis the pure Air,  
 The vital Air, on which the Spirit lives  
 And breathes; and all the Honey that it hives,  
 Like that of the Sardinian Bee, must bear  
 Some taint of earthly bitterness, if there  
 Love his diviner Sweets mix not! Heart strives  
 To blend with Heart, and baffled, but survives  
 To a dull sense of being, thus to wear  
 And turn upon itself in agony!  
 Life stagnates, like a dammed up stream, instead  
 Of flowing sweetly on, and passes by  
 Waste, unproductive, like a vile, rank weed.  
 Man may not live unto himself alone  
 And not call down a curse: for God has said,  
 « Increase and multiply »: the Heart must wed  
 Another Heart, for happiness is won,  
 E'en as the body's offspring, not from one,  
 But union of two: and it doth need  
 Community and intercourse to feed  
 Its holy flame, which else dies out anon!

## FREEDOM: ON THE FIRST FRENCH REVOLUTION.

Ye fools! that rend the calm and silent air  
 With insane noise, and shouts of Liberty;  
 The thrall today tomorrow cannot be  
 A freeman, still the shackles must he bear  
 Within his *soul*, tho' from his limbs they are  
 By the brute hand of Force struck off! think ye  
 That in one brief and noisy hour the tree  
 Of Freedom flourishes? oh never were  
 Her golden fruits plucked by the sudden hand  
 Of Violence, they ripen gradually!  
 And never were her divine features scanned  
 'Mid Passion's Chaos; with calm Majesty

She snaps the sword and treads out the firebrand,  
For of brute means she scorns the ministry!

TO F. L.

Shall the rude enmity of Time consign  
Such features to forgetful apathy?  
Dim the soft lustre of that starry Eye,  
Wherein so much of Heaven's light doth shine,  
Or mix those ringlets with the dust, that twine  
Their rich profusion unrestrainedly,  
O'er thy fair brow? what tho' each charm should die,  
Each beauty wither, and to Earth resign  
The tints, the hues, the forms, which every bright  
And loveliest thing had lent thee; still the Might,  
The starry Lustre of thy cloudless Eyes,  
Time shall not dim: these with the source of light  
And truth shall mingle, and thy spirit rise,  
Like dewdrop from the flower, exhaled to purer Skies!

DANTE.

Hail, Eaglebard, that on thy fearless wings  
Bear'st Heaven's Judgmentfire, and from on high  
Swoop'st down the dread abyss, where howling lie  
The damned, whose throes thy awful Poem sings,  
Awards, and measures out! before thee kings  
And nations pass, like stern Reality,  
Thyself the dread Minos whose firmset Eye  
Strikes terror thro' the guilty Throng; Hell rings  
With sullen shrieks of Woe, and grim Despair,  
The Maniac, thence pale, trembling Hope doth scare!  
Dante! what mighty Task was thine, to be  
The Deity on Earth, in his stead there  
To punish and reward, to bind and free!  
Yet if allmighty Genius might share  
Allmighty Power, not ill such task befitted thee!

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## TO AN OLD HOMESONG.

1. Oh sweet, sweet Music of the Past,  
Sweet Voice of early Days,  
How much of Joy and Pain thou hast,  
How much dwells in thy Lays!
2. Let others lend the outward Ear  
To newmade Fancysongs,  
But let me still thy Music hear,  
Which to the *Heart* belongs.
3. Time robs thee not, but to thee lends  
Tones of old Melody,  
And mellowing, with thy Music blends  
Thoughts, Hopes, that cannot die.
4. He makes thee as a holy Thing,  
And when we hear thy Lays,  
Our Hearts grow as a Child's again,  
Full of those early Days!
5. *Unconsciously* at Eventide  
Thy Words steal to the Tongue,  
For in the deep Heart doth abide  
The Spirit of thy Song!
6. Voiceing itself by Words alone  
To which Time gives a Power  
Of ampler Utterance, unknown  
To those framed for the Hour!
7. For they are Words which human Fears  
And Hopes have holy made,  
Of which each as its Portion bears  
A Spell that cannot fade.
8. Thee by the mossy Graves we sing,  
Where Voices, silent long,  
Awake from their deep Slumbering,  
And mingle with thy Song!
9. But fare thee well, thou sweet, sweet Strain,  
Thou Voice of early Years,

Thou fill'st my timid Eyes again  
With Childhood's blessed Tears!

10. The bygone Heart beats in my Breast:

And what are we but as

*The Heart within us*, grieved or blest?

Thus I *am* what I *was*!

SLEEP.

1. Oh Sleep, oh Blessedness! come, sprinkle thou  
My feverparch'd lips with freshest dew  
Of thy Lethean Wreath; pluck me a Bough  
Of the songfabled Fruitage, which erst grew  
In that imagined Isle, by Atlas-wave  
Kept sacred: so my pale cheek shall once more  
Be pleasureflushed: and on my eyelids squeeze  
Thy drops of sweet Forgetfulness; I crave  
No vulgar boon, nought save  
That thou wouldst give me back the days of yore,  
When sense was bliss, and Earth's least sight could please!

2. I am a child again! the pleasant dew  
Lies on the grass and flowers, yet untrod,  
Those drops, which, once trod on, naught can renew:  
And Echo, like the Voice of some high God,  
Comes on my ear; it is enough for me,  
To feel these things, I would not seek to know  
The why or wherefore; for what can I learn  
From proud Philosophy,  
Who lifts the veil from Nature's holy Brow,  
And shows a Skeleton by brute Springs made to turn?

3. Pleasure grows on the Earth, like its Wildflowers,  
Who will, may gather them, and twine a wreath  
For unoffending brows; the passing hours  
Are winged with Joy, but he who sees beneath  
Each bloom a sleeping snake, he is the thrall

Of melancholy Thought, and he will find  
 The Ill he fears: his *Fear* a worse Ill is!  
     Joy dwells in great and small,  
 'Tis in ourselves, a *Light* from out the *mind*,  
 And bubblelike, the World gives back but this!

4. Oh Sleep! thou leavest me: delicious dream!  
     Or why should I not say reality?  
 Have I not been in blessedness? a stream  
     Poured back to its pure Springhead in the sky!  
 Aye! let the proud Philosopher exclaim,  
 « Tis but a dream! » aye! let him *kill* the bee,  
 To thus *dissect* its honeybag! yet if  
 A Dream can give back Youth, set free  
 From cares that dull the Pulse of waking Life,  
     Reality's by far the idler Name!

## MOUNTAINTORRENT.

This cloudborn Stream, cradled 'mid Mists and Snows,  
 Whose Lullaby, the Wind, a rude Nurse, sings,  
 'Till, like a foaming Steed, itself it flings  
 From Rock to Rock, with Impetus that knows  
 No salutary Check, here onward flows  
 In calmer Beauty, and the Flower springs  
 Round its moist Marge, whose soft Meanderings,  
 Leading thro' Greenwoodnooks and under Brows  
 Of overhanging Crag, with Ivy grown,  
 Might tempt the Naiad to her Noontidesleep!  
 Its Course resembles and instructs Man's own:  
 In its vain Tumult it was *loud*, *not deep*,  
 And on its Brink, no Flower as yet had blown,  
 But here its calmer Path with all *sweet* Things is strown!

## AGAINST ABSURD AND UNJUST PREJUDICES.

1. Why Bastard? wherefore should *ye* then disclaim  
 Relationship with him? in what Sense is

He Bastard, pray? is God not as much his  
*Father* as yours? and if *God* by *that* Name  
 Proclaims him his own *Child*, shall *ye* feel Shame  
 To call him *Brother*? but if ye do this,  
 Ye are the Bastards, and, as such, must miss  
 Your Portion of that Love, which, in the same  
 Degree, all, *all* His Children share in, yea!  
 The very meanest! for how can ye be  
*His* Children *without Love*? for is not he  
 Love itself? were ye then *His* Children, pray,  
 Must ye not in this be like Him? must ye  
 Not *by Love* your divine Descent display?

2. *God* casts off none, not e'en the Sinner! no!  
 But opens wide his Arms, will he but say,  
 « Our Father which art in Heaven, » thus to show  
 His Penitence! and wilt *thou* thrust away,  
 Thou scornful Heart and hardened! that which may  
 Lie even in *God's* Bosom? then take Heed  
 Lest he too thrust thee from Him in *thy* Need!  
 For thou hast cast *Him* off, in casting *Love*  
 Aside, for he *is* Love! and without this,  
 None, none can enter Heav'n! for Heav'n is  
 But Love, be it on Earth, or up above!  
 And both alike, *thro' Unlove*, thou must miss!

## CHARITY.

Hast thou e'er loved, or for thy human Brow  
 Wove that best Wreath, of kindly Charities,  
 Which, with perpetual Spring, 'neath rudest Skies  
 And polar Snows, will bloom, as bright as tho'  
 'Twere cheered by southern Sun's ne'erwintering Glow?  
 Hast thou e'er plucked the Thorn that gnawing lies  
 In Sorrow's Heart, or with soft Sympathies  
 Bound round Life's blighted Tree, and bade to grow  
 Again the crushed and trailing Tendrils, which

The Storm had beat to Earth, or heedlessly  
 Some rude Step bruised, not sought to raise again?  
 If thou hast loved such deeds, then art thou rich  
 Beyond all Wealth, and happy, for if by  
 These Means it be not won, thy Search is vain!

## THE GREAT MAN.

The great Man, tho' above his Fellows he  
 May tower *like a God*, stands meek before  
 His Maker *as an Infant*! yea! the more  
 He in his Wisdom *near* to God may be,  
 The vast Space but the clearer will he see  
 Which *parts* them still; he cannot pluck a Flower,  
 A Dayseye from the Grass, and not adore  
 Therein the Masterhand that framed it! the  
 Worst Ills of Life embitter not his Mind,  
 Nor make the godlike Eye within him blind!  
 He *cannot* doubt a Moment, for that would  
 Be the *most bitter* Ill of all which could  
 Befall him, since *he'd cease to be* thereby  
*The godlike which he is!* and how, how should  
 He doubt *that*, for that would be to *believe*  
*Himself*, a willful Putting-out the Eye  
 Of Reason: but as he *sees by it*, this  
 Can never be! and Reason is not his,  
 But *God's Eye* likewise! and therefore he, who  
 Sees with it, *must see godlike*, must see *true*:  
 And, seeing *so*, will estimate aright  
 That chiefest Good, and hold all others light  
 Compared with *it, the Godlike*, which he *is*  
 And *feels*, Man's highest *Duty, Recompense, and Bliss!*

## FALSE GLORY.

1. Fame, Power, Gain, Conquest, every specious Name  
 With which Men gild those Objects here below  
 Of such loud Prayers and Hopes, as they do grow

From rank and unpruned Wishies, naught save Shame  
And Disappointment fruit: if Folly sow,  
Destruction's Sickle will the Harvest mow!  
Poised on his giant Wing of Ages, o'er  
Life's changeful Scene Time flies, at every Sweep  
The Dust of dull Oblivion piling deep  
On Crowns and Sceptres, and the Pomp of Yore,  
Shattered beneath his kingdomcrushing Step!

2. Empires from out the Dust of Empires spring,  
Unborn, undying Substance, still the same,  
Yet everchanging, purg'd by penal Flame,  
And scourging Miseries, due to Crimes that bring  
A Curse of Vengeance on their bloodstained Wing,  
And call from Earth to Heaven, on the Name  
Of watchful Justice: and as if there came  
A Voice from out their Depths, the Heavens ring  
In Answer, tho' to Man's untuned Ear,  
'Tis allunheard, or seems but lost in Air:  
Whereat he laugheth to himself, in Scorn  
Hardening his Heart— but Heaven, quick to hear,  
Shall register, and of Time's Fullness born,  
Vengeance shall smite him, and his Pride be shorn!

3. For God, allwise, alljust, whose boundless Sight  
Can grasp the vast and dread Immensity  
Of Worlds unborn, to whom all Space is nigh,  
All Times are « Now, » deigns not to stoop his Might  
To crush Sin's mightiest ones, but to the Blight  
Of their own evil Counsels leaves them, by  
Their own Snares caught at last, a Mockery  
And Byeword to all Time! when at the Height  
And selfo'erbaised Summit of his Power,  
(For with allmeasuring Compass evernigh,  
Wisdom marks out to future Worlds their Hour  
And Space unto a Hair, as easily

As she congeals the Snowflake, or on high  
Gathers the Clouds, or paints Earth's tiniest Flower,)

4. When at the topmost Aim, and fullest Swing  
Of his permitted Licence, Crime shall bite  
The Dust he spurns, hurled from his dazzling Height  
By the same Whirlwind whose so sudden Wing  
Had borne him thither from Men's wondering Sight!  
When Time is ripe, the Elements of Light  
Bestir their Agencies, and gathering,  
Like Summerthunderclouds surcharged with Fire,  
The good and evil Principles in dire,  
But brief, Collision hurtle, 'till once more  
The moral Atmosphere be as before.

5. For Light and Truth are in their Nature free  
From Contact and Contamination: tho'  
The Powers of Hell were leagued to lay them low,  
They mount direct, in stainless Purity,  
As purer Flames from gross, and join the Sky;  
While Evil, like the Thundercloud below  
On downward and earthladen Wing, can show  
Wrath but to kindred Matter, that may be  
Corrupted like itself, and wreaks its Ire  
On the Earth's prone and sinpolluted Breast,  
Strewn with its base, material Bolts, the Fire  
Stolen from grosser Elements, opprest  
By its own Earthliness, and in the Mire,  
From which 't was drawn, soon spent: thus Earth has Rest!  
The Spirit of eternal Wisdom o'er  
The troublous Waves of Time pursues his Flight,  
Gathering the Thought of Ages, while the Light  
Of Truth falls on his bright Wings more and more!  
Empires have crumbled, like sere Leaves, and save  
The pregnant Moral speaking from their Grave,  
What Truths have thence enriched Man's slowly'd Lore?

6. Time's mighty Panorama still moves on,  
 A Dream of Ages: Empires, Cities, Kings,  
 Ambition's Triumphs, Pride's vain Boasts, are Things  
 Which pass away, like Clouds that with the Sun,  
 In Thunderfragments rent, when Day is done,  
 Sink in the Womb of Night, which Morn back brings,  
 Moulded to other Semblance: thus Time rings  
 His mighty Changes, 'till his Race be run!  
 Phantom succeedeth Phantom, Shadow Shade,  
 Coming we know not whence, and pass we know  
 Not where or how, like Sounds the Wind has made,  
 Dying in boundless Space: the Strife, the Woe,  
 The Crimes and Poms of Ages fleet, and lo!  
 Time's gone — Eternity is in his Stead!

KIRKSTEAD-ABBEY.

Art thou lonetowering wall, whose stormbeat brow  
 The darkplumed ravens make their airy Nest,  
 The soleremaining remnant to attest  
 The Might and Majesty which here lie low?  
 Wild Flowers and the Ivy's leaves o'er grow  
 Thy oncecloudcleaving Towers: all is rest  
 Around, as tho' deep into Nature's breast  
 The Spirit of Religion, which once threw  
 Its charm o'er thee, had sunk, thus blent again  
 With her calm heart! to us, who live alone  
 In the Soul's Essence, Time destroys in Vain:  
 We can create anew, recall the tone,  
 Whose echos sleep 'mid these old stones, the strain  
 Of choral hymns, and bid past scenes be shown!

ON A WATERFALL, SEEN FROM A GLENSTREAM, BORN OF THE SAME.

Seest thou yon' far off waterfall, which flows,  
 Yet seems airfixt immoveably? the ear  
 Its loud, rockshattering foamstep cannot hear,  
 By Distance spellbound: even so Youth shows



To Wisdom's sobered eye, that grows, and grows,  
 To that calm Mood from which nor Hope nor Fear  
 Of passing Nothings claim one tributary Tear!  
 Youth's noisy moments, Fancy's selfsought woes,  
 The World's vain temptings, loudvoiced promises,  
 Seen thro' the Vista of departed days,  
 Are like yon' waterfall; while at a wise  
 And sober distance, thro' the soothing ways  
 Of selfcontent, Life's now calm stream supplies  
 With quiet Strength all that around it lies,  
 Like this sweet brook, tho' born of yon' wild Cataract's sprays!

## TO WASHINGTON

Ambition's gilded baits, the fleeting reek  
 Of popular favor, thou didst all despise,  
 And Power among her greedy Votaries  
 Numbered not thee, her heartless ones, who seek  
 Their own weal not the common, whom the weak  
 And fickle herd hows down before as to  
 Its benefactors, 'till the chain be so  
 By Custom rivetted no force can break,  
 Unless by such as thee the way be shown:  
 The nations, with one voice of praise, hail'd thee  
 Their true deliverer, and Liberty  
 Knelt in thy path to bless thee! we do own  
 Thy Name an Inspiration, that alone  
 Might be a Talisman of Victory!

## HEART KNOWLEDGE.

O God! what tho' from thine allseeing eye  
 The consciencehaunted Sinner shrinks in fear,  
 Yet to the injured man, whose breast is clear,  
 'Tis sweet to think that thou art evernigh,  
 His *one sure friend*: that thou unerringly  
 Canst read the heart, and trace the sudden tear  
 To its true source, when Malice will not hear,

And Calumny cuts off from sympathy :  
 Our actions may be misinterpreted,  
 False motives urged, good blackened into ill,  
 And proud Philosophy at best can read  
 The changeful features with a skindeep skill;  
 Can a few lines, traced by years longsince fled,  
 Make known the inmost Movings of the Will?

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2. Dull Fools! the Heart has deeper mysteries  
 Than may be pierced by philosophic ken,  
 It is not made to beat, as Pedantspen  
 Propounds fine rules and sounding theories :  
 Nor can we regulate it as we please,  
 Like the timesplitting watch, still Joy and Pain  
 Disturb and make our calculations vain :  
 And Malice, busy Fiend, tho' she have eyes  
 Far sharperken'd than dull Philosophy,  
 Yet sees all thro' the medium of Hate;  
 'Tis God alone who knows the when and why,  
 How Hope and Fear the heart's poor fibres try,  
 The sufferings which Follies must create,  
 Which, while they blame, the Good commiserate.

## HISTORY.

If thou'rt welloracled in History,  
 If thou look'st 'neath the surface, to the Soul  
 That animates, upholds, and moves the Whole,  
 If thou hast traced the vast machinery  
 Of moral causes to its source on high,  
 Then wilt thou ask no palpable miracle  
 To show thee that which thou canst prove as well  
 By weekdaylife's familiar agency;  
 All seems Confusion to the Sceptic's sight,  
 For still he wants the inwardguiding light :  
*He dwells not in the Harmony of things,*

And therefore cannot read their forms aright :  
 'Tis Faith alone who gives to Reason wings  
 To view the mighty Maze from a due height!

THE FLEETINGNESS OF EARTHY THINGS.

1. Are these the grand results, which Centuries  
 Of toil and crime, which conquerors and kings  
 Have built up to their glory? fleeting things  
 That fade almost beneath their maker's Eyes,  
 For soul and worth are wanting! who replies?  
 From the Past's Ruins a stern Voice. « Time brings  
 All Deeds, Names, Works, to Proof, with errless wings  
 Winnows the true from false, and onward flies,  
 Bearing the good towards Eternity,  
 While, like to withered leaves, the evil die!

2. And what is this dull Present, which e'en now,  
 E'en as I think and speak, has ceased to be?  
 Which is, and is not, like a cunning Lie  
 Made but to cheat and cozen fools! e'en so,  
 By this the grave and cradle touch, as tho'  
 The Interval were but a Mockery,  
 A Moment's feverish *Dream*, where the Mindseye  
 Dwells on a Phantomtrain, which straight below  
 Th' horizon of another life in fears  
 And mystery is lost, where keenest sight  
 Discerns no track: the torch that Reason bears  
 But tells us that we stray, yet sets not right;  
 We live not when we should, the Past with Tears  
 We mourn, the Present for the Future slight,  
 Whose dim veil Hope lifts with a Throb of fear:  
 For when we turn unto the Past and raise  
 Time's Pall, a Skeleton alone is there,  
 And from the hollow Jaws a Voice that says  
 To Fancy, such shall be the Future, fair  
 In Prospect, but in Retrospect, like me: 'tis } where?

3. Like to a giddy Child, that hears no more  
 The warning voice, but hurries headlong on,  
 Lured by some fly that sparkles in the sun  
 Above the dangerous brink, e'en so before  
 The fullgrown Child Hope dances with her store  
 Of bright Illusions, 'till Life's Game be done,  
 Shaped to his thoughts and wishes: one by one  
 The Present's slighted moments steal, and o'er  
 The treacherous brink of dread Eternity  
 His heedless foot is stretched, and on the air  
 His arms are flung, to clasp the gilded Lie  
 Which Hope still offers to his cheated eye!  
 It fades, he sees th' Abyss, in wild despair  
 To the lost Past he looks, then sinks for ever there!  
 And sounds as of the damned ring in his ear,  
 While Memory, like the lightning thro' the night,  
 Scattering the gloom, evokes unto his sight  
 Life's spectretrain, the deeds of doubt and fear,  
 The moments lost, the cradle and the bier!

## ENDVERSES.

1. Thanks, thanks, great God, Part of my Task is done,  
 The Labourer in thy Vineyard now may rest  
 Awhile, and if the Thought that I my Best  
 Have essayed can reward, then want I none!  
 The Harp is now laid by, to gather Tone  
 And Strength, yet ready at the least Behest  
 Of divine Love, to plead still for oppress  
 And suffering Humanity — this one  
 Great Thought still prompts me, still doth it impart  
 High Revelations: 'tis God's Voice, and oft  
 It seems to come direct from upaloft,  
 Now pealing with the Thunder, 'till I start  
 Like Prophet from his Visions, and now soft  
 As a Babe's Lisp, pressed to his Mother's Heart!

Yet mightier far in his least Cry than in  
The rolling Thunder's heavencleaving Din!

2. And as my Lyre first awoke for thee,  
Sublimest Spirit of Humanity!  
With that best Inspiration which must come  
Fresh from the Heart, and finds in all a Home,  
So let thy Spirit prompt the Closingstrain,  
Be thou but here, all other Muse is vain.  
The fabled Hoof of Pegasus could make  
The Poetsfountain from the hard Rock break,  
But deeper, from Man's universal Heart,  
The living Poesy of Life must start!

3. And now, like Lark, softdropping from the Sky,  
My Song must fold its Wings, and silent lie,  
As Flower closing with the Eveningstar;  
But tho' it *soar*, the Godlike is not far  
From its low Nest in *Earth's familiar Lap*:  
No not one Tittle further than the Sap  
Is from the Blossom, or than *God is from*  
*The Goodman's Heart!* there is no need to roam,  
For God is with us here, as up above,  
Yea! *in us*, if we do but live by Love!

4. Then *feel* it so, and the least Flower, that lies  
Before thee, will in its own silent Way  
So touch thee, that the Tears shall fill thine Eyes,  
And thou wilt kneel down by its Side to pray!  
Yea! 'till the Bird's least Note, or Babe's least Cry  
Will wake up Nature's boundless Harmony,  
Now gliding o'er the Eath, now pealing far  
Thro' Heaven's blue Depths, from hymning Star to Star!  
It is the *Heart* first opens all the Ear!  
Then do *but feel*, and thou'lt not fail to *hear*!

5. Now lay my Verse aside, and turn again  
To Weekdaylife, and if not allinvain  
I've struck the Chords, then often wilt thou catch,  
Amid its harshest Sounds, some divine Snatch  
Of Melody, some Chancenote of my Strain  
Will, ever and anon, break on thine Ear,  
Recalling this poor Verse, made haply dear  
For Nature's sake, else littleworth indeed,  
Lasting *thro' her*, for that grows never sere  
Which with *her* Forms is linked! yes, thou shalt hear  
Heartreaching Music, if thou wilt give Heed,  
Oft, like the Cricket's Chirrup, where thou ne'er  
Wouldst have expected it; first faint and dim,  
But straight upswelling to a mighty Hymn!  
Strike *but one* Note, and then thine Ear shall by  
The *whole* deep Music of Humanity  
Be ravished, and if I have done but this,  
Enough is done, the Rest thou canst not miss!  
Then shalt thou hear *far other Lyre* than mine,  
A mightier Lyre, and touched by Hand divine,  
Of which the Hearts of all Men are the Strings,  
Filling the wide World with its Murmurings!  
This shalt thou hear, nay, with *thy* mortal Hand  
Shalt play thereon, and have at thy Command  
The Stops of all its wondrous Harmonies!  
But first *thy own Heart* must be tuned— and to  
That End, go turn to bright Realities  
What here are idle Words: in *Actions* true  
Embody these poor *Thoughts*, then wilt *thou* be  
The Poet, and not I: the Wreath to Thee  
Is due, and from my most unworthy Head  
I pluck it, to adorn thy Brows instead!  
Yes, he, he is the Poet, who can make  
That *Life* which was *but Poetry*, who views  
The World, like God, *Thro' Love* clothed in such Hues  
As Landscape ne'er from Fancy's Touch could take!

The Sense of human Life, in its most low,  
Unelevated State, to him brings no  
Rude *Disenchantment* of some cherished Dream;  
The more *awake* he is, the more 'twill seem  
Sublime! he would not dream, not if he could,  
For to be *quite awake* that is the good  
Man's Priviledge alone! — awake unto  
*And with God*, labouring *His Will* to do;  
This is to be awake in *godlike Wise*,  
And who would mix vain Dreams, or close his Eyes  
But for a Moment? since where can he be  
So well as in God's Presence, or what see  
More lovely than the waking Eye looks on?  
For God is in all Things, 'tis him alone  
They glorify, and Him recall to Mind!  
And who would lose the *Consciousness of Him*,  
Tho' but for one least Moment? then grows dim  
The Eye, and dull the Heart, and we are blind!  
Awake thou then with thy whole Heart and Eye,  
*Feel and see nought but God eternally*,  
This is the godlike Way of seeing, this  
Likens thee unto God, and makes *thine Eye as His!*

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# L A M E N T

FOR LOVE, FAITH, AND POESI.

*Written in 1832.*

1. In all this wide World , not a Thing the Eye  
Dwells on, but taketh Sweetness from the Heart  
And giveth, 'till 'tis brimmed with Ecstasy,  
Like a rich Beehive, stored from every Part  
Of the Twinrealms of Nature and of Art,  
Wherein, as in a twofold Mirror, we  
Behold all Beauty multiplied , and start  
Back at the Outline, which we therein see,  
Of the Eternal's Form reflected visibly.
2. Thus to the Grecian Poet's raptured Sight,  
Each Part of that romantic Landscape, where  
His Breath he drew, grew redolent and bright,  
And fairylifed, and thence his Thoughts so clear,  
And Fancies, like his blue Skies clouded near,  
( In sculptured Verse, and Marbles calm and chaste,  
Hived up ), were drawn. Passions that fret or sear,  
Nor false Refinement, had as yet effaced  
The Freshness of the Heart, nor with vain Forms replaced
3. And secondhand Impressions, the first deep,  
Fresh Movements of the Soul : the natural Eye  
Interprets Nature best, not taught to sleep  
O'er Pedant's Page, stuffed Specimens, and dry,  
Dull Terms of Art, that Chaff threshed so oft by  
The Flail of sweating Logic, while the Grain  
Is ripening free and strong 'neath Rain and Sky,  
And Nature's vigorous Sons, with Might and Main,  
Are reaping the good Field, which none e'ersow in vain.



4. The Heart interprets Nature, not the Head :  
 Its Yearnings and Affections are the Key  
 To many Secrets; thus the Poet, fed  
 On Nature's freshest Milk, could clearest see  
 The Link 'twixt Things which ever kindred be;  
 The Spirit must in spiritual Forms  
 Embody its own Essence : to be free  
 Still striving, it blends with, and all Things, warms,  
 Like Element thro' all it passes, and informs
5. With its own Consciousness : in this like Him,  
 The mighty Spirit who informs the Whole.  
 Unconsciously, and only in a dim  
 Instinctive Way at first, the yearning Soul  
 Takes after him who made it, as the Mole  
 Works upward towards the Light : but Man is no  
 Vain Hieroglyphick, from which Time has stole  
 All Meaning, an obscure Inscription, to  
 Which no Solution lies, of some old Tongue laid low !
6. Like that on an Etruscan Urn, e'en by  
 Tradition's self forgot, to mock the Lore  
 Of proud Philosophy, with filmy Eye!  
 He is a Part, fresh, living as before,  
 Of Nature's living Language : nay, is more:  
 Man is the Alphabet by which to know  
 The Rest thereof, and he in vain will pore,  
 Who learns not this, on Nature's Volume; no  
 True meaning will it have, nor as a Mirror show
7. The Invisible Things of God — this felt the Greek,  
 The Poet, he whose viewless Wings by more  
 Than mortal Airs were borne above the Reek  
 Of Mammon's Dwellings. He on Rock and Flower,  
 O'er bubblebeaded Fount, and fabulous Moor,  
 On Bud and Bell, bright Dewdrops shed around  
 Of his fresh Fancy, 'neath whose spellful Power  
 A thousand sweet Shapes rose, whose Voices sound  
 In the soft Lapse of Streams, or from the Grove profound.

8. Then first the gentle Dryad saw the Day,  
 The leafhid Guardian of Wood and Bower,  
 Chaunting 'mid choral Shade and Bough her Lay,  
 But if upon her still and chosen Hour  
 Unholy Footing broke, or aught that bore  
 Less Sanction than a Poet's Step, sworn to  
 Her Rites, then Echo conned her Song no more.  
 Then with her Oak the Hamadryad grew,  
 And died: coborn, cofading, as true Love should do.
9. Then first the Nymphs above the moonlit Fount  
 Passed with their printless Feet, and sweetened o'er  
 The gurgling Waters: or from Dale and Mount  
 Responsive Voices rose with gentle Power,  
 By Echo syllabled thro' Glade and Bower,  
 To charm the willing and quick Ears of those,  
 The chosen few, to whose high Faith far more  
 Than mortal Music's given, such as rose  
 On our first Parents, at the first sweet Evening's Close!
10. Earth wore a charmed Life in each fair Part,  
 And Spirits sought her Bosom holily:  
 The fond Creations of some dreamnursed Heart,  
 That drew them from their bright Abodes on high  
 To haunt old Wood or Stream, and cherish, by  
 Such Commune, those pure Thoughts which ever shun  
 The Fret and Fever of Man's Life, and die  
 Allhomelessly, like Flowers denied the Sun,  
 If tied to this dull Earth's so dusty Track alone.
11. But are these Fancies wild or waking Bliss?  
 And where between them may the Difference lie?  
 What we believe is real, and all else is  
 As if it were not: so, so bounteously  
 Joy's Seeds are sown in our own Heart, that *by*  
*Itself unto itself* it may be thence  
 Sufficient: and thus quick and easily,  
 Denied the grosser Joys and Goods of Sense,  
 Draw still a selfderived and lasting Bliss from hence!

20. The Earth is left, alljoyless, unendeared,  
 O'er which with sad and weary Steps we go,  
 Our Restingplace the Grave: and that too feared  
 As the dark, drear Abyss, where we can know  
 No Visitations of blithe Sunlight, no  
 Glad Beatings of the Heart, no Thrill of Hope,  
 The Tenement of Bones and Darkness! so  
 Imagination (loving still to grope  
 'Mid Emblems of Decay, within the Coffin's Scope,
21. When she should soar into the bright blue Sky,  
 Beyond the fleshless skulls and worms, which here  
 Preach better far than both the tongue and eye  
 Which filled those hollow Gaps,) hath stationed near  
 The Tomb's dark Gates, the very shape of Fear,  
 To scare us from our own dear Home: when none  
 But a bright Spirit's form should hover there,  
 The blessed Angel of Repose alone,  
 To whom all secrets of eternal Life are known!
22. Why should we shudder on the dark Grave's Brink?  
 One Step! and we are in Eternity,  
 Beyond Earth's idle Uproar: and we drink  
 With our whole Hearing the Sphæreharmony,  
 Which oft in Snatches, interrupted by  
 The Jar of Passion and discordant Thought,  
 Had reached us here below: we close the Eye,  
 But for a Moment, and then back is brought,  
*More beautiful*, the Beautiful which we had sought
23. On Earth so long, and haply sought invain:  
 More lovely than the Dream which hovered on  
 The eyelids of our Youth: for all again  
 Shall be restored to us, which, 'neath the Sun,  
 Has brought the soft Tear to the Eye, or won  
 A Recognition from the throbbing Breast:  
 Yea! in the Darkness of the Grave not one  
 Sole Truth is lost: that Darkness is at best  
 The Veil which hides the Glory of our place of Rest,

24. Lest being suddenly revealed, to sight  
 Unfit for such high Glories, it should make  
 Us blind and desolate: to read aright  
 The mighty Mystery, Faith's hand must break  
 The seal, and in the unquenched embers wake  
 Their wonted and primeval fires: the Grave  
 Is not a bottomless Abyss: we quake  
 Like children on its brink, because we have  
 No Faith, no steady Light to guide us on, none save
25. That vain Worldwisdom, which, acquired here,  
 Has served its turn, unfit to be applied  
 Beyond the Limits of its narrow sphere:  
 From which the glorious Stars in Heaven hide  
 Their radiance: who circling in their wide  
 And ample orbits, discourse to the eye  
 And ear wherein high faculties reside  
 Music most eloquent: unheeded by  
 The herd, whose souls within them allunconscious lie!
26. The grave alone reknits the holy ties  
 Which it hath severed, therefore is it dear  
 To Love as unto Faith: no Spectres rise  
 From out the fancied gloom, no shapes of Fear:  
 To their calm, steady glance, the veil grows clear,  
 And they can trace the shapes of coming Bliss,  
 The foil of Nature's mighty Glass, which here,  
 Like Echo, gives back merely that which is,  
 Falls off, and all the Spiritworld, unseen from this,
27. Grows visible: like some fair Landscape shown  
 At sunny Distance, from a Mountainsbrow:  
 At sight whereof, deep yearnings, which had grown  
 More absencestrengthened, gushing sweet, o'erflow  
 The wayworn Pilgrim's soul: as far below  
 He sees his quiet Home, embosomed deep  
 'Mid tufted trees: and all that he is now,  
 And has been, rises on him, past Thoughts leap  
 From Memory's Hidingplaces, as from Wintersleep

- 28 The flowers in Spring, and breathe upon the air  
 The freshness and the bloom of early days,  
 When young as they, he sported with them there  
 In Peace and Innocence: the Grave betrays  
 No trusts, no secrets: all that we may place  
 Therein, if not corruptible, again  
 Becomes our heritage: by Faith's calm rays  
 The darkness is dispelled, the sting of Pain  
 Plucked out, and scared all Phantoms of the coward Brain!
29. E'en Death himself assumes another form,  
 In the void sockets shine an Angel's eyes,  
 And for vile fleshless bones where crawls the worm,  
 Imperishable plumage of the skies;  
 No shaking hand its fearful office plies,  
 Dartarmed and lank, but beckoning sweetly on  
 He welcomes us: more like to Victory's  
 Triumphant shape, than that Scarecrow of bone,  
 That Skeleton, the sensual eye of Doubt beholds alone!
30. But ye are gone, Faith, Love, and Poesy:  
 And the dark clouds beneath your skyward flight  
 Have closed, and shut all Heaven from our eye;  
 No glimpses of pure Ether cheer our sight,  
 No Angel bearing your celestial Light  
 Upon his Wings, descends in Poet's dream:  
 No Glories burst the Pall of solemn Night,  
 Shedding on Prophet's upraised brow a beam  
 From God's own face; no more from out the Rock the stream
31. Of Truth, in this Life's Desert, springs. oh Woe!  
 Oh Desolation! hark! the Veil is rent  
 Intwain, as by th' indignant Godhead; lo!  
 The Altarfire by viewless hands is spent,  
 And with the ashes each bright spark is blent,  
 Lost irrecoverably; from the Shrine  
 Th' indwelling Spirit, which from thence had sent  
 Forth Oracles, is fled, and that divine  
 And beauteous Temple of high Art must now resign

32. Its Sanctity, and be as common Stone,  
 Its Pavement trodden by unblessed Feet,  
 And by unholy hands its Statues thrown  
 Down from their Pedestals; the Museseat,  
 Instead of that full Chorus, strong and sweet,  
 Which like an Incense rose, from Voices blent  
 In solemn Harmony, that well might greet  
 Immortal Hearing, to the merriment  
 Of Mammon's obscene votaries, (thither sent
33. To place their Idol in the very Shrine  
 Where stood the Form of Beauty), echoes now:  
 None comprehend the glorious design  
 Of that vast Temple, for our souls are so  
 Cramped in vain forms, so shackled to these low  
 And passing hopes of Earth, that when we see  
 The Perfect and Eterne, we no more know  
 Or feel their Charm, we have no Sympathy  
 Now with the True; and what is *Beauty*, if it be
34. Not Truth? or how can that man recognize  
 The forms in which its Presence is made known,  
 If to its high Proportions he applies  
 The measure of his senses? can the Crown,  
 That baubles a king's temples, sit well on  
 Imagination's ample brow? can Thought  
 Fashion a fitting home in crumbling stone?  
 Or can eterne materials be wrought  
 With fire by Inspiration not from Heaven brought?
35. Alas! for us; the divine Truth has drawn  
 The veil o'er her bright face, lest we should see  
 Her beauty, and, not knowing it, should scorn  
 And mock Her; Falsehood is our Deity,  
 And for our Gospel do we take a lie:  
 E'en with our Mothersmilk into our veins  
 We such the poison, and our Infancy,  
 Like a distorted member, ne'er regains  
 Its strength, and all that to our Afterdays remains

36. Of those fresh Years, so full of Love and Life,  
 Of Sap and Promise of all blessed Things,  
 Is but a Heritage of Sorrow, rife  
 With Evil, but a Leprosy which clings  
 To the sick Soul, and of its sublime Wings  
 The Sinews gnawing, rots them to the Core;  
 Then no more its immortal Chaunt it sings,  
 No longer up the brightblue Sky can soar,  
 But tumbling back to Earth, there grovels evermore!
37. Therefore no Highpriest for the Temple now  
 Is to be found, no Soul that in God's Sight  
 Is worthy on his broad and sublime Brow,  
 The Seal of the Divinity, in bright,  
 Unfading Characters, with divine Light  
 Engraven, to receive — therefore no more  
 The Choir with its long, fair Robes of White,  
 Sweeping the Templespavement, as of yore,  
 Is to be seen; no Lips that utter divine Lore,
38. With firetongued Eloquence, like those  
 Of Milton, are now heard: no Raphael now  
 The Hues of Heaven o'er the Canvass throws,  
 Calling the fair Skychildren down, to show  
 The Glories of the divine Mansions; no  
 Cathedralpiles embody in their vast  
 Proportions an whole People's Faith, no Glow  
 Lingers on Heart or Lip; the Days are past,  
 When Faith and Genius, like Twins, abroad would cast
39. Their Wonderworks, impressing upon all  
 They touched the Seal of Immortality!  
 Upon each other they no longer call  
 For Help and Consolation: to the Sky  
 Genius no longer lifts his raptured Eye,  
 No longer with the Chisel doth he wake  
 The Marble into Life, Faith standing by,  
 And whispering what Form the Stone should take!  
 No longer from his Pen flow forth the Thoughts that make

40. The Universal Heart to beat more strong  
In all its thousand Pulses; on his Ear  
No longer steals the far off Angelssong,  
No longer to his Eye there starts a Tear  
Of Rapture, for both Love and Faith are sere,  
Sere as a withered Leaf: thus from the Tree  
Of Life all Verdure falls, the Sap which ere—  
While nourished it is dead, and sad to see,  
E'en as the blighted Fig Christ cursed, will it soon be!
41. Our Faith is as our Churches, dwarf'd into  
Chapels of Ease, mean, little, paltry, low,  
Embodying the Feeling whence they grew:  
Matters of Pounds and Pence, patched up as tho',  
In this enlightened Age, Men did not know  
*How long God might be needed*—as it were  
Mere Form and mere Convention: 'twas not so  
The old Cathedrals towered into Air,  
Men then had Souls to plan and Hands inspired to dare!
42. Faith and Imagination *held the Line*,  
And not the Bricklayer looking for his Hire!  
The Call they answered was a Call divine:  
The least felt something of that sacred Fire  
Which urged the Hand of Milton to the Lyre,  
E'en the Daylabourer! and as he wrought  
The brute Stone, still he toiled for something higher,  
The Hand responding conscious to the Thought,  
Which better than all Rules inspired him and taught!
43. But Faith is dead, Religion a mere Form:  
In Trifles oft great Changes best are shown,  
Our Churches must be *comfortable*, warm  
And matted, and our wordly Pride will own,  
E'en in God's Sight and kneeling at his Throne  
For Pardon, no Community with those  
Who're poorer than ourselves! we pray alone,  
Each in his Pew, which as an Emblem shows,  
By this its outward Separation, how Wealth throws



- 44 Like Barriers 'twixt Heart and Heart! not so  
 Of old when by the Lord the Poorman took  
 His Seat, and *as in Fact*, so there was no  
 Distinction made! then haply from one Book  
 (For genuine Nobleness will ever brook  
 Such Contact, nor lose aught of Grace,) they read,  
 As on one Bench they sat: but now we look  
 At outward Things, we must not do as Head  
 And Heart sublimely prompt, that were, forsooth, illbred!
45. The Hand must not be stretched out to a poor  
 And illclad Friend, e'en tho' his Bosom were  
 The very Shrine of Truth! we must make sure  
 That he is *dress'd in Fashion*, that his Air  
 Be modish, else he is unfit to bear  
 The Name of Friend! the warm Words must not start  
 Unto the Lip, nor holy Fire dare  
 To light the Eye, we must take naught to Heart,  
 As if naught godlike in Life had or could have Part!
46. We must not even be *supposed to know*  
 A poor Man, tho' he were a Milton, by  
 A World not fit to lick the Dust below  
 His Feet neglected: who still in God's Eye,  
 Eating the Bread of Immortality  
 In calm and sublime Confidence, toils on,  
 One of his Prophets on some Mission high,  
 Whom, like Elijah, ere his Race be done,  
 He in a Firecar might fetch back to his Throne!
47. The Body must be cared for first, *and then*  
 The Soul! we cannot kneel on the cold Stone  
 As did our Forefathers, good, simple Men!  
 They needed no soft Cushions, thought alone  
 Of God, and therefore He too *as his own*  
 Thought of *them*: for who feels and thinks of naught  
 But God, he to whom this one Thought has grown  
 Habitual, he for himself has *wrought*  
*Out God!* God then is near, yea! *near as his own Thought!*

48. Then let *all* have Him near, yea! *near as their Own Hearts*, by *thinking ever on Him!* so Will they avoid all Ill as if they were Led by His own Righthand, but there is no « As if », it *is* so really, as all know Who ever *felt* Him: for until the Thought *Of Him enforces godlike* what we owe *To Him*, 'tis not the Thought *of Him*, 'tis naught, For by *that* Thought the Godlike *must* be surely wrought!
49. They are as closeconnected as the Rose With its own Perfume; and *what* can, if this Cannot, produce the Godlike, or *whence* flows It then? and if *this* does not do so, 'tis Not the *true* Thought of God, for that is His Own Spirit, *His ownself in us!* and He *Must* work the Godlike *to be what He is*, In Himself, Man, the Flower, and the Tree, Tho' the *Mode* differ 'tis the Godlike equally!
50. What boots it that we mouthe from Day to Day Our Faithprofessions, if we still remain Thus hard of Heart? he who believes *must* lay His Sins aside, else his Belief is vain, It is not *felt*, and *Feeling* can *constrain Alone to Action*, godlike Feeling to Pure, godlike Action; now, I say again, He who *believes* the Godlike, he must too *Feel* it, and he who feels it must the Godlike *do!*
51. What saving Health can be in God's own Word When we so mince and lisp it, that thus by The fashionable Ear it may be heard Without a Yawn? when Vice, if decently Concealed, must be respected, and if high In Station, strong in Purse, may show his Face Where Virtue with an *illmade Coat* would try In vain to pass! when e'en God's Worshipplace Draws stronger still the Line which it should first efface!

52. But God is just; in vain the Rich make their  
*Vicarious Offerings*, who scarcely know  
 The Name of Sorrow: the unmeaning Prayer  
 Scarce reaches the cold Roof, for it has no,  
 No divine Influence, nor draws below  
 As by *sublime Constraint* God's listening Ear!  
 But the poor Man whom Wrong, and Want, and Woe,  
 Have left naught but a broken Heart, a Tear  
 To offer, his Prayer, yea! *ere uttered*, God will hear!
53. And what is our Religion? she is now  
 The Handmaid of the World, she fears it, to  
 It is obsequious and bends her Brow;  
 Not so of old with sublime Call she drew  
 The Nations in her Train, for God spoke thro'  
 Her Mouth, and as one with Authority  
 She urged on and rebuked: then *Men were true*  
 To her, for she was true to them, thus by  
 The sublime Interchange they gained reciprocally!
54. Churches are not Religion, nor Police  
 Morality, nor Vote by Ballot the  
 True Freedom, if Men still to Prejudice  
 Do Homage: they must first be *good*, then free!  
 Mortar and Stone make not a Church, else we  
 Should have enough, nor Bills of Rights *free Men*,  
 Nor *many Laws good Men*! much, much must be  
 Still added to all these, as to the Pen  
 The Inspiration, without which 'tis nothing, then
55. Words kindle into Poesy, and dead  
 Forms into Life, and Life to Harmony  
 Divine! where one or two are gather'd  
 Together in God's Name, tho' 'neath the Sky,  
 There is a *Church*, yea! and a Church raised by  
 The living God, himself its Priest! there where  
 A Man has cast off Sin is Liberty,  
 And where is *one sole Law, the godlike*, there  
 Is a good Man *and free*, for more than needless are!

56. The Temple is before ye, there baptize  
 Your Child in the first Stream, for God has bless'd  
 The Water, and no holier Font supplies :  
 There let him eat at that sublimest, best  
 Communiontable, spread from East to West,  
 Of universal Love the ungrudg'd Bread!  
 Let him by holy Nature be impressed,  
 Not with the outward Sign upon his Head,  
 But with the inward, spiritual, in its Stead,
57. Deep in the living Heart! and from her so  
 Grand Volume, where the Lord *with His own Hand*  
 Has wrote in such clear Characters, that no,  
 No Eye which reads, can fail to understand  
 What 'tis he would forbid and what command,  
 Let him be taught his Creed, and *with each Day*  
 Turn over a new Leaf in that so grand  
 And *sublime Breviary*, whence all may  
 Draw golden Rules of Life, alike for Priest or Lay!
58. Thence let him learn, *in its true Spirit*, the  
 So pure Religion of his Master, there  
 Revealed so grandly, simply! let him be  
 Taught it in all the Forms of this so fair  
 And faultless World, where all Things, all, *all* bear  
 A Testimony not to be mistook!  
 Better is this than mumbling over Prayer,  
 And conning Words by Rote from out a Book,  
*Be ye yourselves the Hymn*, as is the Bird and Brook!
59. Not that I disapprove of Churches and  
 Of Prayerbooks, God forbid! I deprecate  
 That Selfishness which paralyses Hand  
 And Heart, and which, ere yet it be too late,  
 I would see rooted out — I reprobate  
 Its Introduction e'en, alas! into  
 The Holy of all Holies! at the Gate  
 Of the *eternal Temple* therefore do  
 I sit, and warn the Nations, to my *Mission* true!

60. My Tongue is not my own, and I am naught,  
 'Tis not *my* Voice that calls, oh God! 'tis *thine*!  
 Jerusalem was freed by *Blood*, but *Thought*  
 Is what *I* work with, and as more *divine*  
*The Means*, 'so higher is this Cause of mine!  
*That* was to win the outward Temple to  
 The Cross, but mine the *spiritual* Shrine,  
 The *inward*, in Man's Soul! and from a too  
 Far worse Defilement than Mahometan or Jew
61. Inflicted on the palpable Shrine of Stone,  
 Even from that of Mammon, who has there  
 Cast down the Altars, thus to reign alone!  
 Then sublime Thought! Thought subtler far than Air,  
 Against whom is no Armour, who wilt dare  
 To pass the guarded Gates of Kings, and smite  
 Those who of God and Mercy have no Care,  
 Be thou my Weapon, forged from Heaven's Light,  
 'Tis *the Lord* wields it, if *I* but *direct it right*!
62. Of old 't was in the Firebush that to  
 His People God appeared, but now shall He  
 Reveal Himself more grandly! yea! e'en thro'  
*Mankind's own godlike Heart*, ye Nations, ye  
 Shall feel Him, and as *one Man* moulded be  
*In Christ*, into *one mystic Body*, one  
 Great Heart! and how should it not then be free;  
 For *who* can bind it? and, whence it begun,  
*Back to God's Heart 'twill go*, when here its Race is run!
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## THE SIBERIAN EXILE'S TALE.

I must warn the Reader not to expect the Interest of Action, and the Movement of quicksucceeding Incidents: Thoughts and Sentiments must hold the Place of, and be accepted for, these; to reflecting Minds, these have all the Attraction of the former, and are connected with far deeper Revelations of human Feeling: we are overapt to seek after noisy Bustle and Excitement, to be delighted at seeing a Passion torn to Tatters, with Characters full of Vehemence and straining at Effect, with moving Accidents by Flood and Field: in short, with the eyedazzling, earstunning Glitter and Turmoil of outward Life, overlooking the calmer and profounder Regions of the inner Sentiment, where far mightier Revolutions take Place, tho' with less Noise, and unobserved by the surfaceskimming Glance, and where a Drama full of Interest is ever acting for those, who look on a Thought or a Feeling as a Fact, and infinitely more truly so than what are commonly considered such: what can be a more touching Picture than the Struggles, the Doubts, and the Selfdistrust, to which a great Mind is frequently a Prey? its sublime Aspirations, its Attempts to realize the Beauty and the Power of which it is conscious, the Growth and Development of the inner Man. If we judge of the Generality of Men's Lives by the *Events* which they embrace, they will seem monotonous and uninteresting, but if we study the Heart, and the inner Life, how rich may the meanest be, in deep, varied, and vivid Emotions? our true Life is not in what we *do*, but in what we feel, for the noblest and profoundest Portion of our Being does not, and cannot, realize itself always in Action, but much more in Thought and Sentiment: it is a quiet Power, not partially developed in this or that Form,

not vehement here, and deficient there, but all diffused: Faith is the Keystone of that beautiful Temple which every Man may raise in his own Heart unto the living God, and without which the Building is not held harmoniously together in all its Parts, nor can stand unshaken by worldly Shocks. —

The Spirit of such Poetry no Man can duly relish, but he who has reached that happy Point, where he abstains from all Sin and Vice, not from a Sense of Duty merely, but from a Sense of Pleasure: who, in so doing, lays no Constraint on himself, and makes no Sacrifice, but follows a gentle and irresistible Impulse, that draws him, as a Flower to the Sun, towards that divine Light which daily guides him on his Way: it is in vain that a Man who has not cast off the Works of Darkness, and put on the Raiment of Purity, will read such a Poem as this, or look at a Work of Art conceived in a similar Spirit: his Eyes and his Heart are impervious to the Meaning that dwells in them, they speak a Language to which he is not accustomed, they employ Forms not familiar to his Eye: it is Virtue alone that brings *with her* the *Perception* of her own Beauty, and there is no Way of getting at her Treasure *but thro' herself!* this is a godlike Thought, and makes the Privation of earthly Goods easy endured: these are Blessings which are measured out exactly in Proportion to Desert, and no impure Hand can lay its unhallowed Grasp on them: no, *not even conceive of their Existence!* and while the worldwise and worldrich insult with their Pride, or still insultinger Pity, the chosen few, who possess scarce that which Nature asks, it may be, yet wish not for more, nay, regard as the Romans did their Baggage, as Impediments, the superfluous Luxuries of Life, they dream not of the World of Beauty thro' which these latter move, and that even where, to the worldly Eye, all seems barren Waste, they, like the Hebrews, find the celestial Manna. —

My Object is not to go thro' the History of this almost unique Specimen of selfsacrificing Love, in Detail, but to dwell on the chief Points, and bring out the *Ideal* of the Character in its grand Outlines, that Men may learn that the most familiar and commonplace Circumstances of Life afford full Scope for Grandeur of Mind; since it is the Mind which makes these grand, and not these the Mind.

We profess to admire such Works as Raphael's Cartoons, but, until we feel their Beauty in the inmost Heart, no congenial Impulse can be given to the Hand: and until the high and ethereal Thoughts, connected with the Perception of that Beauty, send the purest Blood of the purest Vein of the Heart tingling to the Fingers' Ends, in vain shall we grasp Pen, Chisel, or Paintbrush; 'till the Perception of that Beauty influences *practically* our Thoughts and Actions, by purifying our Souls, and wiping from the Mirror the soiling Breath of Sin and the World, they can have no quickening Influence: they are not the Presence of Beauty, the perfect Beauty, consciously possessed, felt intuitively, as one indivisible Part of our own Being. -- those Masterworks are mere outward Forms, not Reflections of the divine Archetype in our own Souls; so long as we sin, and do not pursue steadily the one high Lifeaim, we have not the Privilege of perceiving the perfect Beauty-- it is still something foreign to us: and if we find it not *within*, where are we to seek for it? Those who wish to learn the Story of the Siberian Girl in Detail, will find it very well and simply told by Count Xavier de Maistre, without any Tinge of misplaced Romance; for its sublime Truth is far beyond all Fancy, and full of something even more than Poetry.

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## FIRST PART.

1. **O**h! Love, if I should venture now to tell  
 Of one who did thee honor, grant to me  
 A Portion of thyself, a gentle Spell,  
 That, like the Theme, my song may sweeter be.  
 Nor, if heartreaching Faith be deemed fit plea,  
 Wilt thou deny my prayer: for noble Deeds  
 To those who cherish their pure memory  
 Impart a portion of their Worth, which breeds  
 Moods of high thought, and of like actions sows the seeds.
2. A deed of virtue is a thing of Beauty,  
 And should be as a Householdword upon  
 All lips, a Watchword for all Hearts, to high  
 And noble Imitation — 'neath the sun  
 There is no beauty like it; we may run  
 The manyacted page of History o'er,  
 And while Time's noisy Nothings do but stun,  
 We linger on a Gooddeed evermore,  
 And from it catch a spark of true soulquickening power.
3. A Gooddeed is a life of life, it shall  
 Not perish — it has a Vitality  
 Within itself: shall the Straybird let fall  
 The Chanceseed, that had withered, on some high  
 And manunclimb'd Mountain, which thereby  
 Grows verdureclothed? and shall not, with like care,  
 Just Providence forbid a truth to die?  
 Shall not some chancewinged words the good seeds bear  
 Unto some human heart, and bid them take Root there?

4. It cannot, cannot pass to Nothingness!  
 No, it shall be a Joy eterne to those,  
 Whose souls have bowed not to the Littleness  
 Of earthly things: who, 'mid these changeful Shows,  
 Have kept their spirit's Oneness, which still flows,  
 Like the songfabled River, thro' the Sea  
 Of the World's Troubles, pure as when it rose  
 From the deep fount of Truth, unmixedly  
 Regushing 'neath a faroff Land's unclouded Sky.
5. And thou, thou Puredeedprompter, holy Love,  
 To whom my Lip shall ever offer praise,  
 Thou Source of all that raises man above  
 His paltry self, and this vain World: our days:  
 If thou wert not, were dark and thornstrewn ways,  
 Leading athwart a Desert, where alone  
 At thy sweet Bidding some Joyfountain lays  
 Its freshness at our feet: to win thy crown (frown!  
 Martyrs have braved the flame, and tyrants' selfsawed
6. And if the deeds, which do but shadow thee,  
 Be thus allbright and holy, what art thou  
 In thy own Essence, beautiful, and free  
 From all Impediments, Conditions low,  
 Changes of time and place, which here below  
 Oft mingle with our Love, as smoke with flame,  
 Dimming its brightness: thou, whose least Breath so  
 Sublimes the soul, that feeble woman's aim (shame.  
 At times atchieves such deeds as put mail'd Warriors to
7. Thy deeds, thine perish not, for most of all  
 They are the Heart's inheritance, a Lore  
 Knit with its highest Instincts, and in small  
 Space of sweet Selfcontent accomplish more  
 (Spreading like circles everwidening o'er  
 The charmed waters of a happy Life)  
 Than mad Ambition's Rainbowscope of power,  
 With means so infinite, if unto strife  
 It were permitted aught of inward bliss to hve!

8. Thine is no thankless service, for therein  
 Who loses, still has won a mighty gain,  
 The conquest of himself, redeemed from sin  
 And selfishness: a cure for his own pain  
 In others' bliss he finds; not his the vain  
 And unshared Joys of self, which barren die  
 In our own breasts, blighted to weeds of bane.  
 For Bliss from Heart to Heart, and Eye to Eye,  
 Must be imparted, the fair Child of Simpathy!
9. There is a power in Love, which from life's woes  
 Can fashion blessings, making itself wings  
 From that which with dull leaden grievance bows  
 A meaner passion down to earth; in things  
 Of noble Natures and high Aspirings,  
 It burns on-like a pure, strong Altarflame,  
 And all Impediments, all Hinderings,  
 Herein consumed, give fuel to the same.  
 Thus Love our weaker parts to uses high can tame!
10. Oh Love, thou burnest bright amid the snows  
 Of bleak Siberia, as 'neath the skies  
 Of sunloved Climes: thy holy Essence knows  
 No diminution from Contingencies  
 Of heat and cold: the Body's sympathies  
 Affect thy Workings not: from these apart  
 In th' human soul thou dwell'st, which never dies,  
 Which place and time can change not: every part  
 Of the wide world still offers thee a home, a *heart*!
11. Why should we limit thee to Time and Space?  
 Are we not cooped within the boundaries  
 Of this frail flesh enough, but must debase  
 Thee to the dim perceptions of our Eyes  
 And these dull Senses, making that which dies  
 Measure of that which lives unchanged for aye,  
 Finite of Infinite: of Harmonies  
 How do we take the measure, of their Sway  
 How judge? with th'outer ear or Soul's? let Memory say.

12. Can the ear keep them? does the passing wind  
Not bear them on its wings in mockery,  
To teach us that we have no power to bind  
Such Joys to outward sense? yet long passed by,  
Make they not far, far sweeter melody  
To th'*inner* Ear in Afterdays, and bring  
Forgotten music, with all fancies high?  
Hence is it that old songs have power to fling  
Us back into the Past, cheating Time's baffled wing!
13. And Love? shall lesser priviledge be thine?  
Thou that art not a portion of the soul,  
But as the spirit of its inmost shrine,  
Each Being's Highest, and at once the Whole,  
From whence and whither, as to their one Goal,  
All Rays of Truth and Beauty tend: all things  
That, with or without Shape, have ever stole  
Bright Fancy's hues, all soulheard murmurings  
Of sweetest note, all Flutterings of yet unfledg'd wings!
14. Thou Love, thou art the Centre-harmony,  
From whence all lesser strings of Being take  
Their true Accord: from hence the outer Eye  
Receives its worth, and for the inner's sake  
Stores full the mind with Beauty-shapes: hence wake  
Old Songs such thrilling Echos on the ear,  
Which else were allinert: hence too we make  
Our hearts a portion of the changing year,  
And sympathize with Nature still in Joy and Fear.
15. Thou Love, hast ever been, and aye shall be,  
Best matter of high argument: fit theme  
For mightiest bards to show their Mastery;  
Soulstrengthening task, wherein, like some strong stream,  
That, as it flows, runs pure, they learn to deem  
Rightly of truths which thou alone canst teach:  
The Heart that works or writes thee wrong must teem  
With feelings to be pitied, nor can reach  
*Its Best, as e'en the Rose! most punished in the breach*

16. Against thy Majesty, oh Love!— for he  
 Who has not loved has never *lived*: far more  
 Unblest, tho' kingly Pomp around he see,  
 And want for Nothing, yea! than the most poor,  
 Doordriven, houseless beggar, if but sure  
 That one eye looks on him with Love, that one  
 Heart beats for him! oh! he who has been sore—  
 Tried by the Loss of all he loves, has won  
 A Bliss beyond him who has lost, and yet *loved*, none!
17. For unto him at least the boon of life  
 Is not all Barrenness: he, like the flower  
 Which to the fleeting winds its scent doth give,  
 For other Hearts has hived his Being's store,  
 Caring not when or how the passing hour  
 Might rob him of his all, and leave him there,  
 Withered and lone, of Joy to taste no more:  
 Tho' Time might from his Soul its fond ones tear,  
 Still must he *love, to live*, for *without* no Life were!
18. Oh Woman's heart, how beautiful art thou  
 In thy deep, calm Intensity of Love!  
 What is there on this Earth like thee? we bow  
 Selfawed to deeds heroic, for, above  
 The sphere of common spirits, they do move  
 The soul to adoration: but, oh thou!  
 So sole, that in the bosom of the Dove  
 Bearest the Lion's strength, to thee we owe  
 Heartworship, beyond all of Fair and Good below!
19. How different from Man's cold Love is thine,  
 Which gives with Joy *all* for the loved one's sake!  
 E'en Sacrifice itself grows Bliss divine:  
 Denial is no more so, it doth take,  
 (For Love's transfiguring Power well can make  
 Things most opposed exchange their Qualities,)  
 The Form of *full* Enjoyment: thus from Ache,  
 Pain, Toil, can he bid rich Possessions rise,  
 And where *all wanting seems*, the *whole of Heaven*  
 comprize!

20. For is not Heaven Love? to live then by  
*Love only*, is to be in Heaven, is  
 To live as do the Angels up on high,  
 To live as *God* himself, for is not this  
 His *highest* Priviledge, that Love is his  
*Existence*, his *Godhead*? yea! there is naught  
 Without Love, neither Life, nor Heaven, nor Bliss!  
 Then be your Hearts, *like His*, with Love but fraught,  
 And ye will *have at once* the Heaven which ye sought!
21. But Man lives not by Love *alone*, therefore  
 It is not *Heaven* unto him, as to  
 Diviner Woman! she bows down before  
 No other God, to this one ever true;  
 But he has many Idols, changing thro'  
 His Life: now from the Clarion would he hear  
 His Name blown forth, now on his proud Brow strew  
 War's or Thought's Laurels, now the kind Heart sear  
 For some vain Helen of the Brain, to him more dear
22. Than her who sits beside him, who oft on  
 Her faithful Breast has pillowed his sick Head:  
 That Pillow *heavenly* Love might rest upon,  
 And sleep as chastely as if Angels spread  
 Their Plumage for his Rest! alas! instead  
 Of seeking for his Poetry *in his*  
*Own Life*, like Woman, Man by Fancy's led  
 Astray, oft leaves, sick of such divine Bliss,  
 The Helen of his Dreams for some vile Harlot's Kiss!
23. Thus Extremes meet again: and there he lies,  
 Grovelling amid the Dust, 'till, sick *once more*,  
 He shakes it off his Wings, and to the Skies,  
 E'en to God's Throne itself, anew would soar!  
 Strange Contrast! now with Angels to adore  
 The God of Love, and now profane him by  
 Coarse, prurient Lusts, degrading in a Whore!  
 Alas! that earthly Films should dim the Eye,  
 And Passion fire the chaste, pure Lips of Poesy!

24. Happy he, who has that sublimest Skill  
*Within the Framework* of the Picture by  
 Imagination wrought, thro' steady Will,  
 And sober Keeping open of the Eye,  
 Broad, broad awake, alike to laugh or cry,  
 The *living* Forms around him to comprize:  
 To see things as they *are!* that is the *high-  
 Est* Way, *it is God's Way:* and to God's Eyes,  
 Methinks, far fairer than the Poet's *Dreams* must rise!
25. For God falls not asleep and dreams not: he  
 Is broad awake: what *Dreams* could e'er supply  
 To Him that which His waking Eye can see,  
 His waking Heart can feel? then let us try  
 To do like Him: to see all Things as *by  
 Him* they are seen, as *godlike!* and then where  
 Is he who needs to *dream?* then Fancy, thy  
 Fastidious Hand may crown with Flowers the Hair  
 E'en of our mortal Love, and find the *true* Muse there!
26. And if from *Love*, deep, lasting, and sincere,  
 We draw our Inspiration, *can* there be  
 A *higher?* comes it not *direct* and clear  
 From *God himself?* and who then, if not He,  
 Is the one Source of Life, Love, Poesy?  
 Then cleave unto thy human Partner's Side,  
 In her Form shall the Muse appear to thee,  
 Urania, not she whom erst the Pride  
 Of Poet feigned, a higher far shall be *thy* Bride!
27. Yea! one of God's own Spirits, *in* whom He  
*Himself* dwells with thee: in thy House! *so near!*  
 Keep her as *such* then, let her never be  
 Aught in thine Eyes but *godlike:* never hear  
 Her Voice but as if God himself in clear,  
 Intelligible Wise, spoke to thee, by  
*Her Lips:* then *really* He'll speak to thee here,  
 And treating her as *godlike,* *she* thro' thy  
 Treatment will grow *so,* and make thee *so* equally!

28. Love is of all her Children justified,  
 And God accords to *perfect* Purity,  
 A *perfect Strength*: a Strength which doth reside  
 In its own Innocence: a Mystery  
 Was, in the birth of Him whose mission high  
 Redeemed the World, unveiled to man's dim sight:  
 A truth illknown, yet one that could not die.  
 From a pure Virgin's loins came forth the Might,  
 That flamelike withered Falsehood, and put Hell to flight!
29. God's ways and means are many, and by those  
 Which oft to man's blind, erring Judgment seem  
 The most unfit, he in his Wisdom knows  
 To perfect that he wills: one *divine* Beam  
 Of Truth dispelled, as daylight does a dream,  
 The monstrous Pile of Superstitions: made  
 The Sword's of twenty Legions idly gleam,  
 Like brittle Reeds: and in its Meekness bade  
 The proud Schoolwisdom of the stubborn Stoa fade!
30. With that which *is not* he can bring to naught  
 The Things *that are*, and put to utter Shame  
 The Glories of this World: nor wills he aught  
 That men deem needful to work out his aim!  
 Nor strength of Nerve or Sinew, Sword or Flame!  
 Not such brute Agents his— all these are weak,  
 For o'er the Soul no *inward* Sway they claim;  
 The chains they forge an Infant's hand can break,  
 Things only like themselves of dust their slaves they
31. With Wisdom *meek as Childhood*, nourished by (make!  
 The Milk of Innocence, doth he delight  
 To prove the Wisdom of the Flesh a Lie!  
 For Truth is *one*: but the Worldsteachers fight  
 Together, seeking her celestial Light  
 In dim, earthkindled Lamps: nor doth he deign  
 With mortal Weapons to assert his Right!  
 'Gainst the skytempered Armour these are vain, (again,  
 Which shields Truth's divine Breast, from whence they fall



32. Shivered to thousand fragments: while the arm,  
That dealt the blow, is paralyzed, as by  
The sudden Working of a mighty Charm;  
Nor seeks he his Apostles 'mong Earth's high  
And favored Sons: these to a barren Lie  
Would turn his Word, and make it a mere Screen  
For Creeds, Forms, Priestcraft, and Statejugglery!  
Therefore on Poverty fair Faith did lean,  
And Haud in Haud they went, in Courts full seldom seen!
33. Therefore God chose the lowly and despised  
To do him Service, and above the Throne  
Of Kings he raised them, He etherealized  
Their Natures, gave their Lips that mighty Tone,  
By which, on the four Winds, his Word was blown  
Abroad unto the Ends of Earth; He sent  
Them forth to teach that Innocence alone  
Is Strength: that to her Nakedness is lent  
Skypanoply, not forged by mortal Instrument!
34. Why did He not stretch forth his mighty arm,  
And, reedlike, snap intwain the fullblown pride  
Of those that mocked him? why not with the Charm  
Of one sole word lay prostrate far and wide  
The Hosts who in their Nothingness denied  
His wise Omnipotence? or why, ye say,  
Ye moleeyed Seekers, who cannot abide  
Truth's radiant brow, who find your only day  
In doubt'er clouded night, by false pride led astray,
35. Why with swift Thundervergenceance did he not  
Work out his Ends, and force the stubborn Will  
Of Sinners to his Faith? ye Fools! ye Blot  
On the fair page of Wisdom's book, to Ill  
Who turn the gifts she gave ye, ye are still  
The same old Serpentbrood, that with the Slime  
Of its Fooldoubts has toiled the Truth to kill!  
God has for all his Ends his own good time  
And means, tho' ye do turn his Wisdom to a Crime!

36. Yea verily, I say, such Miracles  
 He could have worked, if Need were, or if Good  
 Had come thereof; and his own History tells  
 Of even such, that yield a sensual food  
 To vulgar Faith, which, to support its Mood,  
 Asks for these palpable signs: but the wise Mind,  
 Whose Faith on such frail basis has not stood,  
 Will seek its best proofs, not in Shows that bind  
 The outward sense, but fuller Revelations find
37. In the deepworking, sensehid Agencies,  
 Which to rightthinking minds do yield most high  
 And sweet Astonishment. Allgood and wise,  
 By simplest and most despis'd Ministry,  
 By humblest Means, he perfects noiselessly  
 Mightiest results, that bring man's pride to naught.  
 He is no Wonderworker *for the eye!*  
 Hearthomage asks He by brute Fear not bought,  
 And *Freewillofferings* by Love, not *Wonder* wrought!
38. Yea! verily, the Thunders are his own,  
 The Winds, and Lightnings, and the mighty Sea  
 Are at his Bidding, and with these, 'tis known,  
 He can work Miracles! yet still there be,  
*Far greater*, marvellous exceedingly,  
 Where Strength and Force are not, save such as lies  
 In Truth and Wisdom's *selfdrawn* Mastery.  
 With these he can o'erthrow the Mockeries  
 Of steelclad Hosts, and put to Shame his Enemies!
39. Yea! with a *simple Truth* he can put Down  
 The mighty from their seats, and humble Kings  
 By the despis'd means *themselves disown*:  
 Thro' the Babesmouth refute the Questionings  
 Of the Worldwisest: and with meanest things  
 Confound the Mightiest! yea, He alone  
 With weakness can bind strength; to the Dove's wings  
 Impart the Eagle's Might, and make Pride own  
 Himself by Lowliness subdued, by Worth despis'd, unknown!

40. There is a Strength, which dwells not where the Worms  
 Are called to banquet, which far deeper lies  
 Than in these perishable outward Forms  
 Of nerve and sinew : nor by aught that dies  
 Does it reveal to man its mysteries ,  
 Tho' over these it has a godlike sway !  
 Its Shrine is in the Soul, and from the skies  
 Thither descending with its pure Liferay ,  
 It keeps the Spirit young, tho' Grief the head make gray !
41. When these frail Limbs, on which disease and pain  
 Have done their worst, fall one by one away ,  
 Like faithless Servants : when Earth's weight again  
 Lies heaviest on us, still this hidden ray  
 Maintains its privilege : e'en in the clay  
 Remingling with the dust, its Birthright lives,  
 Still gaining strength by meaner things' decay :  
 Allconquering Death of his worst Fears deprives ,  
 And o'er the Grave a *sober* Victory reaps — *and gives!*
42. This is *true* Strength : too deep for outward Show :  
 Too vast in perishable forms to be  
 Made manifest to sense : no Emblem low  
 Of Earth can grasp its bright Immensity ,  
 As little Thought can grasp Eternity!  
 It is the *Soul* of things, and *felt*, not seen .  
 Therefore those basest Thralls, those Thralls of Eye  
 And Sense believe it not : had Christ but been  
 A Giant, he had gained more Votaries far, I ween!
43. Had he, cloudthroned and thunderarmed, among  
 Earth's senseled sons appeared, or sent before  
 Wonder and Fear his Messengers, the throng  
 Had bent beneath him in the dust, with more  
 Than slavish baseness : but a *higher* power ,  
 In its own *simple* Majesty, that made  
 Conquest of *Will alone*, *left to persuade*  
*Itself*, *not forced*, and by no Proofs, no Lore ,  
 But those which *to itself*, without Parade,  
 The soul supplies, on brute Force leaning not for aid,

44. But working soft as dew within the flower,  
 And fecundating by *Love's* warmth alone  
 The seeds of high Belief, to them such Power  
 Was allincomprehensible, unknown,  
 Unfelt, unrecognized, a Glory thrown  
 On the unconscious Clay, which still remains  
 Brute and unvivified: the Strength they own  
 And worship, is mechanic, that which strains  
 Sinew and Nerve, and by *brute Means brute Ends* attains!
45. But ye, ye blessed few, ye *Innereyed*,  
 Who see into the *Life of things*, whose Gaze,  
 Quiet and calm, looks thro' the forms that hide  
 The mighty Workings of the Eternal's Ways  
 From grosser sense, ye find *best* cause to praise  
 And glorify His name, whose Ministrings  
 Are felt thro' all, where others *cannot trace*  
 His wondrous Hand: the *smallest Flower* betrays  
 To ye that Wisdom, which *so gently* brings  
 In its vast Grasp the Issues of *all* earthly things!
46. Ye see it *not alone*, when *forced* upon  
 The dullest Mind, in grand Events, that shake  
 Realms to their Centre, and eclipse the Sun;  
 Ye would not stare when Paralytics take  
 Their Beds up, or when buried Men awake,  
 So much as ye do at what *every Day*  
 Ye look on! greater Wonders far, *which make*  
*No Noise*, but *still as Thought*, wrought ever; yea,  
 The Thought which *from God* works on in Man's Heart
47. Controlling, punishing, correcting still, (for Aye!  
 Like to a viewless Arm laid lightly on  
 The Necks of Kings, and to a higher Will  
 Bending their haughty Schemes, of which not one  
 Works out that which 'twas destined for *alone*.  
 Thine are the Wonders, God! thou *thyself*, by  
 And *in Us*, work 'st them *as if not thine own*;  
 Withdrawn from View, in sublime Modesty,  
 Thou mov'st all, yet *still* as *thy least* Star in yon Sky!

48. Ye trace him *always, everywhere, in all*,  
 Because *most in yourselves*, ye chosen few;  
 In most familiar Things, however *small*,  
 Ye feel him *grandly*, there *Allmighty* too,  
 In the least Sandgrain and the Drop of Dew,  
 As in this whole, vast World! Ye see him draw  
 From warring Falsehoods the eternal True,  
 Make Discord serve the selfsame End as Law,  
 And Peace and Love spring like Twins from the Womb
49. This World his vast Laboratory, where (of War!  
 Experiments are ever going on  
 Upon the grandest Scale! now to a Hair  
 To regulate a Comet or a Sun,  
 And now unerringly to solve some one  
 Of Life's grand Problems! while, as Ages fly,  
 In Time's vast Crucible remains alone  
 The one eternal Truth to test all by,  
 Good, Good alone endures, like God, unchangeably!
50. Ye know what *Strength* is: by the running Brook,  
 And *Faith* was Sampson fill'd with the Might  
 Of Hosts, to smite God's Enemies; a *Book*,  
 With a few world-despis'd Truths—the Light  
 Of high Experience, gathering strength *by Right*,  
 And its own inborn Majesty of Worth:  
 A feeble oldman's *Words*, who at the sight  
 Of axe and fire swerves not, can give birth  
 To mightier Issues far than all the powers of Earth!
51. This is *true Strength*, whose chosen home is still  
 The Soul of man, when with himself at one,  
 His *Being's End* he strives but to fulfill  
 In meek Lowheartedness: which dwells alone  
 In that which Chance and Change have never thrown  
 Low in the dust: which Time assails in vain!  
 In an old Song its Essence oft is shown,  
 In which the eldtime Spirit lives again,  
 And in all Forms kept pure by Soul from earthly Stain!

52. Thinking on such things, need we wonder still,  
 That Love, tho' in a feeble Woman's breast,  
 Can draw from pure resolve and fix'd will,  
 The strength to execute the high Behest  
 Of the Soul's Oracle? all times attest  
 That there be Wonders, tho' no more the dead  
 Rise up to prove them from their tomb'd Rest.  
 Faith still can work them as of old, when need  
 May be, and Love, twinborn with her, has equal Meed!
53. Oh that my Lips might with the Altardame  
 Of Truth be purified, thus, with all good  
 And fitting Utterance, to sing thy Name,  
 Thou Worth of Worths: thou that deriv'st thy food  
 From noblest sacrifice of each low mood,  
 Each selfish feeling: 'till the soul, left clear  
 From sensual stain, the Image of its God  
 Full, mirrorlike, gives back! Oh be thou here,  
 Prompting my feeble Song, descend from thy calm Sphere.
54. Ye Elements, that wage eternal Strife  
 With man's frail Handyworks, and seek your prey  
 In his Highplaces: that which draws its life  
 From what yourselves are made of, ye may lay  
 Low in the dust, and after its brief day  
 Of brute-existence to Oblivion  
 Consign for ever: strewing thus your way  
 With aweinspiring Ruins, which Truth's sun  
 Gilds for a Moment's Space, like Motes, and lo! they're regone!
55. Nor will the wiser mind mourn o'er the fall  
 Of Tower and Temple: nay, draws thence a Kind  
 Of holy Solace: Spiritvoices call  
 From out the eldtime ruin, and the mind  
 In the Past's Echoes stronger proof doth find  
 Of its own infelt Immortality!  
 Faith dwells with us, an Eye among the blind,  
 Looking *before and after!* Centuries fly,  
 The outward *form* may change, the *spirit* still is nigh!

56. *Itself* it is the Form: the Form is naught  
 Without *it* — and where it is not, there is  
 No Form, for by the Spirit *that* is wrought.  
 It moulds, etherealizes, now in this  
 And now in that Shape, Man still after his  
 Great Archetype — it glows, and casts away  
 The Dust of Ages — and tho' we may miss  
 It for awhile: lo! with diviner Ray,  
 In Book, Thought, Deed, and Word, it shines, godlike
57. Its home is the cloudpillared Firmament, (for Aye!  
 From God it comes, to God returns: below  
 'Tis man's best Heritage: that spark unspent,  
 From whence her Torch Faith kindles, which can throw  
 Light thro' the darkness of the Grave: on woe,  
 And human suffering: and has a power  
 O'er Nature's lifeless forms, until they glow  
 As with a Soul. Winds, Flowers, Ruins hoar,  
 Bring haunted Memories, and dreams of days of yore!
58. 'Gainst this, ye Elements, in vain ye strive,  
 Nay, rather ye subserve thereto, and make  
 High Memories holier still: for ye do give  
*Tradition* unto Truth: and for the sake  
 Of our Forefathers' deeds, we love to wake  
 The voice of eldtime songs, that in the heart  
 Of Nations have their home: ye may downshake  
 Freedom's Strongholds, but 'tis not in your art, (start!  
 To dim the Truths, that from her Wrecks, like Spirits,
59. Above the timeworn Ruin hangs the Power  
 And Beauty of departed Years: it seems  
 Like Something *taken from* the passing Hour,  
 And having naught to do therewith: strange Gleams  
 From Suns *long set* shine on it, and the Streams  
 Rustle, tho' real, as in a *Fairytale*!  
 It looks like something visioned in our Dreams,  
 Standing apart: ghostlike seems Hill and Dale,  
 And as *Ghosts* we glide on, 'till Comprehension fail!

60. Ye fleetdestroying, conquestspurning Waves,  
 Strew the foamcradled Cities of proud Kings,  
 Like Autumnleaves: let the Winds o'er their Graves  
 Leave less Trace, than man's Memory to things  
 Of meanest note accords: ye Tempestwings  
 Scatter the Conqueror's Boasts unto the Dust,  
 From whence they rose, to which their nature clings  
 With downward Baseness: thou, steelgnawing Rust,  
 Feed on his vain Warspoils: ye Snails, deface his Bust!
61. Thou Time, Destruction's Playmate! thou Headfoe  
 Of earthencumbering Records of dark Deeds,  
 Built up with human Blood, and human Woe!  
 Reaper of Ages' harvests, o'er the seeds  
 Of high Truths watching, Rooterout of Weeds  
 Which Crime and Folly nourish: Critic sure!  
 Tester of Systems, Sects, Religions, Creeds!  
 Winnowing the vile Chaff of the passing Hour (power!  
 From the good grain, which springs, sureripened by thy
62. Hasten to the widespread Feast which Man prepares  
 For ye, ye Harvestreapers of the grain,  
 The everspringing crop of foolish Cares  
 And fruitless Toils, of Ignorance bred: the vain  
 And outward pomps, wherein high Truths disdain  
 To linger, seeking still a fitter home,  
 In the few chosen hearts: outliving Pain  
 Hate, Persecution, Change, and Error's Gloom,  
 Like Torches handed down, 'till happier days may come!
63. Hurl to the dust the topless Citytowers,  
 Skypointing Columns, and all mockeries  
 Of clay and stone. Worth has far other powers  
 Than these: far more enduring Testimonies!  
 Ye cannot wrong the Truth; her Enemies  
 Are but as clouds unto the sun, which tho'  
 'Tis hid awhile from man's dimsighted Eyes,  
 Shines not less bright tho' hid: yea, even so,  
 Doth Virtue free her from all Contact base and low!



64. But to my tale: far 'mid the snowclad plains  
 Of bleak Siberia, where Tyranny,  
 Who wages Warfare with his dungeonchains,  
 With fire and sword, against Truth's majesty  
 And Freedom, sends his foes to pine and die:  
 Breathing the breath of shame and banishment,  
 Far from all Homeendearments, where the Eye  
 Shrinks at the joyless scene, to which is lent  
 The heart's own Hopelessness, from which no smile is sent,
65. There dwelt a banished family, whose fate  
 Was less heartsearing than is oft assigned  
 By the lynxey'd Monster, who by hate  
 And fear metes all offences: for the Mind,  
 When it has that it loves, will solace find:  
 And they were severed not, but in their woe  
 Heart beat on kindred Heart: and thus entwined,  
 Like Ivytendrils, could support a blow,  
 Which, striking singly, must have laid each torn Branch
66. The sorrows which we share with those we love, (low.  
 Which *prove* how they *do love us*, these, these have  
 A power beyond e'en Fortune's smiles to move  
 A deep, sweet Selfcontent: for as the wave  
 Will surface foam and break, when tempests rave,  
 While Ocean's heart beneath sleeps calm and still,  
 So in man's soul, what outward Ills it brave,  
 There is a Centrepeace which naught can kill,  
 A Joyfount which from Love and Faith itself doth fill.
67. Husband, and wife, and daughter, they did live  
 Soullinked together in Adversity,  
 As in their former Joys: and still life's hive  
 Might have been honeyfilled: for to the high,  
 Selfcentred spirit, in its unity,  
 Changes of Time and Place, of outward things  
 And Bodycomforts, are but mockery:  
 'Tis selfsufficient, and the soul has wings,  
 Whereon it soars away, and far off pleasures brings.

68. Spirits there be, that with the sober Eye  
 Of true discerning Wisdom, glancing o'er  
 This pleasure-teeming World, can yet deny  
 Themselves, and without pain, all other store  
 Save what they bear *within them*: ask no more  
 Than that small sum, which frugal Nature needs,  
 Of food and raiment: and like some sweet flower  
 That blooms unto itself, where no foot treads,  
 They *live to their own hearts*, spurning the World's false
69. With all unsparing hand they cut away (creeds!  
 The prurient Wishes, the rank Growth of vain  
 And whim-born fancies, which so thick o'erlay  
 And clog the Soul's free movements: drawing Gain  
 From that which unto feebler minds is bane  
 And self-confusion: like the o'er-grown vine,  
 Whose wild Leaf-wantonness does but restrain  
 The precious Fruit, 'till needful Wounds incline  
 Waste strength to knit in clusters for the generous Wine.
70. The wiser heart still gathers *inwardly*  
 The life-sap of its being: ripening  
 To *self-fruit*ion, self-dependency.  
 And as the bird on even motioned wing,  
 So it from all the downward bents, that cling  
 To this low Earth, can free itself, and rise  
 To higher aims: nor from its Eagle-swing  
 E'er stoops unto the Carrion-prey that lies  
 In mad Ambition's path, whereon he gluts, and dies.
71. Our Joys are likest half-sunn'd fruits, which grow  
 On one side harsh, ill-flavored, sour-hued,  
 On th' other *overripe*: alas! we know  
 Not when to pluck the little that we could!  
 We will not when we *can*, and when we *would*,  
 Time is *beforehand*, lets us not *twice* chuse;  
 But once he offers, then takes leave for good.  
 Thus Nature's gifts Fool-wisdom doth abuse,  
 And misses *all*, by grasping *more than he can use*!

72. But he, the Father, he was nursed elsewhere  
 Than in that sober School, Selfmastery;  
 He had not learnt its Wisdom, nor could bear  
 To be worldsevered: tho' he still had nigh,  
 Truehearted, those to whom the soul may fly  
 For solace 'gainst the cold World's bitter hate,  
 'Gainst fickle friends, and outward misery;  
 He would not seek the bliss his present state  
 Might yield, nor learn what *Time* all teaches, but too late!
73. Warcradled and strifenurs'd, his school had been  
 One where the soul, selfstolen, is left bare  
 In worse than nakedness. Oh who can glean  
 A Peacesheaf from the bloodsown field of War  
 To store Life's Wintergranary? what are  
 The Battletriumphs, the eyedazzling Sheen  
 Of banners and sunglancing spears, that mar  
 God's holy Image: what the Afterscene, (has been?)  
 The Deathpause, and the deathstrewn Earth where Strife
74. What are all these (save that reality  
 Makes them more dreadfull) but a feverish dream  
 Of some-sick, nightmared couch, which, when passed by,  
 Leaves the soul without Power to redeem  
 Those Feelings which the wise alone esteem  
 Aright, of all good Growths the Root and Sap.  
 Its Peacetastes are destroyed, it will not deem  
*Itself its Wealth*; longnursed in Strife's rude Lap,  
 Wisdom's low Voice charms not who loves War's Thun-
75. The Clarion has untuned his Ear for sounds (derclap!)  
 Of gentler note, discharmed the Homefireside  
 With its few chosen hearts, within whose Bounds,  
 However scant they seem to largeeyed Pride,  
 Most ample realms of Happiness reside;  
 And harvests, golden harvests, of that Grain,  
 One little Sheaf whereof, in all his wide  
 And barren fields, Ambition reaps not: Gain  
 Like this is not for him, he sows War's field in vain!

76. But Woman's heart within itself lives more,  
 And in her Homeworld she can happy be,  
 Loving and lov'd : from Nature's founts her Lore  
*Instinctive* flows, she drinks it fresh and free  
 From those deep wells of pure Humanity,  
 The early Loveexchanges, which endear  
 Cottage and fireside : as round the tree  
 The weak grape twines, so woman's heart will bear  
 Its Joyfruits still, if some supporting heart be near.
77. And if she have Ambition, it is still  
 To rule the Heart, which she so well doth know  
 In all its weekday movements; nobler skill  
 Than that, which seeks in greatness still to grow  
 By Sacrifice of all that here below  
 Is best and dearest, to the World's turmoil  
 And hollow vanities; from whence can flow  
 Heartaches, Heartbarrenness alone, the Coil  
 Offretting hopes and fears, which each high Impulse spoil.
78. But man's thoughts are elsewhere, and home to him  
 Is but the Cage 'gainst which he wounds his wing  
 With fretful Effort, 'till his heart grow dim  
 In fancied Thralldom. Pride, Ambition, fling  
 Their Darkness on his mind, and vain dreams bring.  
 He, like the Oak, must cast his arms abroad  
 Into life's tempest, 'mid its deafening,  
 Heartsickening Uproar take his Part, with Word  
 And Hand still strive to make himself obeyed and heard.
79. So it befell this man : shorn were his beams  
 By the first cloud of passing misery,  
 And his soul darkened by Despair's vain dreams  
 Of Pleasures past and Sorrows yet to be.  
 In his own heart he bore the fount of free  
 And joyous thought, but knew not his own power  
 To strike the Rock and bid it gush, for he  
 Walked in no selfdrawn Light : the passing Hour  
 Shone on, and left him as it found, all Clay once more.

80. His wife and daughter, they lived *in* the heart  
 And *by* the heart, careless of outward things,  
 Which they missed not: in Love they breathed apart  
 From vain regrets; and he who loves has wings  
 Of Eaglescope, fit for high Aspirings  
 To that calm Atmosphere, where earthly fears  
 And cares vex not: in all his Wanderings,  
 Love has one Centrepoin*t* to which he steers,  
 One Haven sure whence Angelwelcomings he hears.
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## SECOND PART.

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1. **A**nd now, my own Soul's Sister, Prascovy,  
 Let us wend on our Way in steadfast Wise,  
 For the Lord's Hand is on thy Purity,  
 And in thy Weakness is He strong: arise  
 And doubt not, for the holy Mysteries  
 Of God to Faith's calm, steadfast Glance are clear,  
 An high Astonishment, a blest Surprise,  
 Shall ope his Heart who lends thy Tale an Ear, (here!  
 And Rays of Heaven's pure Light oft cross his dull Path
  2. And I would fain believe, tho' all divine,  
 Thou, in whom Love thus ripened into high  
 And perfect Faith, (for of Religion's Shrine  
 Love is the Cornerstone,) that even I  
 Possess that Faith whose Hand of Purity  
 Still touches into Glory common Clay,  
 And on the Brow of poor Mortality .  
 The Stamp of true Divinity doth lay,  
 By Time and Sorrow uneffaced, the same for aye!
-

3. Tho' Art should fail, unable to renew  
 The Forms of eldtime Poets, forced to take  
*Casts* from the antique Statues, Nature, true  
 To her creative Priviledge, can make  
 In her *eternal Mould* (tho' Time should break  
 Her Masterworks to Pieces one by one)  
 Fresh Beautysshapes, which unto Being wake  
 Perfect as Eve, by Sin not yet undone,  
 Her Mould remains the same, tho' endless Forms be gone!
4. And on thee has she tried her mighty Hand,  
 Her choicest Craft, thou new Antigone!  
 Tho' no blind Father, treading Grecian Land,  
 Leans on thee, not less beautiful than she:  
 Tho' one with all the Sheen of Poesy,  
 The Atmosphere of Beauty, the Goldlight  
 By Inspiration breathed, o'er mantled be,  
 And thou in Nature's simplest Garb art dight,  
 Yet fairer than all Pomp, for Truth is thy Birthright!
5. Thou tread'st no Poetground, no Legends hoar  
 Hover around thy Head, nor do'st thou seem  
 Fit Subject for the Bard's fastidious Lore:  
 No Oracle, (save that celestial Beam  
 Within thy Heart,) no goldenwinged Dream,  
 By high Jove sent, sheds Glory upon thee,  
 But on Life's common Path, where ill Sights teem,  
 That shock the nice Regards of those who see  
 With Fancy's Eyes, an Angel in thy Purity,
6. By Faith upheld and meek Lowheartedness,  
 Thou trod'st, on Misery's scant and bitter Bread  
 Oftnourished, and the salt Tears of Distress!  
 Oft without Pillow for thy weary Head,  
 Or Friend, save one above, tho' He instead  
 Of every earthly Aid might well suffice,  
 Yea! the good God by whom the Raven's fed,  
 Altho' he has no Voice to ask, who tries  
 The Heart of Man, and by high Suffering purifies,

7. Entering into the Temple when 'tis made  
 Holy by Expiation! even He  
 Who in his Mercy and his Love hath said,  
 « Blessed are they that suffer, they shall be  
 Inheritors of Immortality »!  
 Who *gives most* e'en when *most He takes away* :  
 Who takes the good Things of the Earth that we ,  
 Thus wean 'd from them , may not be led astray ,  
 But Faith's good Things receive instead, and live for aye!
8. Thou trod'st Life's thorniest Paths, yet murmuredst not,  
 And 'mid its Fret and Fever thou wast still  
 Calm and content, and envied 'st no Man's Lot,  
 O'ercoming Evil by an ardent Will,  
 And a fixed Soul of Good, which can instill  
 Into opposèd Natures its own Worth:  
 Rousing Men's inert Sympathies to fill  
 Their wonted Channels, and by *very Dearth*  
 Of *earthly* Means, prolific in those *not* of Earth!
9. The more of Mammon's Means the less of God's!  
 The more of outward Things the less we here  
 Use spiritual: on the Reed that nods  
 With the least Breath Man in his Hour of Fear  
 And Doubt will rather lean, on palpable, near,  
 And present Aids, how frail soe'er, than on  
 Faith's viewless Arm, which more than Sword or Spear  
 Can bear a Nation up! this Strength alone  
 Endures, for being *Spirit* Change in it is none!
10. But Mammon scarcely can relieve Wants to  
 Which this frail Flesh is subject: he may pillow  
 The Head on Down, yet Conscience still can strew  
 Unquiet Thorns! he can but feed the low  
 And sensual Propensities, but no  
 Inspiring Breath to aught Godlike supply;  
 He cannot stir Mens' Hearts, or bid Kings bow  
 As to God's Voice, when inly moved as by  
 Some heavenly Presence, which their Souls dare not belie.

- 11 They hear a friendless Girl ask Mercy on  
 A Father, in the Name of him whose Grace  
 Hes led and visibly before her gone!  
 This is Faith's Priviledge: he who will place  
 His *whole* Trust in her, by no Fears debase  
 Her Impulse, or by brute Mistrust undo  
 Her Triumphs, he all Ills unmoved shall face,  
 By her and in her shall he conquer too,  
 For ne'er breaks she her Pledge to those that love her true!
12. But he who leans on her, as on a Reed,  
 And *trusts* her not, 'neath his Weight will she break,  
 For she will not support the earthly, dead,  
 Unquickened Pressure of brute Doubts, that make  
 The Soul distrust itself, and from it take  
 The Sceptre of its spiritual Sway:  
 And he who seeks her not for her sole sake,  
 But thinks by Mammon's aid to smoothe the Way,  
 His Toil is lost, in Mammon's Service must he stay!
13. But to thy steady Worship Faith could naught  
 Refuse, she tried thee, and then led thee on  
 To thy far Journey's End, smoothing, like Thought,  
 The Difficulties which Earth's Power alone  
 Could not o'ercome; thy lofty Goal was won  
 By that same Spirit which has Strength to move  
 The Mountains, and which stayed the Middaysun  
 Over Jehosaphat, for from above  
 With Might of Hosts it comes, yet meeker than the Dove!
14. And Actions full of Beauty, like to thine,  
 Are far beyond all Meed of mortal Praise  
 And mortal Guerdon: being alldivine  
 Their Worth Earth's vulgar Wages would debase,  
 Tarnish and sully their celestial Grace,  
 In their uncomprehended Beauty therefore,  
 Like Angels with a Veil drawn o'er their Face,  
 They pass unguerdoned 'till their Toils are o'er,  
 Unrecognized, save by the few, to reap the Store



15. And Fullness of all Bliss at God's Righthand!  
 Celestial Things are measur'd alone  
 By that which is celestial, who has spanned  
 With an Ellwand the Rainbow or the Sun?  
 And Virtue were *not* Virtue if unknown  
 And unrewarded she were not the same,  
 If toiling not for Love, but Wages won  
 Like Mammon's Hire, if Obloquy and Shame  
 Could make her once forget from whence her Glory came!
16. If like the Sons of Earth she needs must have  
 Base Compensation and Indemnity  
 For Loss of earthly Goods, ere she will brave  
 The Perils of her Mission: verily  
 There be some who of Immortality  
 Would make a Bargain between God and Man,  
 Turn Virtue into a deform'd Lie,  
 And with brute, worldly Cunning dare to span  
 That Wisdom which composed the allembracing Plan!
17. But verily they have their own Reward,  
 Their Light is Darkness, and by it they're led  
 To Selfconfusion: ever on their Guard  
 'Gainst Trick and Guile, by Trick and Guile they're fed,  
 'Till to all nobler Food their Taste be dead,  
 Foxes 'mong Foxes, Fools among the Wise!  
 And as, when by *Man's* Hand the Net is spread,  
 The Brute's low Cunning ill with Reason vies,  
 So too the Toils of these are Folly in *God's* Eyes!
18. And now, my Prascovy, wouldst thou but aid  
 My feeble Lip to tell thy simple Tale  
 In calm Simplicity, with no Parade  
 Of dazzling Metaphor, whose Arrows fail  
 Full oft to hit the Mark, tho' flowery Dale,  
 Groveshaded Streams, and Voice of Summerwind,  
 Be wanting to my Song, with Stroke of Flail  
 And merry Vintageshout, still may it find  
 Impulse and Utterance to please a kindred Mind.

19. Do not the Hills give back the Voice of Man  
 When flung abroad at Random, tho' they be  
 Of brute, insensate Earth? Heaven's wise Plan  
 Binds all Things with the Chain of Sympathy,  
 Heart answers unto Heart, tho' they may be  
 Severed by Seas and Mountains, Thought with Thought  
 Still communes, Soul with Soul, they mingle free  
 As Sounds in Air, and from all Things is caught  
 The Voice of one, sole Truth, if rightly it be sought!
20. Behold her! this young Angel! where and how?  
 Pride look thou on her, yea! look down and see  
 Her who finds Favor in God's Sight: tho' low  
 Her Dress and Gait, bespeaking Poverty,  
 Yet no mean Being be assured is she,  
 God's Eye is on her, tho' she knows it not,  
 A Saint, tho' Crown and Jewels wanting be!  
 On her poor Head a Wheatsheaf has she got,  
 Contented with the Gleanings of a Beggar's Lot!
21. Yet not less beautiful, methinks, is she  
 In this mean Garb, by Patience triumphing  
 And calm, pure Faith o'er mortal Misery,  
 Nay, lovelier, for 'tis 'mid Suffering  
 That to Religion's Altar Faith doth bring  
 Celestial Fire, to kindle thereupon  
 The grosser Elements that bow her Wing  
 To Earth; behold! her coarse Daytasks are done,  
 And homeward she returns with yon' slowsinking Sun!
22. She has ne'er known another Fatherland,  
 Or if she has, in earliest Infancy,  
 It is an unremembered Being, and  
 E'en the bleak Iceplains to her joyous Eye  
 Are beautiful: she throws o'er all the Dye  
 Of her own happy Heart, her only Woe  
 To see her Father's Tears, and not know why  
 He weeps; unseen, herself had seen them flow,  
 And hers, because she could not bid his cease, gushed too!

23. And often, when the soft, dreamwing'd Sleep  
 Stole from her Eyes Life's passing Scene, arose  
 Her Father's Form, within her Breast so deep  
 Had sunk the Wish to heal his secret Woes,  
 So strong her Love; for she was one of those  
 Whose Forms to beautify Humanity  
 Nature unto Man's wondering Vision shows  
 From Time to Time, like Rainbows in Life's Sky,  
 Or Angels 'mid its Storm and Darkness passing by!
24. Behold her! on the Threshold now she stands,  
 Full of her Thought, but as she lifts her Eyes,  
 She starts, her Gleanings fall from her young Hands,  
 For lo! with mingled Terror and Surprise,  
 Her Father, pale and gloomy, she descries,  
 Her Mother bathed in Tears, and knows not why.  
 Sudden her Father's Grief bursts forth, he cries,  
 « Behold my Child (so spake Impiety)  
 Given by Heaven's Wrath to fill its Measure high! »
25. « Wasted by servile Toils I see her pine  
 Away before me, and a Father's Name,  
 To me a Synonym of Wrath divine,  
 Is as a Curse, a Heritage of Shame! »  
 Thus spake he in his Bitterness, with Frame  
 By Passion shook! illjudging Man! for she,  
 Who like the Rainbow 'mid the Tempest came,  
 Mingling her Tears with his, was sent to be  
 His Guardianangel here, from Bondage to set free!
26. And thus it is, when Heaven's Hand is nigh,  
 We push it back, unknowing what we do,  
 When God is nearest to our Misery,  
 Our Souls are most estranged! yea! even so,  
 Poor Worms that lift their petty Stings, and throw  
 Their Vemon up to Heaven, charging on  
 The Giver of all Good each Wrong and Woe  
 Which our own Folly or Man's Hate upon  
 Our Heads hath brought, as tho' God bade the Ill be done!

27. And from that Day the Soul of Prascovy  
Was stirred with one high Thought, and as the Wind  
Drives all the Waves with one same Tendency  
Before its Breath, so in her deepstirred Mind  
An Inspiration rose: each Impulse blind,  
Each Thought and Feeling, with a sudden Light,  
And a fixed Bent of high Resolve refined,  
Gathered to one same Point their scattered Might,  
And like centred Rays upon her Path shone bright!
28. Then by calm Faith unflinched were her Eyes,  
And from the Bosom of Futurity  
She saw the Vision in its Glory rise,  
Not faint and dim as to the doubting Eye,  
Seen thro' the Mists of frail Mortality,  
And suddenly withdrawn, but firm and clear  
As when before the Throne, her Mission high  
Accomplished, she knelt down in Awe and Fear,  
And felt she had no more to do or ask for here!
29. One Day her Prayer was over, and awhile  
With Soul o'ersteeped in Blessedness, e'en there  
Where Heaven had opened in a radiant Smile,  
Revealing the calm Realms of upper Air,  
The Mansions of the blest, still in her Prayer  
Absorbed she knelt: her Lips moved not, her Brow  
Calm as a Summersea, for all Words were  
Vain Sounds for what she felt, all Utterance low,  
God was *in her* and *from God* did her Being flow!
30. Then, like a Lightningflash, a Hope came o'er  
Her Spirit, with a sudden, dazzling Gleam  
Of Blessedness: awhile it troubled sore  
Her inmost Soul, as when from some glad Dream,  
Too lovely for Reality, where teem  
Celestial Sights, we wake, but soon it drew  
Her into its blest Sphere, and like a Beam  
Melting in Sunlight, so did she renew  
Herself in that deep Joy, a Being calm and true!

31. And *in it* did she live for evermore,  
And *by it* did she live: Thought, Feeling, Deed,  
Sprang out of it, as Perfume from the Flower,  
Refined and purified, from all Soil freed,  
And fit to mix with Ether! Self was dead,  
One Thought was Present and Futurity,  
She had no Life but in it, asked no Meed  
But once to see it realized, then die,  
That Thought! to free her Parents from Captivity!
32. Like to a Revelation of God's Will  
This Thought flashed on her, like a heavenly Ray  
Which all her inmost being did o'erfill  
With Light, and soon she knelt again to pray,  
But Words came not, she knew not what to say,  
For Bliss o'erpowered her! her Soul alone  
Existed, but her Body was away,  
The one to Earth, the other to Heaven was gone,  
And for awhile it seemed that this brute Life was done!
33. And when she found her Voice, amid the Press  
Of mighty Thoughts, she pray'd God fervently  
Not to deprive her of the Blessedness  
Which then she felt, so indefinably  
Filling her Veins with liquid Ecstasy:  
All other Things she left (herein most wise,)  
To his good Time and Place, with mortal Eye  
Not daring to peruse Fate's Mysteries,  
With mortal Reason fearing to direct the Skies!
34. And often, when around her houseless Head  
The Clouds of Sorrow gathered, that same Thought  
Upon her Path its eldtime Radiance shed,  
Dispelling Mists of Doubt and Fear, still fraught  
With Blessedness, as then when first she caught  
Its Inspiration: like the dawning Ray,  
It grew and grew in spite of all that wrought  
'Gainst its Omnipotence, 'till in Broadday  
All Things o'ersteeped in its celestial Radiance lay!

35. It seemed as if the Heaven's Glory still  
 Mantled her Form, an Angel from the Sky,  
 Whose Beauty Earth's dull Contact could not kill!  
 Great Nature too inspired her, and by  
 All natural Forms she schooled the Ear and Eye  
 To teach the Soul: to those who learn to see  
 In her the Shadow of the Deity,  
 She makes high Revelations: they are free  
 To hear God's Voice upon the Winds that past them flee!
36. And oft amid a silencehaunted Wood  
 Of antique Growth, beneath the chequered Shade  
 Falling in dappled Flakes, in holy Mood  
 Of solitary Musings, had she made  
 Her Soudjourn, 'till allconscious Nature bade  
 The Earth lift up its Voice in Awe and Fear  
 And speak of God: listening the while she stayed,  
 'Till forth unconsciously she broke in Prayer,  
 Feeling one God within, around, and everywhere!
37. Thus (her own Soul her Oracle,) she grew  
 Unto the Bloom of fifteen sunny Years,  
 Like an halfopen Flower which the Dew  
 Of Heaven, working silently, uprears,  
 'Till this one Thought the Source of all her Fears  
 And Hopes was grown, the very Breath whereby  
 She lived! 'twas this which e'en to Suffering's Tears  
 Imparted Rapture worthy of the Sky,  
 For Love can turn e'en Pain to purest Ecstasy!
38. Where Selflove rules, there of all Good is Dearth!  
 For lofty Things *are born of Sacrifice*,  
 Yea! 'tis the *Sacrifice* that gives them Worth,  
 And makes them what they are! then if thou'rt wise,  
 When that which of all Things thou *most* dost prize  
 Is at thy Hands required, thou wilt there-  
 At be rejoiced, wellknowing that the Skies  
 Will thro' *thy Heart* tenfold the Loss repair,  
 By making *God* more truly *thy one Good!* and where

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43. Here would she pray within the simple Aisle,  
 Pillared by Treestems branching up on high  
 Into a shady Leafroof, whence the pale  
 And greenish Light fell on her upraised Eye:  
 The Wind lowwhispering, as it murmured by,  
 A natural Music suited to the Place,  
 No proud Display of Man's vain Melody,  
 Tickling the Ear when he should bow for Grace,  
 With haply some Bird's Note, to break, but not efface,
44. The holy Quiet of the stillly Air,  
 So soothing to the Soul, when allalone  
 It would hold Commune with itself, and bare  
 Its inmost Wishes, kneeling at the Throne  
 Of Mercy, and in Meekness calling on  
 The Heavens for Aid. for she had formed a Plan,  
 (And what we *trust* we can do is half done,)  
 By Love inspired with that Faith which can  
 Impart prophetic Powers, and make the Will of Man
45. Rockfirm and fixed! for when the Anchor of  
 His Hope is cast into Futurity,  
 No passing 'Tempest of Time's Sea can move  
 The Lifebark riding calm and quietly  
 Amid its Uproar! thus Man's Will, which by'  
 Frail Passion's every Wave and Breath is blown,  
 When it has bent its Energies to high  
 And holy Ends, is not upheld alone  
 By mortal Powers, *when pure* God makes the Cause his
46. And what so pure as hers? can Angels feel (own!  
 A purer Love than that whose deep Roots grow  
 In a Child's Breast, which for a Father's Weal  
 Would sacrifice each cherished Hope below,  
 Refusing thro' all Grief and Pain to know  
 A single Joy save that of Sacrifice?  
 Whose Love thro' Life's cold selfish Sea could flow  
 Fresh as the Fountain when its Waters rise,  
 Without one bitter Drop, one Stain in its pure Dyes!



47. Love is the Well of Blessedness, not *sweet*  
*Itself alone*, but making too the Taste  
 Of each Bliss doubly so; unlike Earth's fleet-  
 Ing Joys, which, when the first Sweet is effaced,  
 Like Poison goblets honeysmear'd, and placed  
 To lure us on, behind them leave for aye  
 The Bitterness of Death and Sin! then haste  
 To this Elysian Fount, of which *all* may  
 Drink largely, then let all do so, for far more, yea!
48. Than Pegasean Fount, can it inspire  
 To all high Thoughts and Deeds! now to the Wood  
 Her Path she traced, full of that one Desire,  
 And after praying for due Fortitude  
 To Him whose Grace imparts all that is Good,  
 All holy Thoughts and Inspirations clear,  
 That He would please uphold in her the Mood  
 Of calm, unswerving Faith, that doubteth ne'er, (Fear,  
 When all seems Doubt, nor fears when all gives cause for
49. Homeward she turn'd, with firm Will to address  
 The first of her dear Parents she should meet,  
 But as she neared the House her Heart did press  
 Its Prisonbars, for on the Doorsideseat,  
 Placed opportune to catch the Middayheat,  
 In such a Clime no Idler's Luxury,  
 Her Father sat: tho' overhead no sweet  
 And beeloved Sycamore rose shady by  
 It. as in sunnier Lands, with fanlike Majesty,
50. Where Age may sun himself, and blithe Youth sport  
 Life's sweet, brief Holyday away in Peace;  
 Selfmastering her Fears, and cutting short  
 All Doubts by timely Action, she did ease  
 Her Heart in Words, and ever by Degrees  
 Her Speech grew warm with that sweet Eloquence  
 Which pleases without studying how to please:  
 For what the *Heart* prompts ever is good Sense,  
 And oft a *godlike Call*, for God's Voice speaks from thence!

51. She pray'd her Father's Leave that she might go  
 And ask his Pardon of the Emperor,  
 Where, in his Pride and Pomp, by Neva's Flow  
 Of icy Waves he sits, upon whose Shore,  
 (Almost dreamswift), a barren Waste before,  
 Th' Imperial City rose: a helpless Maid,  
 Worldignorant, and, save in Faith, most poor!  
 Yet oft the *weakest* Vessel Heaven hath made  
 The Medium of its Revelations, and arrayed
52. Its own invisible Powers on the Side  
 Of Innocence and feeble Womanhood!  
 Not with the Warrior's Arm, nor with the Pride  
 Of Sword and Spear, doth Heaven work out the Good  
*It* has in View, nor wills one drop of Blood  
 Be shed in aught to which *its* Agency  
 May be vouchsafed! but oft in gentlest Mood,  
 Like the Springsbreath, we feel its Power nigh,  
 Filling all Things with Life, Peace, Love, and Harmony!
53. Oft has the Majesty of Innocence  
 Atchieved what Nerve and Muscle could not do,  
 Oft worked a Miracle upon the Sense  
 Of hardened Guilt, 'till Consciousness would flow  
 Of something before which all Strength must bow,  
 On the crimedarkened Soul: a Babe's weak Cry,  
 As 'twere God's Voice, has stayed the Murderer's Blow.  
 Yea! it *is* God's own Voice, for he speaks by  
 The Babe's Lip, and in *perfect Innocence* is nigh!
54. There is a *Weakness far above all Strength*.  
 Its Power in calm, enduring Faith doth lie,  
 Tho' baffled oft, its Triumphs come at length,  
 E'en as the Ice is *soonest* melted by  
 The *gentlest* Breath, not by the Storms which ply  
 Destruction's Task, allpowerless to create!  
 This Weakness has no Pride nor Vanity,  
 'Tis meek and fearful, tho' of high Estate,  
 But Pride is frail, for he his Strength doth overrate,

## 55. Selfconfident where Wisdom takes most Heed!

Therefore the Lord delights exceedingly  
To make a Pillar of Strength of the frail Reed,  
By Weakness to put down the Proud and High,  
And turn to naught by meek Simplicity  
The Wiles of Craft! there is no Thing so low,  
So despicable in Ambition's Eye,  
But he can hallow it to Good, and show  
By it that Hosts are needless to him here below!

56. Yea! thus He works *his* Miracles, by Means

*Worthy of that He is*, the God of Love,  
Of Truth, and Mercy, while we Men, by Scenes  
Of Strife, Destruction, and brute Uproar, prove  
That Nerve and Sinew cannot lift above  
The Beasts that perish! wonder not then ye,  
(For not the Eagle but the gentle Dove  
Was missioned for the Olive) when ye see  
God's Wisdom working by this Maid's Simplicity!

57. Older her Father far in *reckoned* Years,

Yet but a Child, the merest Child indeed,  
Compared with her: for not by Days or Years  
Faith measures Man's Perfection! Flesh may need  
Seasons and Times to ripen, like the Seed,  
In its brute Fashion, but the Soul is free  
At one bold Bound, by perfect Will selffreed,  
To leap at once into Eternity,  
And to anticipate what shall hereafter be!

58. She was *beyond all Years*, all Age, all Time,

*As old as Love and Truth*, and they were born  
*Before this Earth*, and in a happier Clime!  
Her Father's Date was but as he had worn  
This fleshy Husk, 'twas young, now old, and shorn  
By Time of its first Bloom: but she, oh she  
Had lived the Life that dyeth not, had torn  
The Veil from off the Future, and could see  
The Shape she was to live in everlastingly!

59. 'A greater than Medea thro' her Veins  
 The *true Lifeessence* had infused, the high,  
 Calm Pulses of eternal Life, from Pains,  
 And Doubts, and Fears, set free, allequably  
 Beat in her Bosom, and she *could not die!*  
*Time* could not bring her Wisdom who had learned  
 The Lore already of *Eternity!*  
 Nor perfect where no Flaw could be discerned,  
 Nor yet reward whose Wages *were already earned!*
60. That godlike Selfcontedness had she  
 Which of all other Blessings here below  
 Is the *Beginning* and *Epitome*,  
 In which they *all are centered*, even so  
 As the Rose into its *ripe* Bud doth throw  
 The Essence of its purest Energies!  
*Naught* had she, yet had *all Things!* asked for no  
 Increase, yet had that Wealth which *multiplies*  
 The more the *more 'tis used*, and which *all! Wants supplies!*
61. Oh blessed Thought! to think that in our own  
 Soleselves we have all that which we require!  
 Thus nourished on Faith's daily Bread alone,  
 The Goods of Earth to her were but as Mire!  
 Ether *unconsciously* did she respire,  
 She was an Angel to *herself unknown*,  
*Rich beyond Wealth, and blest beyond Desire!*  
 Thus without Search and Effort had she won  
 The *perfect Treasure*, which is *every Good in one!*
62. Such was the Being who now prayed in vain  
 Her Father for Permission, but he made  
 Light of her fond Request, and she in Pain  
 And Shame burst into Tears: not that afraid  
 She felt herself, tho' no Voice spoke to aid  
 Her Prayer: for all their *Anger* she had come  
 Prepared to meet, but *Ridicule* betrayed  
 That Weakness which still finds a secret Home,  
 When for its *other* Shapes the Heart will make no Room.

63. And now the Roses of three Summers more  
 Had mantled on her Cheek, and Womanhood  
 Gave to her Purpose Strength unfelt before :  
 It had grown with her Growth, and was the Food  
 Of all her daily Thoughts, and oft she would  
 Repeat her former Prayer more earnestly ;  
 Chidings and Ridicule she had withstood ,  
 For ever a still Voice within was nigh ,  
 Which cheered her, whispering that her Hope was not a Lie!

### THIRD PART.

1. She was not skilled in Learning as 'tis taught  
 In Colleges and Universities,  
 In all the idle Nicknames with which Thought  
 Is labelled by those Bookapothecaries,  
 Logic and Metaphysics, Husks where lies  
 No Soul of Good; true Wisdom still will thrive  
 Without these, Love *more* than their Place supplies!  
 And « he who made the Lips and Heart can give  
 Wisdom and Eloquence », that *noblest*, how to *live*!
2. She had no Booklore, and was little wise  
 Save to Salvation, yet the Soul can *make*  
*Itself an Education* from what lies  
 Around it, keep its Faculties awake  
 By Things at which the Bookworm scarce would take  
 A passing Glance: Life has a *living* Lore  
 Not like that of dead Books, and they who *sake*  
 The Ashes of the Past may pore and pore,  
 Yet learn not half so much as from one acted Hour

3. Of what Stuff they are made , what capable  
Or not to do : true Wisdom does not lie  
In the *much* Knowledge , but in knowing *well* :  
Oft in much Knowledge is much Vanity ,  
'Tis but an inert Mass , unquickened by  
That Love which puts it into Act and Use  
For God's high Praise ; there is too frequently  
A Pride of Knowledge leading to Abuse ,  
And to Hearthardness Faith all Grace doth still refuse .
4. That she had Wisdom in the truest Sense ,  
They who know what the Gospelpreachers taught  
Will doubt not , Wisdom free from all Pretence ,  
Childlike in its Simplicity , and fraught  
With that Meekheartedness so vainly sought  
In the proud Schools of Earth's Philosophy .  
He who , according to his Means , in aught  
Relieves a Fellowcreature's Misery ,  
Is wise not unto Time but to Eternity !
5. Fulloft the Words of Life seem meaningless  
In the broad Glare of Earth's Prosperity ,  
But in the Darkness of our sore Distress  
The Soul is forced to seek *internally*  
A Strength not yet put forth , obscured oft by  
The Pomp and Glitter of the World : then on  
Our Sight the Lifewords shine exceedingly ,  
With a celestial Radiance , unknown  
Before , like Phosphorwriting when Daylight is gone !
6. The Wisdom of the Earth *is as the Earth* ,  
After the Flesh , and filmy is her Eye ,  
It looketh not beyond her Place of Birth ;  
The Earth is very cunning carnally ,  
And he whose Wisdom cometh from on high  
Would be a Jest and Mock to the worldwise ,  
His Wisdom Foolishness ! how can Earth by  
The Earth embrace the Spirit's Mysteries ?  
God's Truths to carnal Comprehensions turn to Lies !

7. And Wisdom to be Wisdom must be sought  
And loved for her own *Sake*, else of her Lore  
The Spirit will evaporate, and naught  
But Dregs remain; one sole Seed from the Core  
Of her Hesperian Apple is worth more  
Than all the Fruit beside, for in it dwells  
The pure Lifeessence: like the genuine Ore,  
When made a Traffic of, her Principles  
Are mixed with baser Stuff and earthly Particles.
8. Unto the World the Gospel was and is  
A Stumblingblock: the carnal minded seek  
Wordwisdom, vain Display, and so they miss  
That pure Illumination which the meek,  
Being fit, receive, and the World's Strength is weak  
To strive with Foolishness: for strong Desire  
And *Wish to comprehend* alone can break  
The Seal of God's high Truth, which, like the Fire,  
Cleanses true Gold, but burns the drossy in its Ire!
9. Three Years had flown, and Time, who severs oft,  
Had twined the Tendrils of their Hearts more close,  
And Love, whose sweet Breath can make sweet and soft  
E'en Bondage's bleak Air, had soothed the Throes  
He could not heal, and thus the Thought to lose  
Their only Daughter, when Oldage drew on  
With his accumulating Load of Woes,  
Sickness, and Pain at being left alone,  
Wassnapping the last Thread Life's frail Hope hung upon!
10. And oft, when in their Sor row they would pray  
Her not to go, she answered but with Tears,  
For her Heart coul not find to say them nay,  
Yet her firm Purpose bent not to their Fears:  
As Water Drop by Drop the hard Rock wears,  
So did the Minutes one by one remove,  
(And with their paltry Space Time builds his Years,  
And makes and mars) all Obstacles that wove  
The Net of Difficulties, rent intwain by Love.

11. Yea! for Love's gentle Touch is mightier far  
 Than that of strongest Giant, and can make  
 A Host recoil, if such her Course should bar!  
 The Gordian Knot of Hindrances, which shake  
 The Warrior's Will, which brute Strength cannot *break*  
 Asunder, she *undoes* in gentlest Guise,  
 Naught can resist, all Things for her sweet Sake  
 Lose their worse Natures, of her holy Eyes  
 One Glance can conquer him who all brute Force defies !
12. Behold her by the Streamside, she has done  
 Her hard Daytask of Washing at the Brook,  
 And she is stooping down to place upon  
 Her Shoulder its moist Load. Pride do not look  
 So scornfully, as tho' thou couldst not brook  
 Such Things, illsuited to fastidious Ear:  
 Of human Life, not in a giltedged Book  
 Of fanciful Romance, thou readest here,  
 The Trappings are cast off, that clearer may appear
13. The godlike Outline in its sublime Truth!  
 Nor can, I trust, Time quench entirely  
 The holy Fire that warmed the Breast of Youth:  
 And Form and Custom tho' they dull the Eye  
 And Ear to Life's real Scenes that round us lie,  
 And shut us in a hothouse Atmosphere  
 Of sickly Prejudice and Vanity,  
 Yet cannot conquer Nature, still the Tear  
 Of Pity Chance calls forth, tho' dull, cold Hearts will sneer!
14. After some Cross-signs and a mental Prayer,  
 She was about to take her Load, when lo,  
 One, whom she knew, stopped short, and with an Air  
 Of Mockery accosting her, said, « so  
 Now of itself your Linen Home would go,  
 Had you but made a few such Trifles more : »  
 Thereat, for tho' a Fool he was kind too,  
 He placed on his own Back her Load, and bore  
 It to the House, not thinking on his Speech before.



15. Arrived, he boasted in his Pleasantry  
 Of having saved the Girl a Miracle,  
 For being half a Sceptic, he must try  
 His Wit on sacred Things, which Fools love well  
 To turn to Jest, tho' why they cannot tell;  
 Poor Wretches! they are to be pitied more  
 Than else, for, like the Clapper of a Bell,  
 They but repeat what Fools have said before,  
 'Tis the Beast's Nature, Bell or Fool, so pass it o'er!
16. They are but as the Child by the Seaside,  
 Who digs his little Trench, nor doubts that he  
 Can compass in its paltry Space the Tide;  
 So these Men, who before their dim Eyes see  
 The mighty Ocean of Eternity,  
 Can comprehend it not: all that they view  
 Is some small Fraction of Infinity,  
 Some Sandgrains which they weigh, and yet these too  
 To *Wisdom* prove as much as Suns and Worlds can do!
17. The vast, capacious Intellect looks on  
 This goodly World, and being *itself wise*  
 Can trace the *Wisdom* in *its* Workings shown:  
 The Heart that looks abroad with *Love's quick Eyes*  
 Can trace the *Love* that framed the Earth, and plies  
 Its daily Tasks in sublime Confidence!  
 But here nor Head nor Heart we recognize,  
 They mock their Maker with the vain Pretence  
 To hide from others and themselves their Want of Sense!
18. And such was this Man, yet rebuked he stood  
 By *Wisdom* speaking thro' the Lips of one  
 Whose Mind was simple as her Heart was good:  
 Who by her Piety would fain atone  
 For Evil, tho' 'twere by another done;  
 And thus she spake, « could I do otherwise  
 Than place my Trust and Hope in God alone,  
 Seeing that He in thee hath made arise  
 A Servant to his Will, whose Will thou do'st despise?»

19. Thereat abashed the Sceptic quick withdrew,  
 All his gay Rhetoric and Fence of Thought  
 Foiled by an artless Girl, whose Lip ne'er knew  
 A single Witstroke save what Truth had taught;  
 And many an Example, if 'twere sought,  
 Would History afford, to teach us how  
 E'en with the Fool and Sceptic God hath wrought  
 The Glory of his Name, turning the Blow  
 Aimed by Impiety to lay the Smiter low!
20. Catching within the Net himself had spread  
 Th' Ensnarer's Foot, and thro' the Mockery  
 Of Scoffers raising up a Cause nigh dead;  
 For in the moral World's Machinery  
 (Whose Movingimpulse comes but from on high,  
 That regulates vast Spheres, least Atomies )  
 A counteracting Principle doth lie,  
 And Foeattempts, as 'round the Circle flies,  
 Prepare the Way for Truth's most glorious Victories!
21. E'en as the Earth transforms the Filth we throw  
 Upon her Bosom into goldeared Grain,  
 So from Man's Crimes and Vices there doth grow  
 The perfect Growth of Good; he toils in vain,  
 To Selfconfusion, selfinflicted Pain  
 And Misery, save when he works with God,  
 A mightier Power his Efforts doth constrain,  
 And Men and Nation's Sufferings surely goad  
 Back to stern Duty's Path, when they forsake her Road!
22. Oh mark his Wisdom, yea, observe it well,  
 Working vast Change by simplest Agency,  
*Selfregulated*: in Man's Heart doth dwell  
 A comprehensive Principle, an high,  
 Corrective Spirit of Humanity  
 And Justice, oft obscured, extinguished ne'er:  
 Thus *Man by Man, and Nation ever by*  
*Nation is judged*, thus are we forced to bear  
*Selfwitness*, to *selfpunish* every Crime done here

23. Acknowledging it just by our own Deed  
 And proper Act! nor can we inculcate  
 Our Maker, for ourselves have sowed the Seed  
 Whose Crop we reap in Bloodshed, Guilt, and Hate,  
*'Till Humannature, roused, doth reprobate  
 Its own Misdeeds, and on itself doth call  
 For and inflict due Sentence, every State*  
 Is subject still, how greatsoe'er or small,  
 To universal Conscience overlooking all!
24. All Men condemn *in others* Sins which they  
 Themselves are guilty of, thus each is *by  
 His own Lips sentenced* when he goes astray;  
 And this pure Spirit of Humanity  
 Speaks as invested with Authority,  
 It summons Nations to its Bar, and there  
 Foredates the Judgment too of the Mosthigh,  
 Nay, it is *his own Voice*, for if it were  
 Not, it could not do so, nor that high Office bear!
25. *God* does not punish us as we believe:  
 Evil and Good are at Man's Choice, his own  
 Will makes them, his own Hands the Threads still weave  
 Into the fatal Lifewoof, he alone  
*Dyes* them, *with his own Deeds*! black, blue, or brown,  
 Or *bloodred*, as may happen, as they leave  
 Fate's Distaff one by one, for all *at first*  
 Are white as Innocence! tho' he may groan,  
 And rail at Fate, and call himself accurst,  
 Yet by himself and no one else the Seeds are nursed!
26. Evil is like the Earthquake, calm and still,  
 In the Earth's Bosom cradled, lo! it lies,  
 As a Babe on its Mother's Breast, untill  
 The Elements supply it Force to rise  
 In Action, then at Havoc's Call it flies  
 Forth to lay waste, and level Tower and Town!  
 So in Man's Breast, 'till he himself supplies  
 The Fuel, and the Breath by which 'tis blown,  
*His Deeds the Fuel, and his Will the Breath alone!*

27. Or this Illprinciple within Man's Breast  
 Is like the Tigercub from Infancy  
 Handfed, and reared up as a *tame* Housebeast,  
 The Babe may play with or beside it lie:  
 But if Blood wet its Lip, with sudden Cry  
 Instincts that slept awake, and terrible  
 The *Wildbeast* glares with furyflashing Eye!  
 The first *bad Thought* to this Illprinciple  
 Is as the first Bloodtaste, and breaks the fatal Spell!
28. Then take ye Heed to *think* no ill, for Thought  
 Is the first Germ, and without this is none:  
 No Finger can be lifted up, nor aught  
 Said or but looked, unless a Thought has gone  
 Before: the ripened Fruit that hangs upon  
 The Bough, the Bough itself, the fullgrown Tree,  
 All are but an Unfolding of the one  
 Small Seed, then tame thy Thoughts, or *they will thee*,  
 Still as the Seed was first the Fruit's Taste too must be!
29. Thus of all Ill is Man himself sole Cause,  
 But yet 'tis passing, Good alone can be  
 Eternal, *coming from God*: for still his Laws  
 Uphold and give it a *sure* Victory;  
 But he who with the fearful Ministry  
 Of Crime and Guilt would make ill Things to thrive,  
 Calls a dread Spirit from the Abyss, where lie  
 The dormant Elements for Mischief rife,  
 To work with his own Will 'gainst his own Peace and Life!
30. But if he labour for *God's Wages* here,  
 Not in the frail Works of Man's foolish Pride  
 And vain Imaginings, he need not fear:  
 A mighty Champion is at *his* Side  
 Who for his Fellowcreatures has *denied*  
*Himself: the Spirit of Humanity*  
 Avenges and upholds, his Works *abide*,  
 For not in Time but in Eternity  
 Their Base is cast, and they the Elements defy!

31. And ye, ye filmyeyed, whose dull Moleken  
 Cannot embrace the wide Horizon of  
 Eternal Truth and Wisdom, ye, who when  
 Ye see a Steammachine almost selfmove  
 By the brute Aid of Springs, extol above  
 The Skies this wonderful Invention, by  
 Which *Man's* creative Powers ye would prove,  
 Yet cannot trace the vast Machinery  
 Of moral Causes to a Source *beyond the Eye!*
32. Ye Fools! when ye behold a Steammachine,  
 Ye trace *it* to *its* Maker, and with high  
 And sounding Names pronounce him half divine!  
 And what is this fair World to Faith's clear Eye  
 But a like Piece of vast Machinery,  
 Only *incomparably grander and*  
*More perfect?* where not one least Spring is by  
 Time worn away, nor aught demands the Hand  
 That made it to improve the least, least Thing it planned!
33. Where, from the Glowworm to the Stars, all is  
 As when he first created it, where *tru-*  
*Ly all selfmoves*, not needing even his  
 So sublime Hand to alter or renew!  
 'The Clouds float onward thro' th' eternal Blue,  
 No one knows whence or wither, and in the  
 Vast Workshop, from the Framing of a Dew-  
 Drop to the Darkening of Suns, does he  
 Prepare and foresee all, yet *Himself none can see!*
34. And yet *all feel* him, *all*, down even to  
 The least, least Heart that beats! *all, all* save ye,  
 Who feeling *Him not*, therefore *feel naught tru-*  
*Ly or sublimely*, for since *in each he*  
*Its Highest* constitutes, how can it be  
 Save thro' *Him* known or estimated right?  
 Therefore in all this lovely World ye see  
 Him not, nor trace Him in the Stars by Night,  
*Too vast* the Characters, *too-dazzling* for your Sight!

35. Yet there his Name is writ more legibly  
 Than the *Word* « God » is in the Prayerbook! yea!  
 So much more so that e'en the Infant's Eye,  
 Who from his Mother's Lip has learnt to pray,  
 Ere he can *spell* the Words he is too say,  
*Can read it there as nowhere else!* in no,  
 No Book, however eloquent it may  
 Show forth his Praise! but ye cannot spell so (know!  
 Well as the Child that Name, tho' much *ye' ve read* and
36. Ye very Fools! what is your Ignorance  
 But Impotence of Heart and Mind to see  
 And feel what is so clear? all is but Chance  
 And blind Result to your dull Sight, for ye,  
 Being *reasonless yourselves*, think it must be  
 More reasonable that the World should know  
 No Ruler, than that, harmonised and free  
 From Contradiction, all Things should be so,  
 So grandly made one supreme Being's Power to show!
37. But e'en of ye is Wisdom justified,  
 As of her better Children, ye do show  
 That Ignorance is still the Root of Pride,  
 If for no higher End ye live below:  
 The Wiseman points ye out, as by ye go,  
 Like the poor drunken Helot, to deter  
 From such brute Imbecility, and so  
 Wisdom is even with ye, tho' to her  
 Sweet Voice the Driveller's Bray your Assesears prefer!
38. And now I leave you to the scornful Sneer,  
 The Jabber, and the insane Mockery,  
 With which ye would assail me, could ye hear  
 This most deserved Rebuke: tho' ill can I  
 With my weak Voice uphold the Majesty  
 Of oftinsulted Truth: she does not need  
 A Weapon from my scanty Armoury,  
 One Glance of her calm, sunbright Eyes can breed  
 Dismay and nerveless Fear, and like a windshook Reed

39. Her base Foes quail when retributive Light  
She flashes on them, and like Chaff they're blown  
By her calm Breath into Oblivion's Night!  
From ye I turn to one whom she doth own,  
The *purest* Jewel in her starset Crown,  
If not the *brighest*: others there may be  
More dazzling, to the vulgar Eye made known  
By Gloss and idle Splendor, yet is she  
The calm, clearlusted Gem, from Earth's least Flaw quite
40. Which will support the microscopic View (free!  
Of those who put no Faith in the proud Claims  
Of human Virtue, for the *Heart* is true,  
And thence a steady Brilliance (not the Flames  
In sudden Snatches, with which Passion aims  
At dazzling the Beholder) but calm Light,  
Pure Centralfire, is thrown: Virtue which shames  
Those showy Efforts, a vain World's Delight,  
Which on its wide Stage love to strut in all Men's Sight!
41. Six Months had taken Wing, since, happy Day!  
She saw the Messenger depart, who bore  
Her Father's Prayer to Tobolsk: who shall say  
How her Heart beat? the Summertime passed o'er,  
The Peasant gathered in his Winterstore,  
And Time, who ripens all Things, saw again  
Their deepest Sundyes on the Corn, before  
The Messenger returned: oft would she strain  
Her Eyes along the Road, and watch, and watch in vain!
42. Oh Bitterness of Hope delay'd, that takes  
All Charm from Ear and Eye, she could not see  
How the green Wheat grew gold, or how the Brakes  
And Flowerbanks reechoed to the Glee  
Of Bird and Insect, with the Ministrelay  
Of the Hedgecricket rang. Spring, Summer sped,  
Setting Bud, frozen Grass, and Flower free,  
Kissing the Apple's Cheek to rosy Red,  
And strewing in the Path where Winter's Step must tread

43. The Year's ripe Glories! but she saw all this  
 Like one who to its Joy is not awake:  
 She marked not how the Summer's quickening Kiss  
 Worked on the young May, saw not the lean Snake,  
 Long unsunn'd, creep from out the ferny Brake,  
 Nor counted by the Cornear's deepening Dye  
 The Hours, nor heard the Breeze the Wheatsheaf shake:  
 On Hope's unréal Breath she lived, not by  
 The present Atmosphere, but in Futurity!
44. At length, oh joyous Thought! the Answer came:  
 Hope longsince chilled within her Father's Breast,  
 Nighspent 'mid its own Ashes, with faint Flame  
 Burnt up, tho' but enough just to attest  
 That still it lived, then sank again, oppress  
 By Certainty: for tho' the Letter said  
 That Tyranny's strong Hand dared not arrest  
 The Daughter being free, yet well he read  
 In its fixed Silence that all Hope to *him* was dead.
45. The bitter Drop was poured into the Cup,  
 And it ran over: Hope is sweet, altho'  
 More baseless than a Dream, for Flowers spring up  
 Wheree'er his Summerbreath has leave to blow,  
 And none without that Breath on Earth will grow:  
 Still in Reality's harsh Atmosphere  
 They fade: the Future with Hope's Seed we sow,  
 And *hoping for* the Fruit, e'en tho' it ne'er  
 Should ripen, *by that Hope* enjoy it Year by Year!
46. Her Father took the Passport, and he said  
 She should not go: but the Heart's Augury  
 The inmost Thought writ in the Face can read,  
 And there she saw that, selfunconsciously,  
 He cherished still a Hope that would not die.  
 Therefore she Solace took with her own Thought,  
 Not questioning God's Will too curiously,  
 Since to its Consummation he had brought  
 Thus far her Hope, and for her visibly had wrought.



47. And she did well to trust to him who reads  
 The Hearts of Men, and shapes as they arise  
 The inmost Thoughts, and quickens all the Seeds  
 Of Good within the Soul that still relies  
 Upon *his* Mercy, who unfilms the Eyes,  
 That Good and Evil unto them may be  
 Made clear; for he who doubts alone descries  
 Clouds and thick Darkness, and then laugheth he  
 In his own Heart at those whom Faith has taught to see.
- 48 He says, « all is but Darkness », even so  
 To *him* it is : but from the Point of View  
 Whence we should look, all Things to Order grow,  
 We see Link joining Link in Union true,  
 And God's allpresent Wisdom reaching to  
 The smallest Fibre of the Web; the Eye  
 Of Faith alone the dread Handwriting knew,  
 And carnal Wisdom stood abashed, when by  
 The Voice of Daniel spake the Wisdom of the Sky!
49. One Evening as the Twilightshadows threw  
 Their lengthening Forms along the Earth, these three,  
 Father, and Child, and Mother, sought to woo  
 Oblivion to their present Misery,  
 Cheating their Thought to seem awhile to be  
 That which it was not, and therein most wise:  
 For after all Man in his Thought is free  
 To be that which he will, with Fancy's Eyes  
 We may transform Life's Waste into a Paradise!
50. Thought itself is Eternity, for thro'  
 What Means save this can we be so? its Scope  
 Is boundless, *Thought alone is us*, thus tru-  
 Ly *we are what we think!* and sublime Hope  
 (Not like the earthborn Antic, wont to grope  
 Amid its Dust, and laugh at us when we  
 Hape clasped a Shadow) to our Sight can ope  
 Glimpses into a calm Futurity,  
 And taste the Joys to come from all Mutation free!

51. That sublime Hope which changes not with Things  
 Of Earth, but down from Heaven, like the Sun,  
 On Man's else guideless Path its calm Light flings,  
 By Mists undimmed; all else is Dust alone,  
 The Victory soon or late by Time is won:  
 He dulls the Edge of earthly Joys, and takes  
 The Bloom from our young Years, strews Thorns upon  
 The Pillow of our Rest, and like the Snake's  
 Envenomed Tooth, when cherish'd at our Hearts, he makes
52. The deadlier Wound, with treacherous Injury  
 Repaying our Foollove of Things so base!  
 He takes Delight to give our Hopes the Lie:  
 Each apish Morrow wears a double Face,  
 One wrinkled sere, the other full of Grace  
 And winning Smiles; thus still he lures us on;  
 'Till Hope with his swift Step no more keeps Pace,  
 Then leaves us in our Misery alone,  
 To count and comment the last Sandgrains as they run!
53. The Moon had risen, o'er the sickled Corn  
 Her soft, calm Radiance fell, where here and there  
 The goldeared Sheaves lay piled against the Morn,  
 When the blithe Reaper should return to bear  
 The Residue away; the scarce stirred Air  
 Seemed to bring with it Summer's dying Breath,  
 Barely uplifting in his leafhid Lair  
 The Owl's Breastfeathers, or the Grass beneath,  
 Where o'er the Glowworm's Lamp it wove its Fairywreath!
54. The Dewdrops, sparkling, on the Branches hung,  
 Or fell scarcemarked, shook by the passing Wing  
 Of nestreturning Bird: the Squirrel clung  
 To the Beechboughs, most joyoushearted Thing,  
 Blithe Tumbler! for his own Sport wantoning,  
 Careless what Eye looked on him, while below,  
 Along the Ground, would run a Twittering  
 Of some Earthdweller, overhappy to  
 Consign his Heart to Sleep ere Joy had had full Flow!

55. Oh blessed Calm of Nature, could we tune  
 The passionjarr'd Strings of Life by thee!  
 If we were made Partakers of that Boon  
 Of Blessedness and Peace, which all we see,  
 By sweet Compulsion *led insensibly*,  
 Inherits at thy Hands! the Bird his Song  
 Carols at Will, the Squirrel in his Glee  
 Neither with Surfeit nor Defect doth wrong  
 Thy wise Indulgence, and his Life thro' Joy is long!
- 56 All Things that breathe, in their own silent Wise,  
 Approve their Maker's Goodness, all but we,  
 We Men, who dare to scan his Mysteries,  
 To doubt and question, when we'd better be,  
 Like the blithe Bird, from Selfannoyance free,  
 Enjoying his good Gifts; when Reason wakes  
 As Children we no longer feel and see  
 Life's Blessedness, by us his stand he takes,  
 And disenchant, and where he *finds* no Evil *makes*!
- 57 These three were gathered, striving to beguile  
 Themselves of their own Thoughts, in that poor Cot  
 Which was their Dwelling, Silence a brief While  
 Followed the Biblereading, which had not  
 Soothed to Forgetfulness of their sad Lot  
 These sorrowstricken Hearts: hopesick were they,  
 For when the Body's tied to one dull Spot,  
 And goes its Tetherslength from Day to Day,  
 At Times the Soul will flag, and suffer with its Clay!
58. But she, the Daughter, knew nor Doubt nor Fear,  
 Hope smiling beckoned ever at her Side,  
 And tho' the Autumnwinds came, whistling sere,  
 To disenchant the Woods, and strip their Pride  
 Of gold and purple Leafage, strewing wide,  
 Like Winter's chill Forerunners, Earth's green Breast  
 With all her withered Offspring, yet she eyed  
 'The saddened Scene with joyous Fancies blest,'  
 For in the Brightness of a coming Bliss 'twas drest!

59. And as they sorrowsilent sat, she said,  
 Wishing to change the Channel of their Thought,  
 Open the Bible, Mother dear, and read  
 The Line I mention: so her Mother sought,  
 For Hope and Fancy take Delight in aught  
 That brings the Future more within the Sphere  
 Of bright Conjecture: and from Omens wrought  
 By seeming Chance our Guardianspirit here  
 Draws sweet Convictions, and we feel the Presence near
60. Of Powers ever watchful unto Good,  
 E'en in the merest Chance, the commonest Thing,  
 Which Minds by Scepticdoubts disabled would  
 Not comprehend, no Faith interpreting  
 The else dead Forms, in which, e'en as a Spring  
 Deepbosomed in the Rock, unknown, unsought,  
 The high Truth lies, 'till heavenly Ministering,  
 Enlarging our Capacity, have wrought  
 So that, by Tokens meaningless to others taught,
61. The Soul, where all seemed dark and blank, has bright  
 Glimpses and Openings up, and groping tries  
 By these to feel its Way towards the Light!  
 Upliftings of the awful Veil that lies  
 Over the Life of Things, the Mysteries  
 Of the Soul's Bourne, whence ever and anon  
 Some Recognition to our fond Enquiries  
 Is echolike sent back, as half were won  
 Of Death's great Secret e'en ere yet the Race be run!
62. Faith has her Pisgahs, whence we catch afar  
 Clear Glimpses of a Life not realized,  
 But where, in Spirit, we already are,  
 For the Soul in these Bounds is not comprized;  
 Tho' the Grave be a Barrier devised  
 To mark its *seeming* Limits, yet it has  
 High Priviledge, and, as it sympathized  
 Still with its Source, mysteriously doth pass  
 From these Fleshshackles to the Life that is, and was,

63. And ever will be: e'en as from the String  
 The Music starts away, and then anon  
 Is there again, true to its Ministering,  
 Still hovering with airy Presence on  
 The palpable Instrument, which is alone  
 Its earthly Tenement, when from the Spheres  
 Its Spirit, to the Poet's Fingering won,  
 Springs 'neath his glowing Touch to charm Men's Ears  
 And Hearts unto his own immortal Hopes and Fears!
64. And now the Bible's blessed Page displayed  
 The following Words, with Characters of Light  
 As in Faith's own Handwriting there arrayed,  
 As tho' an Angel's Finger to her Sight  
 Had pointed out the Passage, so, so bright -  
 Impressed with divine Love, and bade her by  
 A firm Belief interpret them aright,  
 « God's Angel called to Agar from the Sky,  
 And said, what dost thou there, fear not, » thy Lord is nigh!
65. Thereat o'erjoyed the Maiden kissed the Book  
 With her whole Soul upon her Lips, for she  
 Felt at those Words as if empowered to look  
 Into the Future's Womb, and there to see  
 Th' Event not yet conceived, mysteriously  
 Revealed beforehand; yea! for God makes known  
 At Times his Presence unto those whom He  
 Has not found wanting, by a Sign will own  
 Their Faith, and send his Star to lead them duly on!
66. What matters it tho' to the outward Eye  
 No seraphwinged and radiant Form appear,  
 Firetongued to speak the Will of the Mosthigh?  
 These are but palpable Means, and needless where  
 A high Conviction gives the Mind a clear  
 And perfect Vision for God's Mysteries;  
 The virtuous Soul is *ever in and near*  
 The Presence of its Maker, *here still plies*  
*Its former Tasks*, and communes with its native Skies!

67. By our own Thoughts he works his Miracles  
 The best, informs the Mind with inward Light,  
 And gives that Faith which its own End *foretells*  
*And realizes!* school then these aright,  
 Think always upon God, then will His Might  
 Guard thee, yea! *Himself in that Thought* draws nigh,  
 Still at our Side He is, tho' palpable Sight  
 Behold Him not: the Light within our Eye,  
 The *Soul itself* whene'er it thinks aught grand or high!—
68. But soon her Father's Voice from this sweet Dream  
 Recalled her, and he spake in Irony,  
 As one of little Faith, « do ye then deem  
 That God will send an Angel from the Sky  
 To give ye Food and Raiment, or reply,  
 Like to a Fortuneteller's juggling Tongue,  
 To all that Man's vain Curiosity  
 May prompt him to demand? » but he was wrong,  
 For when with Faith we ask, the Lord delays not long.
69. And at his Bidding all Things find a Voice,  
 Even the very Stones: it is the Ear,  
 The Sense, earthdull'd, that (when we should rejoice  
 At the bright Visitations scattered here,  
 Like Sunbeams, allaround, with Radiance clear  
 From Heaven falling upon commonest Things)  
 Will not perceive: the Heart Doubt renders sere  
 And dead to all celestial Visitings,  
 Still should we distrust tho' an Angel's sunbright Wings
70. Flashed o'er our Brows, for all is from within,  
 And outwardly can come no Proof, no high  
 And calm Conviction: from ourselves we win  
 The Power to read the Language of the Sky,  
 Th' Eternal to the Eternal must reply:  
 But he who questions Sense on divine Things,  
 Heaven's Oracles to him are as a Lie;  
 For still to Earth his downward Spirit clings,  
 And recognizes that alone which from Earth springs!

71. All this knew Prascovy, and therefore she  
 Replied, « I have no Hope, my Father dear,  
 That God will send his Angel down to me,  
 Yet have I firm Belief that everywhere  
 My Guardianspirit will be by to cheer  
 Me in my Hour of Need, and that tho' I  
 Myself opposed this Impulse, Heaven's clear  
 And inward Prompting, 'twould be uselessly,  
 For with a mightier Bidding I do but comply!
72. And she was right, for be assured if to  
 Ourselves we be but true, that Heaven ne'er  
 Will fail us, yea! to be so is our true-  
 Est, surest Guardianangel, ever near,  
 There where he *most should be*, in that one Sphere  
 Where he can most effectually aid  
 And counsel us, *in our own Hearts!* 'tis here  
 The Angel must be sought, and we *have made*  
*Him for ourselves* if we his Voice have but *obeyed!*
73. Yea, she was right: for in our Hour of Need  
 If God send not his Angel visibly  
 With Heavenmanna the forlorn to feed,  
 Yet He himself still as we call is nigh,  
 Working his Wonders so, so secretly  
 With weekday Instruments, which Fools despise  
 As being too familiar to the Eye!  
 For what were God if He could not devise  
 Fit Means, without disturbing Nature's Harmonies?
74. If everytime he would work out some Aim  
 He were compelled to use strange Agencies,  
 To stop the Course of Things, disjoint the Frame  
 Of firmfixed Custom, and affright the Eyes  
 Of old Experience by Juggleries  
 Of Sense, Interpositions palpable,  
 And vain display of vulgar Ministries?  
 These are but Proofs of Impotence, as well  
 As Want of Wisdom: when *He* works a Miracle

75. 'Tis not by disjoint Change, or palebrowed Fear,  
 Or the eyedazzling Lightning, that he makes  
 His Purpose known, his Will obey'd here!  
 'Neath Life's *habitual* Forms his Power wakes  
 The Elements it works by, yet ne'er breaks  
 Asunder the least Link in Nature's Chain  
 Of daily Operations, Wisdom takes  
*Things as they are*, the *Forms* unchanged remain,  
 But a *new Spirit* works within, nor works in vain!
76. There is a *gentle* Strength, whose Symbol may  
 Be oft a Child's weak Voice, a Woman's Prayer,  
 A *whispered* Word, which yet none dare gainsay,  
 For 'tis of God himself, and ever where  
 This Strength is felt, it conquers, *God is there*,  
 And the Soul bows before its Maker, whose  
 High Presence fills it like a Breath of Air!  
 Such Strength was Prascovy's, and few could chuse  
 But feel its Sway, when hallowed to such holy Use.
77. Another Month had flown, yet still her Heart  
 Beat with its unaccomplished Wish, in vain  
 She hoped that Time, with his own silent Art,  
 Would smooth the Way: deceived, she hoped again,  
 For Hope in her was Faith, naught could restrain  
 Or check its Growth: yet of her Father she  
 At Times unto herself would half complain  
 For thwarting thus the high Divinity  
 Which oracled her Breast, and Thought soon stole the Glee
78. From her young Voice, and threw a Cloud of Care  
 O'er her onceopen Brow, and oft away  
 She would steal from her Home, to wander where  
 The Branches, with the Autumnwinds at Play,  
 Made sadden'd Music, in that Wood where lay  
 Her summerfavored Haunt: to her young Thought  
 Made holy by sweet Fancies since that Day,  
 When Faith's first Miracle for her was wrought,  
 And to her inward Ear an answering Voice was brought.



79. There would she listen, while the sightless Wind  
 Whistled in fitful Snatches thro' the Trees ,  
 With other Meanings far than those which find  
 Fit Utterance in the flowerscented Breeze  
 From Summer's ripe Lip blown ; there would she tease  
 Her Heart with Fretting, while, before her Feet,  
 Time counted with sere Leaves the Year's Decrease ,  
 Warning her how all earthly Pleasures fleet,  
 Like the Spring's withered Glories, once so fresh and sweet!
80. Prime Moralizer! pointing still a Tale  
 Of quiet Wisdom for a sober Eye  
 With any casual Object, trite and stale,  
 That Fools with heedless Step and Glance pass by :  
 Employing Nature's sublime Imagery  
 To teach the Lesson ever on his Tongue,  
 Stamping the fallen Leaf with Meanings high,  
 And mingling his deep Warnings with the Song  
 Of Winds, and with all Things that to the Year belong!
81. He bids the Flowers spring up on the Grave ,  
 The careless Moss o'er Earth's proud Names, for so ,  
*In his own quiet Way*, he loves to have  
 A harmless Triumph, teaching Fools to know  
 The Difference *He* makes 'twixt high and low!  
 He loves a Jest, and practical ones too,  
 And where the Monarch's Palace stood bids grow  
 The Dayseye, that Mankind may learn the *True*  
*And During*, which *resume* their Place as they should do!
82. Truth is his Fosterchild : neglected by  
 The World, since from her starry Home she came  
 To bless this thankless Earth , with Contumely  
 Oft treated, oft unrecognized, to Shame  
 Abandoned, oft robbed of her very Name,  
 'Till Time, her firmest Friend, secures her high,  
 Calm Triumphs, touching with her living Flame,  
 One after one, Men's Hearts, until thereby  
 They Glow with divine Warmth, and clearer sees the Eye!

83. Here communed she with Nature, 'till the Soul  
 And Spirit of the Universe into  
 Her Heart had sent that Impulse which the Whole  
 Imparts to all with it in Union true;  
 'Till every Thought and Fancy that she knew  
 Was but an Echo of that holy Lore,  
 That Poetry, which, by Degrees, will hue  
 The Hearts of all who're fitted to adore  
 And feel God present in his Love in *Earth's least Flower!*

84. For 'twixt the outward World and our own Hearts  
 There is a secret Intercourse, whereby,  
 Like Echo to the Voice, the one imparts  
 A Consciousness of answered Sympathy  
 Unto the other; all that Ear and Eye  
 Can furnish us, are Symbols of our Thought, -  
 'Tis one same Truth conveying diversely  
 Its high Convictions, and the Earth has naught  
 But to a Type of inward Feeling may be wrought.

85. Here, in deep Selfforgetfulness, would she  
 Oft tarry, 'till the thickening Shadows made  
 A pleasant Twilight for the Bat, here, free  
 From all Intrusion, oft the first Star bade  
 Her think with Selfreproach how much afraid  
 At her long Absence must her Mother be,  
 Her Fears still growing as the Sunbeams play'd  
 Feebler along the Leaves of some far Tree,  
 Or on the Cottagedoor, 'till she no more could see!

86. Then would she hurry homeward, counting by  
 Her beating Heart each Step, the while she thought  
 Upon the Hours of quickpulsed Agony,  
 Which to her Mother's Bosom she thus brought  
 By her Unkindness; then, with her untaught  
 And simple Eloquence, she'd win their Ears  
 To her Request, and beg, if they felt aught  
 Of Love for her, or Pity for her Tears,  
 That they would let her go, nor listen to their Fears.

87. And once, when more than was her Wont she stay'd,  
 Her Mother thought that she was really gone,  
 Like nestflown Bird, for aye, and all dismay'd  
 Embracing her, with Eyes where faint Smiles shone  
 Thro' gushing Teardrops, with reproachful Tone,  
 « We feared that you were gone, my Child, » she said,  
 « Gone, gone, and we were left to mourn alone,  
 Life were but as a Flower whence has fled  
 All Perfume and all Bloom, soon waste and wither'd! »
88. To which her Daughter, with sad Voice, replied,  
 A Tone so melancholy, deep, and low,  
 Like that of one who can no longer hide  
 The whole Amount of some longcherished Woe,  
 Which allunconsciously itself must show  
 In each least Word and Look, so deep the Well  
 From whence it springs to Life, so far below  
 The Surface its full Source, « alas! too well  
 My Mother knows what she would force my Lips to tell! »
89. If you do fear to lose me, you will know  
 That Pain too soon, for I can no more stay,  
 And with or without Passport must I go,  
 For 'tis a divine Finger points the Way:  
 And if you should refuse, oh then some Day  
 You will repent thereof, when I am far,  
 Far, far away from you: yet whate'er may  
 Betide, it is as vain with God to war,  
 As think with idle Prayers to stay yon' sphereborne Star!
90. By these sad Words her Mother was so moved  
 She sought by soothing Speech to tranquillize  
 Her agitated Daughter, whom she loved  
 The dearer for Life's many Miseries,  
 Which had but rivetted more closely Ties  
 Prosperity's warm Sun oft melts intwain,  
 As tho' they were as cold and frail as Ice!  
 She promised her Consent, if she could gain  
 Her Father's Approbation, or from him obtain

91. The Passport, without which she could not go;  
For there, where she was born, Man is not free  
To move as he may please, like Winds that blow  
Unshackled where they list, there Tyranny  
Is hundredhanded, Arguseyed to see,  
Its Spidermeshes far and wide are thrown  
In all Directions; soulless Slavery  
Has there no Voice to make his Insults known,  
And Life's brute Breath is all that Man dares call his own!
92. At length the sweetest Word that mortal Ear  
Had ever listened to her Father spake;  
One Morn'g in the Garden she drew near  
Him and embraced his Knees, thereby to make  
Her Prayer more moving, and his Heart to shake  
With that sweet Language of the Face and Eyes,  
More eloquent than Words, Looks which can take  
Prisoner the Soul, its inmost Sympathies  
Reach with electric Shock, when in vain Echos dies
93. The lagging Speech upon the unmoved Ear.  
She prayed him to believe she was urged on  
By divine Impulse, begged that he would hear  
God's Voice appealing to him in her own:  
Besought him not to thwart this only one,  
This only Prayer that she had ever made,  
Nor force her by, what he had never shown,  
Undue Severity, to trust for Aid  
In God, and Pardon for thus having disobeyed
94. A Father's Wishes, most unwillingly,  
Because her Love could chuse no other Way;  
To these her Supplications, aided by  
A half Conviction of some heavenly Sway  
Making its Presence felt, some latent Ray  
Of unextinguished Hope, and his Wife's Tears,  
The Father could no longer say her nay.  
Then as when suddenly the swift Wind clears  
A Space of azure Blue, and smiling forth appears

95. The mistdispelling Sun, so was the Face  
 Of Prascovy, when with her joyous Ear  
 She drank those Words, to her so full of Grace  
 And all sweet Meanings; then around her dear  
 And halfrepentant Father, with the Tear  
 Which Sorrow lent to Joy still in her Eye,  
 By one Thought's magic Light transformed, she, ere  
 He could find Words, her Arms flung lovingly,  
 An unrestrained poured forth her Heart in Utterance high:
96. Coined into sweet Caressees, Looks of Love,  
 And rapturebreathing Words; «oh Father dear, »  
 Thus spake she, do you think that He above,  
 Who thus has touched thy Heart, and bade thee hear  
 Thy Daughter's Prayer, cannot incline the Ear  
 And Heart likewise of him to whom I go,  
 Our Emperor, tho' not one Friend be near  
 To aid my Voice, from *his own Heart* he'll know  
 I come not of myself, that Kings themselves must bow
97. To Him whom I obey; » thus spoke the Maid,  
 Already in the Future; naught knew she  
 Of all the Circumstance and vain Parade,  
 Eyedazzling Pomp, and hollow Pageantry,  
 That hem in Power, lest it *seem* to be  
 That which it *is*, all Nothingness and Show;  
 For having in itself no Majesty  
 Of native Worth, to which the Soul can bow,  
 It wraps itself in Silk and Ermine, decks its Brow
98. With that same gilded Bauble called a Crown,  
 And hides its Vices from the vulgar Eye  
 In outward Splendor: she saw not the Frown  
 Of liveried Office, ready to deny  
 The Sufferer's Prayer ere asked, the Mockery  
 Of multitudinous Forms that hedge a Throne,  
 Thorny and hard to pass, the Guards that by  
 The Palacegate keep Watch: she saw alone  
 The Emperor, and grasped the Prize she deem'd her own!

99. These Obstacles her Father, who well knew  
The World and its dark Ways, to her young Thought  
Painted in Hues to sad Experience true;  
He knew that Justice by the Ounce is bought,  
As any other Merchandise, that naught  
Is such a Luxury, or costs so dear,  
Had learnt that Truth far less than Gold is sought,  
That Innocence from Guile has all to fear,  
And that few Pilots know on Life's dark Tide to steer!
100. But she replied, « that Providence, which reads  
The Hearts of Men, will aid me even there,  
Place on my Lip the moving Words it needs,  
And keep my Steps from falling in the Snare,  
Breathe into other Minds the Hopes I bear  
In mine own Heart: a Father's Liberty  
The Lord will Grant unto a Daughter's Prayer! »  
Seeing her thus resolved, reluctantly  
He fixed the Day, and left the Issue to the Sky.
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## FOURTH PART.

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1. Spirit of olden Times! that on the Brow  
Of Saint and Prophet with thy starry Wings  
Of Glory wouldst descend, be with me now,  
Uphold and cherish, and from earthly Things  
Free thou my Thoughts, with heavenly Ministrings  
Create in me the Temper which I need,  
Give me that Faith which ever with it brings  
A Boon of Glory when 'tis felt indeed,  
Wisdom unto the Heart, and Eloquence to seed

2. The Lips with all high Utterance, that I,  
 Tho' undeserving of such special Grace,  
 May, with the Breath of Inspiration high,  
 Scatter the Clouds that hide thy radiant Face,  
 And give clear Glimpses of his Dwellingplace  
 To Man's earthdarkened Soul: bright Paths of Light  
 E'en to God's Throne, to which his Eye may trace  
 The Radiance oft bursting on his Sight  
 'Mid Mists of Earthliness, whose Majesty and Might
3. He bows before unconsciously, yet knows  
 Not well from whence it comes, 'till he be taught  
 To recognize the Fount from which it flows  
 In his own Soul: for from one Source is brought  
 The Spirit with which his own Breast is fraught,  
 And that same Majesty to which he bows,  
 A-kindred Essence, differing in naught,  
 Save as its Mode of Operation shows  
 Forthmore or less His Praise to whom all Worth it owes!
4. Spirit that bor'st Elijah up to Heaven,  
 In Firecar whose Path burned thro' the Skies,  
 By whom to Sampson's Victor arm was given  
 The Might of Hosts to smite God's Enemies:  
 Who in a later Day unto the Eyes  
 Of Socrates reveal'dst thy radiant Form,  
 And gave to Milton's Pen high Victories,  
 Oh with thy Presence deign thou to inform  
 My Heart, and with Faith's purest Altarfire warm!
5. Glory to thee, bright Spirit! once again  
 I Sing thy Triumphs of a later Day,  
 Divine as in past Ages! not in vain  
 We call on thee, and 'mid our Sufferings pray  
 For inward Light to cheer us on our Way,  
 Still canst thou work thy Miracles as in  
 The olden Time, not palpable it may  
 Be, yet most clear to Eyes undimmed by Sin, (Din!  
 And still thy low, calm Voice we hear 'mid Earth's harsh

6. Glory and Gratitude! for still bright Gleams  
Of Light celestial across our Eyes,  
Our dim Eyes, pass, when all around us seems  
Wrapp'd in the Mists of Earthliness: in Skies  
Lowering and sad bright Openings—up arise,  
Some Angelswings divide the dark Midspace,  
And Glimpses of pure Ether, as he flies  
Down from God's Throne, we view, the Realms of Grace,  
And turn contented back to this brief Sojournplace!
7. The Partingday was fixed: who does not know  
Those Moments, doubly dear, that intervene,  
On which we lavish our whole Hearts, as tho'  
Our All was summed in them: her Father mean—  
While sought the few who seemed, or there had been,  
His Friends and Fellowexiles, asked for Aid,  
But these Lipfriends, as is their Wont, I ween,  
Gave readytongued Advice, Excuses made,  
And, when their Curiosity was quite allayed,
8. Took Leave muchgrieved, no Doubt, that they could do  
So dear a Friend no Service in his Need,  
At *any other* Time they would have so,  
So much Delight to help him, but indeed  
*Just now* they could give naught! such Fruit the Seed  
Of daily Intercourse brings forth in those  
Who wear the Yoke of Mammon, in whom Greed  
Is the foul Source whence every Action flows,  
Selfpunished, for the sordid Heart no real Bliss knows!
9. Men who would not stretch forth their Hand to save  
A starving Fellowcreature, or deny  
To their own Mouths one Drop of all they have,  
One smallest, most superfluous Luxury,  
To moisten the parched Lip of Misery!  
Two Friends alone he found, who with them brought  
Not empty Words, but heartfelt Sympathy,  
Pursepoor, loverich, and tho' possessing naught,  
Yet willing to give all they had, unasked, unsought!



10. They brought the precious Balm of Sympathy  
 Unto the wounded Heart, they *gave* away  
 What all the Gold of Misers cannot *buy*  
 One Grain of: Wealth *does* hold a mighty Sway  
 O'er earthly Goods, but there are some Things, yea!  
*Some Things* there are, of which ye wot not, ye  
 Who revel in proud Pomp and vain Display,  
 That all the Gold that ever Eye might see  
 Can purchase not, yet unto which the *Beggar's free*
11. As is the proudest Monarch, and of which,  
 By *Right divine*, he claims as large a Share!  
 They are his Heritage! in these still rich,  
 Tho' scarce a Rag his naked Back may bear!  
 Love, Wisdom, Truth, Religion, Faith, these are  
 Still free as Light to all Men, yea! I say,  
 So long as this glad Sun shall shine, this Air  
 Be breathed by Rich and Poor, these things for aye  
 Shall be the Soul's high Dower, and own no earthlier
12. Then fill your Coffers to the Brim, ye who (Sway?)  
 Bow down to Mammon as your Idol here,  
 Be your Prayers heard, and let him heap on you  
 The yellow Dust ye covet, but no Tear  
 Of Love or Sympathy, quickstarting clear,  
 Like a sweet Messenger of holy News,  
 Shall tell that ye have Hearts, no Joy or Fear  
 For others' Good shall change the cold Cheek's Hues,  
 Nor from your Hoards shall ye e'er draw one genial Use!
13. Then grovel in the Dust, and take your Fill  
 Of earthly Goods, celestial Things to ye  
 Are Pearl to Swine: I wish ye no more Ill  
 Than in Truth's Glass to *know* yourselves, and see  
 The perfect Shape of your Deformity!  
 For who could envy you, that in his Breast  
 Feels an Heart beat? still proud to think that he,  
 Tho' to him e'en the Crumbs would be a Feast  
 Which from your Table fall, is not like ye at least!

41. Ye cannot rob us of our Heritage,  
 Your desecrating Touch ye cannot place  
 On our Soul's Treasure: God for us doth wage  
 A holy Warfare, and with Love and Grace  
 Sweetens the Toils of this our earthly Race:  
 The *Goal* decides the Winner; let Earth be  
 Unto the Rich and Strong, let Power's Face  
 Frown at Truth's fearless Voice, still are we free,  
 And Lords of all the Earth can yield far more than ye!
15. What tho' ye be her Favorites! what tho',  
 Spoilt Children, in her Lap she pampers ye,  
 'Till every Pleasure to a Surfeit grow!  
 'Till, in the very midst of Luxury,  
 Ye envy each poor Toiler that ye see,  
 Who in the daily Sweat of his own Brow  
 Eats his coarse, scanty Bread! think ye that we,  
 Nature's uncared for Children, never know  
 One Joy, because *your* Eyes and Hearts are dull and
16. Poor Fools! the Lark sings for the Peasant's Ear (slow?)  
 As to the King's, the Mountains and the Streams,  
 The Woods and Waters, unto all are dear!  
 The Clouds build up their Palaces, with Beams  
 And purple Hues of Evening, bright as Dreams,  
 Not for the sated Eye of Wealth alone,  
 But for the Poet, who in Rapture deems  
 That to this dull Existence may be won  
 The glorious Colors of a Life not yet begun!
17. Aye! and pure Feelings, Aspirations high,  
 And Fellowcreaturelove, and starry Lore,  
 May oft be found 'mid Rags and Poverty!  
 There where Fools least expect to find the Power  
 And Majesty of Worth, it loves the more,  
 In modest Privacy, to hide its Head,  
 For it gives forth its Sweetness like the Flower,  
 That allunseen by heavenly Dews is fed,  
*Looking not for Reward, by this repaid instead!*

18. And such were these two Friends: tho' poorer far  
 Than all the rest, and Beggars but in Will,  
 Tho' small of this Life's Goods their hardearn'd Share,  
 Wrung from the niggard Grasp of Want, who, still  
 Their stern Taskmaster, hardened them to Ill  
 And Suffering, yet left their Hearts at least  
 Unchilled and kind, and ready to fulfill  
 Each holy Prompting, and each high Behest,  
 Of that pure Soul of Love still reigning o'er their Breast.
19. 'Twas a Septembermorn: the Month was now  
 But eightdaysold, yet waxing strong apace,  
 Like to a lusty Child in Youth's first Glow,  
 And these two Friends had come to see the Face  
 Of her they loved, to take Farewell, and place  
 The scanty Sum that bought their daily Food,  
 (A few poor Pence, yet still a Gift to grace  
 A King) at her Disposal; but she would  
 Not take it, no, tho' sore in Need herself she stood!
20. Reader, the Godlike enters into this  
 Coarse weekday Life — « a few poor Pence », to thee  
 Sounds ill no Doubt, but unto me it is  
 Full, full of Poesy, and *just thro' the*  
*So seeming Vileness* of the Means we see  
 Employ'd! the Godlike, of which those poor Pence  
 Are but the Bearers, hallows them to me:  
 Is *perfect Love* not perfect Recompense?  
*Then with them God himself might be payed in this Sense!*
21. The Dawn, the bright Dawn, glows in the far East,  
 And the Sunsteeds are flashing forth the Day  
 From their lightbearing Orbs: with ample Chest,  
 And firemaned Necks, curved haughtily,  
 They blow the Darkness from Earth's Face away,  
 With prouddistended Nostrils! and e'en now  
 Upon that parting Group hath stole a Ray,  
 Celestial Messenger! the Hour to show,  
 Sent by her God himself to bid the Wanderer go!

22. The Time is come, she said, and we must part;  
 So saying, she sat down awhile, and stay'd  
 'Till she had checked the Beatings of her Heart,  
 Then thanked she those good Friends for their kind Aid,  
 And promised that if Heaven should persuade  
 The Emperor to set at Liberty  
 Her Father, she would think of them: this said,  
 As if to cheat the Sense of Misery,  
 And steal a Moment's Joy from Time's Wings as they fly,
23. They talked of casual Subjects, a brief Space,  
 The Weather, with forced Carelessness, as tho'  
 Each could not read the Secret in each Face,  
 The illfeigned Calm, the hollow Mask of Woe,  
 That makes the Lip to quiver, pale to grow  
 The Cheek, which strives to look itself in vain,  
 For Nature, tho' subdued awhile, will show  
 In some poor twitching Nerve the inward Pain,  
 The Stoic's Mask must drop, and Men grow Men again!
24. But such the Russian Usage: wise, 't might be,  
 If we could conquer Nature; but, alas!  
 The big Tear, and the beating Heartpulse we  
 Cannot command! it is an idle Farce,  
 A vain Attempt, Pride's Effort to o'erpass  
 The Frailty of our mortal State, to seem  
 That which he is not; each big Moment has  
 A double Weight, with twofold Grief doth teem,  
 A stern Reality within a painful Dream!—
25. Imagination! paint thou what my vain  
 And feeble Words are all unequal to;  
 Reader, let thy Heart speak, live o'er again  
 The bitter Time, if such be known to you,  
 When first, from thy dear Home, from kind, and true,  
 And loving Hearts, at stern Necessity's  
 Inexorable Call, removed, on new,  
 Strange, loveless Faces thou didst turn thine Eyes,  
 And the World's harsh Voice chill'd the Soul's warm  
 Sympathies!

26. Still will the Heart beat quick, still to the Eye  
 In Afterlife th' unbidden Tear will rise,  
 When on those Moments of deep Agony,  
 Thro' the dim Veil which Time, still as he flies,  
 Throws o'er the Past, we look! then sympathize  
 With what this godlike Spirit felt, the Throes  
 By Duty claimed, a stern, high Sacrifice,  
 Yea! more than to her Altar Virtue owes,  
 When friendless, pennyless, her noble Part she chose!
27. Behold her kneeling at her Father's Feet  
 For his last Blessing! and if ever on  
 A mortal Head a Blessing fell, with sweet  
 And benign Influence, oh! then upon  
 Her Virginbrow there surely hovered one,  
 Brought by some viewless Angel from the Sky!  
*We ourselves make the Blessing, we alone!*  
 It falls upon the Ear, a Sound passed by,  
 Or by *Belief* becomes a living Agency!
28. The last Embrace is o'er, that Heart to Heart,  
 And Lip to Lip, had bound them: the big Tear  
 Still trickles down unchecked, yet must they part,  
 Unknowing when again they may meet here,  
 On this cold, selfish Earth, so dull and drear!  
 Which thrusts its icy Hand in Mockery  
 'Twixt Heart and Heart, and with its Breath so sere  
 Breathes on our young Affections, and they die,  
 Withered up in the Bud, ere yet Hope's Dew be dry!
29. And she is gone, nor turns back once her Head  
 To look at her dear Parents, fixed, like Stone,  
 Upon the Threshold, waiting, while she sped  
 In Distance from their Sight, to give her one,  
 One more Farewell, one Handwave, or one Tone  
 Of the unconscious Voice, that murmurs still  
 A vain Adieu! alas! their Child is gone,  
 She dares not trust herself to look if still  
 They watch her, lest her Heart should rise against her Will!

30. And there they stood, with straining Glance, until  
 Their Daughter's Form, receding from their Eyes,  
 In the far Distance disappeared: yet still  
 They gazed and gazed, as tho' the Boundaries  
 Of Space retired, and they saw arise  
 Object on Object to the Journeysend;  
 Then waked they from their Dream, with Tears and Sighs  
 Turning to their sad Chamber, there to spend (send.  
 The childless, desolate Hours, 'till Heaven Relief should
31. No more that sweet Voice broke upon their Ear  
 With the glad Music of its harmless Glee,  
 Blithe as the Lark's, no more, like Sunbeam clear,  
 The Loveglance from her young Eye did they see;  
*Nature's Interpreter* to them was she,  
*The Voice of all its Joys*, from her the Light  
 That brightened all Things came, and there could be  
 No Joy when they saw not with her glad Sight,  
 For Grief on their own Senses had diffused a Blight!
32. And now those falselipped Friends accused him sore  
 Of having urged his Child to go: they made  
 A Laughingstock of him, and sneered the *more*  
*Because they had refused him every Aid!*  
 As if, forsooth, from Love to him they stay'd  
 The ready Hand, lest of a foolish Thing  
 He should repent, or to their Charge be laid  
 The Blame of Illsuccess! thus did they bring  
 Upon the griefbowed Head Shame's heavier Visiting.
33. But let us leave them to his Mercy, who  
 Hath Cosolation for the broken Heart,  
 When human Aid is vain, and turn to view  
 The Wanderer whom we have seen depart,  
 With whom we shared the bitter Pang, the Smart  
 Of that Homeseperation; let us deem  
 That we behold her, half in Terror, start  
 To find how strange all Things around her seem,  
 On waking the next Morn, how like a painful Dream

34. To be thus allalone: to feel no more  
 The loving Handgrasp, that electrical  
 Communicates its Message sweet, before  
 The Words have from the dear Lips Time to fall:  
 To want henceforth, and feel the Worth of, all  
 Those *little, daily* kindnesses, which are  
 Poured in Life's Cup like Honeydrops, which small  
 As they may seem, viewed singly, sweeten far,  
 Far more than prouder Joys, that dazzle with vain Glare!
35. Come now, Imagination, thou wouldst spread  
 Haply thy Wings, and soar up to the Sky,  
 But this once with me in the Footsteps tread  
 Of poor and suffering Humanity:  
 Yet are they holy, yea! as tho' they by  
 An Angel walking on this common Earth,  
 For the Fulfillment of some Mission high,  
 Had been imprinted! thou art nothing worth,  
 Savethou canst make this Scene bright as thy Place of Birth!
36. Fold then thy Wings, thy rainbowplum'd Wings,  
 For in an Angel's Steps thou walkest now:  
 Think not thou *lowerest* thyself, tho' Things  
 Of earthly Import seem to thee but low,  
 For in Reality they are not so!  
 Tho' boundless be thy Ether, and thus dear  
 To thee, yet haply 't may be found below,  
 Yea! e'en four narrow Walls embrace that Sphere,  
 To which thou lov'st to soar, as vast, as bright, and clear!
37. I talk no Riddles, tho' of Miracles!  
 Yet Miracles which everyday are wrought:  
 Familiar, *as Householdwords*, the Spells  
 By which we work them, yea! the Spells are taught  
 Not in dark *Forms* such as Medea sought  
 To sway the Stars with, but in Language clear,  
*The clearest Nature speaks!* in Actions fraught  
 With *human Feeling*, and the Voice of dear,  
 Domestic Love, *still sounding sweetest in God's Ear!*

38. A little Child, that on his Mother's Breast  
Lips forth his Prayer, and smiles up in her Face,  
Ere softly she hath laid him down to Rest,  
Who, tho' unconscious of all Sin, for Grace  
Prays unto God, yet pure, and without Trace  
Of human Frailty, can work Wonders too:  
Can call down Angels to his Dwellingplace,  
To watch o'er it, and is the *Medium* thro'  
Which *Love eternal* works to quicken us anew!
39. Then come with me, yet, ever and anon,  
Thou shalt have free Use of thy restless Wings,  
To soar wheree'er thou list'st, to gaze upon  
The Archangel's Face, when by God's Throne he sings,  
To tune thy Harp to his, and fit its Strings  
For holiest Themes! and when thou comest back  
Refreshed with thy ethereal Wanderings,  
To aid and to support, oh! be not slack,  
Speak with *my* Voice, nor let thine Inspiration lack!
40. Away vain Forms of glozing Poesy!  
Upon no fabled Muse I call for Aid,  
But on thee, Father, nor wilt thou deny  
My Prayer, for thine own Spirit still has made  
Itself felt in me, it alone has prayed!  
And tho' it be by these frail Lips of Clay,  
Yet in thy boundless Mercy thou hast bade  
Us call thee « *Father*, » raise thou then my Lay  
Into a Hymn of Praise: hear! 'tis thy Child doth pray!
41. Come then, Imagination, we will pass  
Lightly the Ground her slow Feet measured o'er,  
With easy Wing shalt thou observe what was  
To her a weary Way and Travail sore:  
Yet must thou pause, and wonder how she bore  
Such sharp Discomfort without e'en a Sigh,  
And, to a noble Mind, that Wound far more  
Hard to be borne, the Insult, and the Eye  
Of Scorn, the threatening Lip, the grudged Humanity!



42. But God is merciful, He tempers to  
 Our Bearing what were else so hard to bear,  
 To the shorn Lamb the Wind! and the Soul too  
 Doth something of His Infiniteness share:  
 Things are but as we view them, foul or fair,  
 Aids or Impediments: in all Things lies  
 A genuine Treasure for those who know where  
 And how to seek it, and from worst Things rise  
 Their Contraries; as Joy brings Tears into the Eyes!
43. How hard th' Apprenticeship of th' human Heart,  
 The Entrance into actual Life, for one  
 Who only in her Dreams has taken Part  
 Therein: brought up in Love's own School, with none  
 But Laws which to obey is Heaven, for  
 Is Heaven not Love? yea! Love is the true Law -  
*Enforcer* and Lawgiver, he alone,  
 And light as Gossamer his Chains are thrown  
 Around us, yet so strong no Jailor ever saw!
44. 'Tis hard to school the Heart, and teach the Tongue  
 Another Utterance than that which by  
 The Feelings, gushing fresh, unchecked, and strong,  
 Is prompted! yet this Lesson Prascovy  
 Must learn, soon taught that human Sympathy  
 Is slow towards that which *first* would claim *Esteem*;  
 In Pity is Superiority  
 Implied, and all Men willingly would deem  
 That those who ask their Aid *are* 'neath them as they *seem*.
45. How often must she turn in Tears away  
 From the shut Door, and season bitter Bread  
 With that still bitterer Salt! oft make Assay  
 Of Humannature in its varièd  
 Conditions, now from Luxury half dead  
 To Pity, which in poorest Soils most grows,  
 Now by the Hand of Fellow-suffering fed,  
 For such is Humannature: our own Woes  
 The true Extent of others' Sufferings disclose!

46. How godlike is that Mind which e'en in Ill  
 Sees only Good, and makes the Evil so  
 By bearing it as none! which Suffering still  
 Ennobles but the more, not renders low,  
 Stamping the God more clearly on the Brow!  
 Which in its Fellowcreatures sees alone,  
 With Thankfulness the Godlike only know,  
 The little Acts of Kindness to it done,  
 Forgetting all the Ill, which *thus forgot* is none!

47. Then learn *by Littles and by Littles* to  
 Forget and to forgive the Injuries  
 And Insults which thy Fellowmen may do  
 Unto thee! view them as the Stone which lies  
 By mere Chance in thy Way, and which, if wise,  
 Thou kick'st not, not to stumble! do but so,  
 'Till thou on Earth hast no more Enemies,  
 'Till none *can* injure thee! 'till e'en the Blow,  
*Forgiven*, wounds not thee, but works the Smiter Woe!

48. This is the godlike Lore, the Lore of Life,  
 The Lore of Love, which, seeing Good alone,  
 Lives as if nothing Evil could arrive,  
 And Good were only! 'till all Things have grown  
 To Good or Good, partaking of its own  
 Inherent Goodness! proud Philosophy,  
 Is this Art in *thy* Schools so little known,  
 While a poor Girl, with but a *loving Eye*,  
 Can see beyond thee, yea! for Love's Infinity!

49. *The Eye of God Himself!* and he who sees  
 Without Love, nothing sees, but is as blind,  
 Tho' he can trace the Planets' Course with Ease,  
 And analyze the Motions of the Mind!  
 While he who sees with Love, will all Things find  
 Godlike, *for sees he not with God's own Eye?*  
 Then even on the lowest of Mankind  
 Look thou with Love, then will he seem as high  
 As Monarchs on their Thrones, for *God* in Him is nigh!

50. The Shades of Night are gathering, the Forms  
 Of Things grow indistinct, the Owlet gray,  
 And Bat flit 'round her, and her Fancy warms  
 At Thought of that dear Home so far away,  
 The Kiss of Wellcome at the Close of Day,  
 Pressed by a Mother's Lips, the Fireside  
 So homesome, but she starts, for lo! a Ray  
 Breaks from yon' Cottagewindow, and the wide,  
 Wide Distance 'twixt that Home, by Fancy halfdescried.
51. Comes chilling on her Soul! 'tis not the Door  
 From long Familiarity-grown dear,  
 'The Threshold pressed by Feet now heard no more!  
 It is a Stranger's Dwelling, and, in Fear  
 Of Insult or Refusal, she draws near  
 And knocks — it opens — and with trembling Tongue  
 She begs for Shelter: 'tis denied or e'er  
 Her Prayer is uttered, Insult joined to Wrong,  
 And spoken by a Voice harsh as the Raven's Song.
52. Oh! ye in Plenty cradled, and fed by  
 The Bread which in your Mouths drops as a Thing  
 Of Course, picked up like Manna from the Sky,  
 Without one single Effort, can ye bring  
 Home to yourselves the Sense of Suffering  
 Felt then by one whose Heart was not as those  
 Of Beggars, deadened by long Buffeting,  
 Coarse Natures, hardened, like their Skins, to Blows  
 Of Fortune, and touched only by the Body's Woes!
53. Oh if ye can, be merciful, break not  
 The bruised Reed, but bind it up — away  
 She turns, but hark! a Voice from the same Spot  
 Recalls her, the same Voice that said her nay;  
 It was a Man with Hair already gray,  
 Who offered her the Shelter just denied,  
 And half loth, yet not daring to gainsay,  
 She followed, like an Angel at the Side  
 Of some dark Spirit, moved by Thoughts the Soul would  
 hide

54. E'en from itself; a dim and dusky Light  
 Halfbroke the Chambersgloom, which flickered on  
 The bare Walls, cold and comfortless to Sight,  
 As the hard Features of the aged Crone,  
 Who, like a Witch, sat muttering all alone  
 With fix'd Eyes, of cold and glassy Stare,  
 Bent on poor Prascovy, and with a Tone  
 Fitted but Words of harsher Sense to bear,  
 Sheasked her whence she came and what her Purpose were?
55. When answered, she rejoined, with ghastly Grin  
 That showed her gummy Jaws, « then you must have  
 Much Gold, so long a Journey to begin »;  
 In vain poor Prascovy said no, she gave  
 But more Cause for Suspicion, and to save  
 Herself would willingly have given all  
 She had, or slept in some coldroof'd Cave,  
 Where Wolves and Foxes to each other call,  
 And Dropstones slowly count the Minutes as they fall!
56. They bade her then go rest, and when they thought  
 Her well asleep, with eager Hands and Eyes,  
 Long for her fancied Wealth they vainly sought,  
 Then fearful Whispers heard she, and Replies,  
 « None saw her enter, none will make Surmize »!  
 Terror, with fray'd Eyes, watched by her Bed  
 Instead of Sleep! she saw the old Hag rise,  
 And felt her loosen from her Neck, halfdead  
 With Fear, the Bag where she her Passport carri'd!
57. Then they gave o'er their Search, and fell asleep,  
 And wearied Nature mastering her Fears,  
 She felt the poppi'd Slumber o'er her creep  
 Likewise: but who knows in her Dreams what Leers  
 The old Hag's sleepsealed Eyes still cast, what Tears  
 She shed, or what mysterious Warnings were  
 By unseen Powers whispered in the Ears  
 Of those two guilty Souls, what Visions rare,  
 What vital Beatings of the Heart, thus touched to spare!

58. Perhaps they dreamt an Angel had that Night  
 Crossed in Disguise their Threshold, from the Sky  
 Descended, hiding his celestial Might  
 In a poor Mortal's Semblance, thus to try  
 Their Hearts: and that without Humanity  
 Received, he at his Parting sudden grew  
 Into his primal Shape, with Language high  
 Warned them of Punishment, if they should do  
 The Purpose of their Hearts, and back to Heaven flew!
59. Thus these three lay asleep, the guilty and  
 The guiltless, of each other's Presence no  
 More conscious than so far as Dreams demand  
 Matter of Memory, or some sharp Throe  
 Of Conscience sting the Sleeper — Dreams are so,  
 So wonderful, and often they may be  
 The Vehicles, tho' how we scarcely know,  
 Of Revelations, changing that which we  
 Had purposed, for change but a *Thought*, and we must see
60. Things in another Light; and tho' a Dream  
 Be unreal as a Fact, it is not so  
 Unto the Soul: enough if *we but deem*  
*It real*, and real Effects will from it flow,  
 'Tis then a Motive to us, because tho'  
 A Dream, it still has close Analogy  
 With all we think and feel, do, hope, or know,  
 Past Elements are moulded in and by  
 Our Sleep, and vital Gleams imparted from the Sky!
61. Thus slept she, like a Flower, folded sweet  
 In its own Fragrance, tho' the Sun now shone  
 High up in Heaven, 'till the Sound of Feet  
 Awoke her, and the Hag, with softer Tone,  
 Invited her to eat: her Breakfast done,  
 She took her Leave, and to her great Surprise,  
 On opening her Purse, found not alone  
 The Coins she had, but more! thus in strange Wise  
 Their Hearts were touched that Night to human Sympathies!

62. And truly too the Angel had that Night  
 Crossed o'er their Threshold, as their Dream had shown,  
 And at departing in a Form more bright  
 Appeared unto them; not that *it* had grown  
 Unto another Stature, but *their own*  
*Hearts being touched*, their Vision was more clear  
 Than when, from Want of Love, they saw alone  
 An Outcast to be robbed: and to their Ear  
 Her Farewell voice was as the Angel's, yet no Fear
63. Its sweet Tones caused, but rather seemed to leave  
 A Blessing on them for the Ill undone,  
 And sounding as a Message of Reprieve  
 From threatened Punishment! Oh! there are none  
 To whom such Angels are not also shown  
 From Time to Time; then drive them not away,  
 But open wide your Doors, for tho' unknown  
 Angels as Beggars *now* appear, some Day  
 Beggars will *Angels* be, and able to repay
64. A hundredfold your Kindness! nay, e'en now  
 They leave you richer than they found you! yea!  
 For you give them but earthly Goods, and how  
 Can *spiritual* Goods be better, pray,  
 Bought than with *perishable*, which one Day  
 May rob thee of? then open wide thy Door,  
 But most of all *thy Heart*, that thus it may  
 Receive in its Embrace the misnamed Poor, (*sure!*  
 Who give *more than they take*, and make their Gifts *more*
65. September now was tottering to his Grave,  
 And Ague fits possessed him quite, for lo!  
 Winter has smit him; hark! the Frostwinds rave  
 In gusty Snatches, and thick falls the Snow,  
 Burying Man's busy Track so deep that no  
 Foottraveller dare venture on his Way;  
 And Prascovy, tho' eager still to go,  
 Must view the Snow heaped by the Winds at Play,  
 And by their Flakes count out the dull Course of each Day!

66. But lo! the Snowdust is whirled up amain,  
And o'er the whitened Track comes gliding on,  
With Sound of Bell and Voice, a long Sledgetrain,  
Glad Sight for hopesick Eyes to look upon;  
A Place is straight procured from Hearts soon won  
To Pity, and she now resumes her Way:  
But bittercold it blew, and Sun was none,  
The Bear had Need of all his Fur that Day,  
And she of all her Patience, not the vain Display
67. Which some make of it in Life's *fancied* Ills,  
But the stern Virtue taught by actual Throes,  
Which in the Breast a godlike Calm instills,  
The Calm of that blessed Place to which it owes  
Its Origin, and which it brings to those  
Who feel it truly. Fancy, speed them on,  
Let Catharinestown its wished for Towers disclose,  
Touched faintly by a setting Wintersun,  
And briefly tell the Love her Piety there won;
68. Real Friendship in one who had Means to make  
Her Wishes Deeds, a Lady, and far more,  
A Christian, who did for Doing's Sake  
Alone all Acts of Kindness in her Power.  
She heard the Exile's Tale, and with her bore  
The Wanderess, instructed, sheltered, taught  
To read and write, and gave her of her Store:  
Not the mere sensual Goods which are as naught,  
But the refined Feelings and the lofty Thought!
69. And yet, alas! it was a dangerous Gift  
For one whose Mission was like Prascovy's!  
The Feelings which refine, the Thoughts which lift,  
The keen Sense of Life's sweet Proprieties,  
Raised above Want and coarse Necessities,  
Whose galling Pressure leaves the Mind no Thought  
For nobler Things, tho' making us despise  
What is so low in itself, profit naught  
To better Bearing: nay, unfit our Minds when brought
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70. To the stern Trial, and we shrink away,  
 Not so much from the Suffering and Pain,  
 As from the coarser Accidents, which lay  
 The inmost Nerves bare, quivering again;  
 And thus this precious Boon is rendered vain!  
 Our *Feelings* are the Test of Suffering:  
 Thus Ills at Sight of which some scarce contain  
 Their Laughter may the Heart's deep Fibres wring,  
 To which, longintertwined, our dearest Habits cling!
71. But that Increase of Suffering had made  
 No Difference in her still unwearied Love,  
 Tho' henceforth she felt oftentimes afraid  
 To enter some poor Inn's low Door, does prove  
 That it could only be from up above:  
 Else had the Triumph not been so complete,  
 That never one least Thought of Self could move  
 The sublime Purpose, or the sacred Heat  
 Diminish which within her Breast had ta'en its Seat!
72. Here learnt she from her Friends to read and write,  
 To multiply her Being and to grow  
*Many in One*: the Wisdom and the Light  
 Of Mankind, what they think, and feel, and know,  
 Becomes the Heritage of one Mind, so  
*All* Form the *one*, and without all the one  
 Advances little: thus *all to all owe*  
*Their Weal reciprocally*, and yet none  
 But *receives* far more Good than he has ever *done*!
73. How much Cause have we then for Gratitude!  
 How zealous should we toil to pay, as best  
 We can, our Fellowcreatures for the Good  
 Which we thro' them enjoy, as tho' *one Breast*  
*Were that of all Mankind* and had the Zest  
 Of many thousand Lives! here learnt she too  
 To pray in studied Phrase, as Men do, lest  
 They should forget, unless reminded thro'  
 Set Forms, that God exists, as they too often do!



74. How sweet it seemed to her so simple Mind  
 The Feelings of her Heart, in ready Phrase,  
 Thus in the Prayerbook all expressed to find:  
 How happy they, she thought, who thus might praise  
 Their Maker: but still Piety decays,  
 Churches are not Religion, nor loud Prayers  
 Real Worship! tho' the choral Voices raise  
 The sounding Hymn, and Music breathe soft Airs,  
 Yet God delights in other Melody than theirs!
75. Tho' Words be needful between Man and Man,  
 They are not so 'twixt Man and God, for he  
 The unuttered Thought within the Soul can scan:  
 And if there such a Thing too really be  
 As the *Unutterable*, how can we  
*Express it?* and he who has not felt this,  
 Has not *felt God*, nor *therefore fittingly*  
*Adored Him*, for the *highest* Worship is  
 The *still Communion* of our own *Soul* with *His*!
76. Come Fancy, turn the Hourglass, and let  
 The Moments fly, as if they ne'er had brought  
 A Sorrow, as if Heart had known no Fret,  
 And Eye no Tear, meanwhile! now be there wrought  
 A gentle Wonder, sudden as a Thought,  
 And lo! 'tis done! green Leaves are on each Tree,  
 And Flowers scent the Air, and Sounds are caught  
 As of the Streams from icy Thrall set free!  
 So sudden, that it scarce could swifter be
77. Worked out by Fancy's self! a Threedaysspace  
 Parts Spring and Winter: look! thick lies the Snow:  
 Now close thine Eye, and fold thy Arms, and place  
 Thee like some old Stonestatue, and wait so  
 As for a Resurrection! meanwhile, lo!  
 The Earth has changed, as sudden as the Dream  
 Which passes thro' thy Mind: awake, and go  
 Thou forth, and haply, wondering, thou 'lt deem (seem!)  
 Thyself in some new World, so strange the Change doth

78. And now as from this second Home must she  
 Depart: stern Duty's Voice alone she hears,  
 And, bitter as the Sacrifice must be,  
 There is a Rapture even in the Tears  
 Shed at such Times, and Memory endears  
 Beyond all Joy the Hour of Agony!  
 For looking back at it, the Pangs and Fears  
 Are gone, we see ourselves as 'twere thereby  
*Transfigured*, and *past Pain* grows *present Ecstasy!*
79. Behold her then take Leave of her kind Friends,  
 Left once more to that Providence which wise-  
 Ly in Life's weekday Forms works out its Ends,  
 Subliming into divine Agencies  
 Familiar Events: to Faith's clear Eyes  
 The *greatest* Miracles are those worked by  
 Such Means as Nature *everyday* supplies,  
 And not those which *disturb* her Course, for why (more high  
 Should God not thro' *Men's Thoughts* work Wonders still
80. Than those which with the *Elements* are wrought!  
 Where is *He* more than in Man's Soul? and where  
 Should *Wonders* be more *naturally* sought  
 Than there where *He* is most? and yet we stare  
 At Seas rolled back, and Portents in the Air!  
 The *Springhead depths of Wonder* are alone  
*In us!* the Wonder of all Wonders there  
 Exists, *we are ourselves it*, 'tis our own  
*Highest* Existence, and without it we have none,
81. For then we are not e'en ourselves! but he  
 Who lives the *Spirit* which *he is*, lives by  
 That Principle which is the Soul of the  
 Great Whole, he lives in *its Infinity*,  
 Therefore *his* Faith is infinite! his Eye  
 Steady and calm, for his Belief is no  
 Mere Creed or Dogma, something outwardly  
 Professed, it is *his Being*, and doth flow  
 From Nature's self, *the Sum of all that he can know*,

82. *And be, and do*, for without it he's naught!  
 Without it Wisdom, Action, Life, is none!  
 Now as by Nature this Belief is wrought  
 Out in him, nay, as *she herself* alone  
 Lives in him, as the *Groundtruth* of her own  
 Existence it must be regarded, thro'  
 Him in its highest, purest Aspect shown!  
 And he in this full Feeling calm and true  
 Of the great Whole, regards but as a few Grains to
83. The Seasands added, all the Wonders by  
 The Pen of History recorded! for  
 He feels God's Presence in him evernigh,  
*The greatest Wonder*, such as Eye ne'er saw,  
 Nor Thought conceived! now Wonders '*gainst* the Law  
 Of Nature God worked out in Pity to  
 Man's *Frailty*, but he claims far higher Awe  
 For those wrought *quietly by it*, the tru-  
 Est, suitablest, and which *He* most delights to do!
84. The most *conformable also to his*  
*Own Nature*: being *Spirit* he loves *by*  
*The Spirit* to reveal that which he is!  
 Therefore *be Spirit!* thus most easily  
 Thou'lt comprehend *Him*, for is he not thy  
 Own Soul? then understanding *it* aright,  
 Thou understandest *Him!* then too thine Eye  
 Will need no *fiery Bush* to show his Might,  
 For the whole World reveals him clearer to *thy* Sight
85. Than did that Bush to Moses! And what need  
 Wilt thou have then of *Tables*, with thereon  
 The *ten* Commandments graved, when thou canst read,  
 And that too *written by God's self alone*,  
 His Law eterne in *thy own Heart?* the one  
 And *allembicing* Law, the *godlike*, the  
*First Duty!* which *fulfilled*, then there are none,  
 All being summed in this, which is, *to be*  
*A Law unto ourselves*, like God, sublimely free!

86. Behold! the snowcapped Ural-mountains rise  
 In the far Distance: Clouds hang lazy on  
 Their Summits, purpled with the Eveningsky's  
 Last Glory, and in Violet tints upon  
 Th' Horizon, barred and streaked with Gold, are thrown  
 The craggy Outlines, sharp, distinct, and clear!  
 Soft, golden Vapors, from the sinking Sun,  
 Mantle their Summits, and as if quite near  
 Seem Crag and Torrent in the aerial Atmosphere!
87. Now Fancy steep thy Wings in Rainbow tints,  
 Bathe in the purple Light, and with thine Eye,  
 Which no dull Film of human Weakness stints  
 Or dims, behold the Vision! momentarily  
 The Clouds into new Shapes are moulded by  
 The sightless Winds, and, more intensely bright,  
 Burn unconsuming, steeped so goldenly,  
 Like to the Angels plumage in the Sight  
 Of God, when standing in his full, transfiguring Light!
88. The Landscape fades, but gaze on, for it is  
 The *Smile of the great Father*, with which he  
 Bids Goodnight to His Children! in its Bliss  
 All Nature's steeped, breathless with Ecstasy!  
 Now, Fancy, let the Past and Future be  
 As two vast Wings to bear thee to yon' Height,  
 And thence, as in that Smile *transfigured*, see,  
 From its *ideal* Summit, (such as might  
 Have been that whence the promis'd Land rose on the
89. Of the great Prophet, in the far-off Beam (Sight  
 Of Suns *as yet not risen* on the Eye  
 Of Man!) of bygone Ages the long Stream  
 Unrolled, the mighty Waters swelling high  
 Between the Banks long Centuries left dry,  
 And where, more pure and deep, they sweep on to  
 The dimseen Ocean of Eternity!  
 All this behold, for is not thine Eye too  
 The Eye of God, then see *godlike*, and thou'lt see *true*!

90. Yea, as a Seer! for the *most Godlike* is  
 The *most True*, *most Enduring*, it is the  
 Basis and *Ground* of all Things, e'en of this  
 Coarse Being, not *is* only, but *must* be:  
 For is not God *the Ground of all*, is he  
 Not in each what is most enduring, true,  
*Essential?* then the Godlike whence would ye  
*Save from Him* draw? if then the Godlike you  
 Make the Ground of your Life, *God must be its Ground*
91. And this Ground will not fail thee, it is *thy* (too!  
*Own self*, if thou art godlike: then be so!  
 And as it is the *Ground* of all Things, by  
 Death it cannot be altered, undergo  
 Change, save *in Form*, and that can be of no  
 Importance, so long as the *Ground* in thee  
 Is godlike: and as Form alone can flow  
*From Spirit*, that must *also* godlike be,  
*E'en the Ungodlike* thou mayst *godlike feel and see!*
92. So Fancy from that *spectral Height* look on  
 Mankind, and what ungodlike there may be,  
 Shall at that sublime Distance seem as none!  
 And thou, thou too, the promised Land shalt see,  
 For nobler is that Height, the View more free!  
 The Real shall mingle too with that bright Dream,  
 And *clear Rays from a far Futurity*  
 To those, which now on Moscow's Towers gleam,  
*Prophetic* Brightness add! for even as the Stream
93. It stands on will flow still the same, when all  
 That Pomp has crumbled into Dust, so too  
 The Heart of Man shall Nature's sublime Call  
 Bring back unto the Godlike and the True,  
 Its only lasting Elements, and thro'  
 Which only can its sublime Destiny  
 Be wrought out: yea! these are the Portals to  
 That promis'd Land of Freedom, whither by  
 Greater than Prophet they are led, yea, the Mosthigh!

94. 'Tis gone, 'tis gone! resolved once more into  
 The Elements! that Day so long pass'd by,  
 But which is present still to God's Allview,  
 As Today or the farthest Morrow, thy  
 Eye too, which shares in His Infinity,  
 Divinest Fancy, still beholds! each Ray  
 Has fled, Night's ebon Sceptre rules the Sky,  
 And from the Womb of Darkness on their Way  
 The newborn Torrents rush, tracked by their thundering
95. With these wild Truants let us to the Plain (Spray!  
 Descend, to where the Khama (a) hurries to  
 The Volga's Embrace, with whose Stream again  
 Our Journey we must follow; but, still true  
 To thy high Priviledge, thou shalt have due  
 Use of thy Wings to help thee on the Way,  
 Imagination! and, lo! full in View,  
 The Towers of Nijeni, on which the Ray  
 Of Sunset gleams, so swift the Elements obey!
96. Behold the Bridge where Prascovy must land;  
 Thus far th' eternal Stream of Volga to  
 The Consummation which her Love had plann'd  
 Has helped her on: the Lasting and the True  
 The True and Godlike, as it still should do,  
 Assisting: lo! where two Streams blend in one,  
 A fair, large City rises on her View,  
 From whose thronged Streets each Soul longs since is gone,  
 As their own Shadowa will be now, when sinks you' Sun!
97. Near to the Bridge a Church and Convent stood,  
 And thither Prascovy her Steps has bent:  
 And, as she enters, hears in solemn Mood  
 Sweet choral Bursts of female Voices, blent  
 In Eveningworship, like an Omen sent  
 From Heaven to her; then first in her grew  
 To take the Veil the strong Wish and Intent,

(a) *The Khama is a River which flows from the Ural-Mountains into the Volga.*

- Her Heart, already cloistered and dead to  
 The World, looked on it as Nuns thro' their Grate might do!
98. And, as she left the Church, she stopped to gaze  
 Upon the Scene before her: gleaming lay  
 The Volga's Waters in the Sunset's Blaze,  
 And breathless Silence on the closing Day,  
 As upon one about to cast away  
 The garish Pleasures of the World, and take  
 The Veil, like Nun, in Twilight's sober Gray,  
 Attended: not a single Leaf did shake,  
 Nor, save the rippling Stream, a Sound that Stillness break!
99. A wide Plain stretched before her, far and near,  
 And Solitude lay on it like a Dream,  
 Or Calm upon the Ocean, still as Fear!  
 She gazed, and gazed, and watched each sinking Beam,  
 The rosy Twilight fading from the Stream,  
 Nature's eternal Smile! and softly o'er  
 Her own Face stole *its* Blessedness, its Gleam  
 Divine, as tho', when elsewhere seen no more,  
 On Man's so godlike Face, *diviner* than before,
100. It reappeared, as it would ever do,  
 Were Man, like Nature, pure and innocent!  
 Sublime Reflection, like that which unto  
 The Moon, when *perfect* and at Full, is sent,  
 Tho' long before the Fires of Day are spent  
 In Ocean, and the Orb to which she owes  
 That Light has sunk; like the Omnipotent,  
*Whom no Eye sees, tho' in all Things He shows*  
*Himself*, whom *none* can grasp, and yet *each feels* and
101. And *where* or *what* He is, none, none can tell, (*knows!*)  
 Save that He *is all*, and *is everywhere!*  
 Who in each proves by such a Miracle  
 His Being, that no Heart can ever dare  
 To doubt Him, yet lays not that Being bare!  
 Thus the *first* Miracle and *greatest* is  
 Proved by *almost as great a one!* yet are  
 Your Hearts but *godlike*, then too will ye His

Being best comprehend, for *ye yourselves are this!*

102. Thus gazed she! but as yet she'd had to do  
 With Nature only, and her Sympathies  
 Were by that Intercourse kept sound and true ,  
 For *there* its *godlike* Nature naught belies ,  
 Each Flower of the Field , each Bird that flies ,  
 Is what *God meant* it to be , and it shows  
 His Glory forth *thus* in *most godlike* Wise !  
 The Rose has never ceased to be a Rose ,  
 And the Bird's *Heart* is as the *Song* which from it flows !

103. But now she had to do with Man , vain Man !  
 The crooked Paths of human Policy ,  
 And not the sublime Ways of Nature's Plan ,  
 Where he who follows but his Heart and Eye ,  
 Need go to no School for Theology !  
 He learns it from the *Master* , and that too  
 From His *best* Work , and *therefore* thoroughly !  
 And finds its *Practice* illustrated thro'  
 Examples such as Poet's Fancy never drew !

104. *Clear* as the Stars , *sweet* as the Perfume of  
 The Rose , and so , *so easy* to put too  
 In Act and Use , that we have but *to love*  
 To fulfill *all* its Precepts , make as true  
 A Comment on it as the Sage could do !  
 She turned her Head , and , lo ! before her lay  
 The *peopled Solitude* , not like that thro'  
 Which she had lately passed upon her Way ,  
 The sublime Solitude of *Nature* , where Faith may

105. Draw nearer to her God , for there is naught  
 To *intercept* ; but like the Scene , so He  
 Is by its Boundlessness more grandly brought  
 Home to the Heart in all we feel and see !  
 Sense fails , and Thought their Substitute must be .  
 This was the Solitude of *Heart* , where 'round  
 Us thousands stand , and yet among them we  
 Are lonely as a solitary Sound  
 Voiced in a Desert , without Answer or Rebound !



106. This is the worst of Solitudes, where no  
Heart beats for us, when for *its* Sympathy  
Our own is yearning, where our Fellows throw  
Upon our passing Form a careless Eye,  
Which, like our Shadow, is as momentarily  
Forgot; where 'mid Abundance we must pine,  
And where the Ice of Form and Ceremony  
Chills all high Thoughts and Impulses divine,  
Where God himself is but a Sunday and a Sign!
107. All this, for the first Time, felt Prascovy,  
With a sad Sinking of the Heart, as she  
Beheld that City, with its thousands, lie  
Before her, 'mong whom not one Heart would be  
Glad at her Coming, not one sole Eye see  
Her with a Smile of Wellcome! then there came  
The Thought of her dear Parents bitterly  
Upon her Mind, with Doubts and Fears, and Shame  
At those same Doubts, 'till she herself began to blame
108. For slack Faith in her God; therefore into  
The Church she once more entered, half afraid,  
Lest God that Spirit should deny her, thro'  
Which He so oft had lent Advice and Aid;  
For if He sends no Spirit, *we are made*  
*Ourselves the Spirit* thro' firm Faith, which is  
Far better! and if this Faith be displayed  
In Word and Deed, that Spirit then is *His*  
*Own Presence*, and *what Spirit need we beside this?*
109. Here prayed she with such Fervour, that she drew  
The Notice of a Nun, to whose kind Ear  
She told her strong Disinclination to  
Seek Shelter at an Inn, related clear-  
Ly, simply, with that Eloquence which ne'er  
O'ersteps the Modesty of Nature, all  
Her Story, and thus gained new Friendships here,  
Thus God reveals Himself in Things so small,  
Yet far from small if felt to be from Him a Call!

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE THIRD VOLUME.

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## PROSE THOUGHTS.

### *H A M L E T.*

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**I**n all the masterly Touches which develop this Character of Shakespear's we see a Man who has brooded so long and exclusively on one gloomily exciting Subject that the Life-blood of his Being has become tainted, and his whole Character moulded upon that one Idea, into the Stream of which all his other Thoughts are drawn; his malignant Joy is the natural Expression of overwrought Feelings: it is the nervous Spring of Vengeance and the Fear of Failure at the highest Excitement: it seems to me that real Madness, to a certain Degree, and the feigned, some Times run into each other in Hamlet, more particularly in the Churchyard scene Act 5. Scene 1<sup>st</sup>; when he and Laertes quarrel in Ophelia's Grave: it is not common Madness, nor does it show itself in absurd Actions and incoherent Talk: there are Madmen whose sound Sense on all but one Point would lead you to believe them in their right Minds; now Hamlet has become in some Sort a Oneidea-madman, one Idea has got Possession of his Mind to an unhealthy Degree, and colours all his Thoughts: the Murder of Polonius awakes something of the Fiend in his Breast, the evil Leaven developed by the Fermentation of Passion and brooded Vengeance: for even a noble Nature cannot indulge long in such Feelings as his without becoming changed, without giving the Devil Entrance under the Cover of such Feelings to a Heart which would have

withstood him in every other Shape: the Man who sees everything thro' the Medium of Hate, and all Circumstances as merely Lets or Aids to Revenge, must become embittered, gloomy, and more inclined to Evil, for Hate is the most ungodlike of all Feelings, and where it is allowed to get the Upperhand it must cast out the Spirit of God from our Breasts, that is, the Spirit of *Love*: tho' Hamlet's Object was sanctioned, nay, enjoined, by the Prejudices of his Age, yet our Nature cannot indulge long in such Feelings without getting a Twist from the right Direction, and that Hamlet had got such a Wrench is evident from his not killing Claudius at the Moment when least unfitted for Death: this wonderful Tragedy is indeed « a mighty Maze, but not without a Plan », in its very Confusion there is a deep and important Moral hidden, which seems to me to be this, viz: that even Virtue, when it becomes alloyed by impure and earthlier Feelings and Motives, loses its divine Sanction, and is more subject to Chance and Change, and Selfdefeat, as being no longer selftrue: thus had Hamlet killed Claudius in the Act of Prayer and Repentance, he would have avenged his Father with the least possible Violation of Humanity with which such an Act can be attended, but Hate and Passion mingle with his Desire of Revenge, (which should have no other Character than that of a simple and solemn Act of Retribution, dealt by the Hand of the Person most injured, as if chosen by Providence for its fittest Instrument), and take from it all the Solemnity of an expiatory Sacrifice: Hamlet resolves to cut him off in the full Flush of Wine, Wantonness, and Sin, thus alienating the Approbation of Heaven, and this Alienation is shown at the very Moment of Transgression, for had his better Spirit not deserted him, he would have killed Claudius then, and thus have vindicated his Father, himself, and Providence, and prevented the fearful Catastrophe: whereas, by acting as he does, he gives a wider Range to the Workings of Chance

and Accident: by following the Promptings of Passion, he subjects his own Fate and that of others to that greater Amount of Evil which his Irresolution and Inhumanity have called into Being, during the brief but fearful Operation of which, Providence, as it were, forsakes the Scene, leaving the Elements of Good and Evil to solve the dread Enigma as Chance (i. e. the warring Passions of Men left to their own blind Action and full Swing for the Moment) may decide; hence the apparent Confusion of Events, the Disentangling of which Providence reserves for a Day of future Retribution, since the Feebleness of human Reason, and the Conflict of human Passion, in a vain Attempt to solve, only wrap the Enigma in deeper Mystery: the Net of Vengeance which Hamlet casts, is spread too wide, his own Feet become entangled in it, and he is swept away with the rest: he has also a certain Selfpride of Intellect, which leads him to delight in Plotting and Planning more than in Action, and this leads to Failure, for the bestlaid Plot may be chancedefeated or counterplotted, but in so far as a Man *acts* he is sure.

#### IMITATION.

Unfortunately the bad Taste, the Singularities and Defects of a great Writer, almost invariably attract the first and chief Attention of his Imitators, while his Excellencies are alike removed from their Comprehension and Imitation: these Persons look on a great Author with somewhat of the Feelings of a Man who feels great Awe towards an Object which he very imperfectly comprehends; they see a great Result produced; but trace not the Means used: that which is most glaring, which dazzles their weak Sight most, and imposes on them by its Strangeness or Extravagance, is greedily seized on as the Maincause, and copied with all due Diligence, but almost always omitting those conjoint Merits which in the Original tempered, and caused such Defects to be quite overlooked: but the Source

of the grand and simple Beauties they cannot understand at all, just because they are so; they cannot fancy a great Effect to be wrought out by simple and easy Means: accomplishing all they themselves do with Effort, they regard that which is produced without Effort as commonplace, it is too natural for them, and with these Nature and Art are anything but synonymous.

## SCEPTICISM.

Blindness of Intellect is at once the natural Consequence and rightful Punishment of Hardness of Heart, he who has no Desire to find the Truth must have less Perception of it also: his Feelings on the Subject are not vivid enough to give it that Prominence and Force which are requisite to a full, living Conviction: when from what we know and can prove there is so much Truth, Wisdom, and Benevolence, in that great Portion of Revelation which is of practical Utility for the Happiness and Improvement of Life, surely it is the Height of Folly and Ingratitude to reject it for the Sake of that so trifling Portion, and merely speculative too, which human Reason cannot comprehend; to be thus lynxeyed at detecting Flaws in so inestimable a Boon is not the Part either of Reason or Gratitude; if there be so many Questions of mere earthly Knowledge which our Ingenuity cannot solve, would not Analogy lead us to infer that the Solution of those Questions which bear the Stamp of heavenly Birth, of divine Wisdom, must of Necessity be unattainable? « if, says our Saviour, I have told ye earthly Things and ye believe not, how shall ye believe if I tell ye heavenly Things »? who can explain the Origin of Evil? we have no Data to reason on, it is like trying to pierce into the Secrets of God, and how can finite measure infinite? however the nearest Approximation towards answering a Question is to give a satisfactory Reason *why it cannot be answered*, which with all reasonable Minds will set the

**Matter at Rest:** had God left us unprovided on any needful Point, then first would be Room for Doubt, and as to a future Life, he has given us the Hope and Assurance of it: a Hope which is as deep as Being itself, and which may be regarded as the Germ of that very future Existence, of which it is a Pledge and Anticipation: any further or minuter Revelation of it, beyond the full Assurance, would be alike needless and hurtful, as it would distract us from this Existence here: which after all is godlike enough for anyone who has *brought himself to feel godlike*.

## JOURNEYTAKING.

Upon undertaking a long Journey, we generally feel some Degree of Depression, because we are taken from our habitfixed Liferoutine, where all Things went on clockworklike, and where, one Day telling another, we could calculate with tolerable Accuracy what was to befall us, how we were to spend our Time etc. etc. at least sufficiently so as to make the Future a Matter of Confidence; we are accustomed to see fixed Objects and Persons, and thus acquire certain Ideas of a fixed Course of Things, which inspires Security: but on the Outset of a long Journey we have an untried Future to peer into, where Hope finds no habitual and trodden Ground, an eyeabflling Obscurity from which we shrink back into the narrow, but definite and clearlymarked, Sphere of our former Being: an Obscurity wherein lie all the unborn Events which must befall us, and which, like distancedim Forms, grow clear, one by one, as we approach them, and again fade into faint Outlines as they are left behind: from this Prospect we retire into ourselves, into our Recollections of the Past, and to these we cling with so much the more Tenacity in Proportion to the Uncertainty of our Separation, but finding in our own limited Being, which throws on the Path before us not so much Light as a fortyfeet Reflector, no Ground of Certainty, and no

Solution of our Doubts, we are made to feel our Insignificance and Powerlessness in the Movements of the vast Machine which bears us on with it, and apply to a higher Power for the Assurance in vain sought elsewhere: such Feelings attend us on every long Journey, even those which have an earthly Bourne, how much more then that last, long, awful Journey which leads we know not precisely whither, into a foreign Land indeed, alike beyond our Experience and our *Guidebooks*!

## IMAGINATION.

What a blessed Servant wouldst thou be, could we but compel thee to labour as much in beautifying the Present, as thou dost to embellish the Past and Future! but, alas! thou seldom toilest in the Service of Reality, he is too hard a Taskmaster for thee: thou canst not labour by the Day, nor for the coarse Dailybread which would be thy Wages in his Employment: and yet, tho' a hard Taskmaster, he is a godlike one too, for he gives the *true Feeling of Life*, which is beyond thy fairest *Dream of it*: yea! the Sweat upon the Brow, the coarse Raiment on the Back, do not impair the *Poesy* of Life, for it flows from the deep Heart, and *that* the lowliest may have as godlike as the highest, and perhaps more so, for he has that alone, by that alone he lives, and therefore he has more the *Sentiment of Life*, which is the most godlike of all! Feelings and all Possessions: and he who has not got this, has not even lived, *else he would have it*, for Life and the Sentiment of it are not two Things, but one, as the Rose and *its Perfume*!

## JUDAS.

What a Refinement of Treachery it was to make a *Kiss* the Token of Betrayal! his brutal Nature is more shown in this perhaps than in the Act itself: one could have pardoned a Fanatic of a different Sect doing such an Action from religious Zeal, but Judas was Christ's Disciple, and did it for— Money!

## ILLUMINATIONS.

There are some wellmeaning Persons who cry out against the Expenditure of Money in Fireworks, Music, Bands, Pageants, and the other imaginative Decorations usual at Feasttimes and Highdays, alledging that it would be better to give the Poor a Bellyfull with the same Money: this seems to me a narrowminded Way of looking at the Thing: these good People seem to think that Man can be only benefitted thro' his Belly: but he is an imaginative Being as well as a digesting one, and it is better to delight him, and make him happy, thro' his higher, than thro' his lower Faculties: tho' Eating and Drinking be more necessary, in one Sense, than Pleasures which appeal to the Imagination, in another and far higher Sense they are utterly insignificant: and if People be roused by these from the dull Routine of Life, if the Mind receive an Impulse, and the, so to say, stiffened and cramped Thought be put into a new and agreeable Posture, more good is done to them thus, than if you filled their Bellies with Roastbeef and Plumpudding: we are far too apt to regard Men as needing merely to be fed and clothed: they require also to be made happy, and this is the true Charity, and the Statesman who furnishes them with a single rational and elevating Amusement has done them more good than if he had lowered the Price of Hops and Hollands: we legislate far, far too exclusively with Reference to commercial Ends and Views: not a few Pages of our modern History might be compared to the Leaves of a Ledger or Merchant's Accountbook, so entirely does the Extension of Trade fill them, so seldom do we find any Attention to, or Provision for, the *spiritual* Calls of Society: no Attempts to spread the Sentiment of the Finearts, on the Part of the Government at least, to supply the People with rational Amusements: no Encouragement to Science, save mechanical, and the Branches connected with it, no Efforts, by



a wise Distribution of public Honors and Offices, to direct at once the Esteem and Exertions of the Nation into nobler Channels than those of Trade: it is to be hoped that this State of Things will not last much longer, that the People will open their Eyes to their Wants, and supply them themselves, for afterall the grand Impulsion must come from them —

## ORIGINALITY.

Where there is a Resemblance between the Thoughts of two Writers, the fairest and surest Way to ascertain if the one has borrowed is, to observe whether, in Passages which indisputably belong to him, he rises to the same or a higher Level, if he does so, if his own Powers are sufficient to produce the Effect, it is unjust to accuse him of Borrowing: two Authors may develop the same Views in a different Manner, and a third by the Aid of both may surpass both: even tho' he employs their Thoughts, if he works out a different Product, or a better, that is not Borrowing: the one from whom he took the Thought did not see what it was capable of becoming in *every* Point of View, but merely in *his* Point of View: the other stands in different Relations with Things, and develops a different Face of them.

## THE LORDSPRAYER.

How wisely and benevolently has our Saviour, in this beautifully simple Prayer, so practical yet so grand, commanded us to pray that God will « forgive us our Trespases, as we forgive them that trespass against us »: thus making our own Forgiveness depend on the Charity we show to others, and daily recalling to our Minds the important Truth, that our own Happiness can never be promoted by anything which injures our Fellowcreatures — in all that Christ has said and done there is the same practical Beauty, no Pomp of Words, no Show, no finespun Reasonings,

but all level to the meanest Capacity, full of that best Wisdom, the Wisdom of the Heart, and of the most direct Application to the daily Purposes of Life; to my Mind the Simplicity of his System, in which it bears so striking an Analogy to the other Works of the same divine Intelligence, is not the least Proof of its divine Origin: how different from all the Systems of human Wisdom which do not adopt it as their Guide and Groundwork!

## LIES.

The Person who tells a Lie becomes involved in the Machinery of the System in which he lives: in Order to bear himself out in one he is forced to tell more, each of these begets a numerous Issue, until he no longer knows where he stands— there is a natural Tendency in the human Mind to speak the Truth, or at least to speak and act, not by a Fiction or an assumed Case, but by the real State of Things: now this Tendency, being *natural*, is constantly and unawares thwarting the assumed Character, and producing irreconcilable Contradictions: we cannot at once break thro' the old Habits of Action, and Trains of Thought, to which we have been accustomed, these must necessarily recur, and lead us into frequent Inconsistencies of Speech and Conduct, such is the obvious Tendency in the Constitution of Things to give Truth the Upperhand: to maintain a Falsehood we must be always taxing our Memory, calculating our Words, and standing Guard upon ourselves, how different from the free Openness of Truth!

## MACBETH.

Shakespear's Use of the Belief in an invisible World and its spiritual Agencies, is not less philosophic than poetic. This Belief varies in different Ages: it is less material, and less embodied in the commonplace and weekday Intercourse of Life in an enlightened Age, but its Root still exists in the human Heart: it is not less powerful

(tho' less visibly and vulgarly so) from being etherealized and stripped of some Portion of its Grossness; we do not in the 19.th Century burn Witches and exorcise the Devil, but the Spring of mysterious Awe exists still in the Heart of civilized Man as in that of the ruder Being, and needs only to be skilfully touched to start into Action: it is still, and ever will be, a powerful Instrument of poetic Effect, and seems to me no mean Proof of such spiritual Agencies; it is a Belief conformable with the Nature and Destination of Man, and springing, as it does, from the Depths of his Being, must remain ever unoutrootable; it is one of the many Modes in which the Spirit makes known its instinctive Belief in another Life, and its Sympathy with Natures and Existences congenial to itself: Shakespear then, whose Poeteye pierced the outer Veil of material Form, and conceived Nature's Operations in their grandest and minutest Manifestations, from their true Centre, regarded these popular Superstitions not as an isolated Fact, and reprehensible or ridiculous in their vulgar Form of Nurse-rytales, Ghoststories, and ignorant Prejudices, or local Superstitions, but saw something higher in them, a Mode and Modification of human Feeling, more or less material according to Times and Circumstances, but not for that Reason having a less real and durable Existence and Influence; tracing them to their Origin, he found that it was not arbitrary or capricious, or dependent on accidental and changeable Causes, but derived essentially from the Conformation of our Nature, and that consequently a judicious Use of these Superstitions would ever find a ready Sympathy in the human Heart, even in those Ages which boast of their Enlightenment: nor did he err; the material Life of Man and his intellectual, tho' much less, are susceptible of great Modifications, from the Feathervest and rude Tools of the Savage, to the Steammachines and Mechanics of the 19.th Century, but the Life of the Soul and the Heart is much less subject to Variations, and in Regard to these

Man is much the same Being as when Homer's Song passed from Mouth to Mouth, and the Furies of Eschylus so strongly appealed to the Belief in an invisible, avenging Power—Shakespear knew the human Heart by Intuition, not in its mere ascertained Modes of Being, and positive Manifestations, but in its very Essence: extensive Acquaintance with Man, and the Records of past Times, may yield us a clear Idea of the human Heart as it has been, but it requires the Genius of an S. to enter into the Heart itself, and to possess oneself of all its hidden Springs and primary Laws, legislating at the very Seat of Being, and to show Man not only as he has been, but what he may be in perfectly new and unexampled Combinations of Circumstances—Remorse in Macbeth casts its Shadows before on his Soul; in this we see Proofs of a noble Nature, which recoils from the bare Idea of Baseness and Crime as from the Perpetration: unfortunately for Macbeth everything conspires to urge on his Design, his Destiny allows no Time for Reflection, else his better Nature would have reasserted its Rights, and turned him aside; he has scarcely formed the Idea ere the Opportunity of executing it occurs, as if to force him on: he seems to have been brought to the Stickingplace as much from a false Shame of seeming a Coward in his Wife's Eyes, as from his Ambition; had S. represented him as led to the Crime by vulgar Motives, any Sympathy for him would be out of the Question, but, as it is, we regard him as a doomed Man, as one of the selected Instruments with which from Time to Time Fate works out its inscrutable Designs: it is the Struggle of Will and Conscience which keeps alive our Sympathy for him, as there is no Guilt but what results from Will, and as it is evident that even at the Moment of Perpetration Macbeth does not altogether will the Deed, altho' he perpetrates it, we can scarcely help regarding him as not less unfortunate than criminal: all this, together with the fearful Development of Character before and after

the Deed, are managed in the most masterly Style; we can scarcely think of S.'s Characters as mere composed ones, we seem to have known them, like Flesh-and-Bloodbeings, real, living, palpable. — In that so sweet Scene where Duncan admires the pleasant Site of Macbeth's Castle, how fearful is the Contrast between Man and Nature — here all is Peace and Beauty, but in a few short Hours Murder's fell Footsteps will have traversed the Scene in all his Desolation: how like real Life too it is! the King is still a Man; like his meanest Follower, he is not a starch, stiff Abstraction of Royalty, a Mouthpiece for Setspeeches, he has Eyes and Senses, and feels the natural Impressions of Times and Circumstances; how different from the stuffed Specimens of Racine, or the rigid, hard, oneidea'd Heros of Alfieri, who stalk on to the End like Automaton wound up for the due Period of the Unities! many Critics, in their narrowminded Code, object to the Gatescene of the Porter in Macbeth, and disapprove of his Jokes and drunken Foulmouthedness at so grave a Moment, and of his Conduct as more tavernlike than theatrical — these Critics' Views of human Life are very amusing; Rules are not to adapt themselves to the Heart and Life of Man, but these must be clipped for the Rules, the Eternal and Essential for the Accidental and Unstable! we think that the Truth of Nature is cheaply bought by flinging all this unmeaning Jargon to the Winds; we love the full, beating Heart of human Feeling too much to cramp it into the Straightwaistcoat of arbitrary System, and the Face and Form of Man too much to stilt him up into a mere Abstraction: why was the Porter's Joke too grave for *such* a Moment? what knew he of the Murder? must everything be conscious, as if the Stones had Tongues, and Mens' Eyes could see thro' Walls? is it unnatural that a Man in one Part of a House should get drunk and joke, while in another Part another should murder? it is these very Touches and Bystrokes which give such a Truthseemingness

and Force to the Play, and by circumstantializing those Portions which overstep our ordinary Experience, and which otherwise might seem exaggerated, impart to them a Force of Reality otherwise unattainable: it would quite spoil the Scene to make the Porter overconscious, and to give him a moralizing Tone: his Drunkenness is quite in Keeping, as the Forenight had been a Wassailnight, as was to be expected after a great Victory, so that this Overconsciousness would quite spoil the terrible Impression produced on the Mind by the Contrast, the Impression of Man's Shortsightedness, and his Ignorance of what others and himself are capable of when urged to Crime, and substitutes for the spontaneous and Chancecombinations of actual Life the forced and calculated Arrangements of a Puppetshow, where one String moves all the Figures, and for the infinite Variety and Freedom of individual Will, the stiff Monotony of a System: how like real Life is this Scene! the most awful and solemn Events of Life in close Contact with the commonest and vulgarest: in one Room Murder doing his fell Work, with Horror and Remorse, in the next Drunkenness and Obscenity: how magnificent is this Selfcommand which enables Shakespear to descend from the most exalted Poetry both of Conception and Expression, from the Utterer of fine Sentiment, to be something more than the mere Poet, the Poet of human Nature; it seems an almost overhuman Effort to pass from all that exalts and rouses the Imagination to the Expression of the Sentiments of a maudlin Brain and the incongruous and coarse Language of a lecherous and halfsuddled Drunkard: it is in a similar Spirit that the Gravediggers' Scene is introduced in Hamlet, and with an overpowering Effect of Reality; in this wonderful Play the most opposite Elements of Life are brought into Juxtaposition without any Confusion or Loss of distinctive Character, with all the Variety and Movement of the living World: there they stand, so lifefull and lifelike! we have the very Turn

of the Gravedigger's Eye as he looks up from the Grave at Hamlet, and the very Twitch of his Mouth as he bandies his coarse Jest with him; we fancy we see Hamlet's piercing but melancholy Eye resting on the Scull, and can trace in the sombre Subjects of his Jest and Comparisons the Train and Bent of his deeper, and darker, and hidden Thoughts and Purposes, looking upon every Chanceobject with a Mind wrenched by a foregone Conclusion. I never read that Play without some fresh Revelation on some dark Point of human Nature; the March of real Life is not that of an Epic Poem: the Laughable and the Terrible cross Hands, the Sublime and the Vulgar jostle each other, the purple Robe of the King and the Beggar's Rags cover alike a mere human Heart. there are certain little Touches in *Shakespeare* which individualize the Conception in a most striking Manner, and which, springing from the Circumstances in which the Character is represented, impart to it a wonderful Air of Truth and Accuracy; I shall give only one, tho' a most admirable Example, from *Lear*, Scene 6. Act IV. where *Lear*, with the Inconsistency of Madness, takes Notice of *Gloster's* Hat, and asks if it is a good one: then the paramount Idea of his Mind seizes upon that indifferent Object and converts it into an Instrument of Vengeance: « this a good Block? » says *Lear*: « it were a delicate Stratagem to shoe a Troop of Horse with Felt: I'll put it in Proof; and when I've stolen on these Sons-in-Law, then kill, kill, kill. » —

## MILTON.

*Schlegel* finds Fault with *Milton* (see *Black's* Translation) for having drawn *Satan* too noble, alledging that what is wicked must of its own Nature be deformed: the Objection seems to me loosely made. *Milton* has only stripped *Satan* of the ridiculous Bugbearattributes, the physical Deformities, which in *Dante* and *Tasso* make him too much a Sort of Child's Scarecrow, just the Kind of

Devil an old Nurse paints to the Children to keep them quiet: and indeed in Dante's Age Mankind was more childish and superstitious, and Dante did but copy the vulgar Devil who terrified his Timefellows: but his Devil is no Impersonation of moral and essential Evil, nor does it excite any Awe: we read his Description with much the same Feelings with which we look on the Frescorepresentation of the same Subject by Orcagna in the Church of S. Maria Novella at Florence. Dante's Description is purely physical, as much for the Eye of the Body as the Fresco itself, and equally unimaginative: whereas Milton has made him morally deformed: his Devil is a splendidly imaginative Impersonation of moral Evil: it is quite true that what is evil is deformed, and should be represented so, but it need not be ridiculous, nor should it: for it then fails as much to produce the Effect it should as if it were ennobled. Evil should produce Disgust and Aversion, but it is impossible to read Dante's Description of Satan, or Tasso's, and not laugh: it is merely the Gigantic and Exaggerated of physical Terror. Crime has its Sublimity as well as Good, and while it is thus infinitely fitter for poetical Purposes, may equally subserve Morality, and be much better made to excite Disgust and Fear.

## MISERIES OF LIFE.

One of the Miseries of Life is to be compelled to travel at a Snailspace in a State of great Excitement and Anxiety, when the restless Wings of Hope or Fear have already carried us to our Destination: this is truly the Rack of the Mind: at such Times the Excitement of Danger or Difficulty of any Kind is a delightful Relief to Inactivity and Monotony: rapid, whirling Motion, constant Change of Objects, are then most congenial to the Tone of our Feelings, and can alone give Respite.



## LANGUAGE.

The philosophical Study of Language is one of the best Guides to the History of the human Mind, and the Progress of Nations, it is truly a Mirror which gives back even the most delicate Traits of Character: frequently a mere Word, or the peculiar Use of one Term, is as a Revelation of a whole Series of interesting Discoveries, and the Testimony of Language is so much the more valuable and to be relied on, because it is involuntary, and therefore free from the Influence of Vanity, Deceit, Passion, Prejudice, and all the Partialities and Mistakes which cloud individual Testimony, and render it doubtful and unsatisfactory.

## PROFESSION.

A Profession is necessary for a closetkeeping Temperament, as it it forces us into Contact with Mankind, which is the only Way to keep Feeling true, and Thought healthy. I do not believe any truly great Work ever issued from the Closet alone, or was produced by the Brain of one of those who live in the Caves of their own Complexions and Phantasies, who never dwelt in the full, clear Light of actual Existence: the deepest and valuablest Truths are perhaps those struck out in the Collision of human Interests and Passions, by the Whirl, and Wear, and Tear of the vast Machine of social Life: indeed there alone the moral Process of Decomposition is going on on the large Scale necessary, and at the Bottom of the mighty Crucible of moral Causes and Effects, amongst the Rubbish and Ruins of Time, may always be found a few Grains of inestimable Truth to reward the careful Seeker, but that which a Man draws from his own Brain alone, without the Knowledge of Life, are usually ingenious Sophisms.

POET.

That Poet would be the perfectest perhaps who could so arrange his Poetry, by a profound Knowledge of human Nature, and the Mode in which human Feeling develops itself, and human Associations are formed, that it should, like the Works of Nature, delight and instruct all Ages, Youth, Manhood and Oldage: by its Freshness, Vividness, and Movement, charming the quick and sensual Perceptions of Youth: by its Depth, Harmony, and Truth of inward Attributes, and their Adaptation to the Form in which they are conveyed, instructing and exercising matured Reason, and by its pure, calm Belief, which, whether under the Form of Fiction or of Fact, should be the Groundwork of its moral Tone, affording Solace and Delight to the Old.

PHILOSOPHY.

What are our Maccullochs, our Malthuses, and our other Writers imbued with the Tradespirit, however great the mere intellectual Power displayed, but a Result of an unsound social System: they may make us good Taxreckoners and Populationcalculators, but not wiser or greater Men: what is their Philosophy but that of the physical Wants and Advantages of Man, which, far from making us feel the inestimable Value of spiritual Things, deifies the Body as the grand Object of all Legislation — surely this is the Philosophy of moral Degradation, the Philosophy of Mammon, to whom the Gifts of Light and Intellect are now dedicated: even the metaphysical Scepticism of an Hume is preferable to this heartless practical Atheism: this cold Dedication of ourselves to the Objects of this Life merely: metaphysical Scepticism, even tho' it doubts of all, leads us towards the Infinite, and schools us to Habits of Thought which may enable us to refute the Assailant with his own Weapons, and the Evil it does is mostly

speculative, it leaves the Heart untouched to the Influence of kindly Feelings and sound Principles of Conduct, but the Philosophy of Moneymaking imbrutes alltogether, it deadens alike the Heart and contracts the Understanding.

## POVERTY.

Poverty is itself a Source of Expense, inasmuch as by Compelling us to live on from Day to Day it precludes the Adoption of any Plan, however feasible or economical *in the End*, if it involves the Necessity of a little Expense at *first Starting*: one is forced upon Shifts to meet present Wants which prove infinitely expensive in the End. I need only instance the Necessity under which Poverty places us of not paying Readymoney, a Method so very advisable: this is one of the great Miseries of the Poor, they must frequently, to have an Article of present Necessity, pay dearer for it in the End than a Person who is well-off, and who by paying Readymoney gets it cheaper: thus too the Poor, tho' Economy be much more incumbent on them than on the richer Portion of Society, frequently cannot practice it so much.

## PRINCIPLE.

Want of Principle is as frequently a Cause of absurd Conduct as Want of Sense; the Castingoff of all Restraints of Conscience gives a Man great Facilities for the Attainment of his Ends, because he is thus set free from all those Drawbacks which Honor, Humanity, and Morality, impose on other Men, but even here « Wisdom is justified of all her Children »: for Men who cast off all Principle do not give others Credit for possessing it, and consequently undervalue its Influence on human Conduct. hence their Schemes are as frequently baffled by a too low, as by a too high, Estimate of human Worth: moreover after a Time they lose the Confidence of their Fellowmen, which is

only accorded to upright Conduct, and the moral Influence of which is one of the grandest and powerfulest Levers in human Affairs: the Man who goes upon the Principle that Morality has no real Existence or Controul over Men, will find himself as much out as the most credulous Dupe who trusts in the Professions of all he meets.

## HAPPINESS.

The Circumstance of all Things being relative is the great Source of Happiness, and the Reason why Mankind, tho' differing so essentially in Tastes, Temper, Means, and Conditions, are yet enabled to attain an almost equal Amount of Happiness: the great Differences in human Happiness arise from moral, far more than from external, Inequalities; were there any *absolute* Standard of Happiness, by how few could it be attained: in this, as in every other Arrangement of Providence, the Wisdom and Godness of the Deity are alike manifest. Happiness is thus suited to every Capacity, rising or falling, like a Buoy, with every Undulation of human Character: it is by the Principle of Association (and on this the Adaptation of Character to Circumstances depends), that his rude Hut with its bleak Prospect has as many Charms for the simple Hind, as the most varied Scenery to the fastidious Eye of Taste.

## THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

It is unsafe to disjoin Religion from the State, I do not mean as a political Machine, for this is corrupting it, but as a moral Cooperator and spiritual Ally: it should be so far disjoined that its Members may feel that the Maintenance of the Religion they profess depends on the zealous Performance of their Duties, and the Acting up to its Precepts, and that they may learn to fix it firmly on its own true Basis, and not to prop a System of empty Forms, and outward Observances, and arbitrary Dogmas, on the far less secure Fabric of the State; for Religion must always have

a strong Hold on Mens' Hearts, which will always beat with the same Hopes and Fears, but Statesystems have a Claim on their Affections and Cooperation only so long as Men feel that the Form of Government promotes their Welfare, and embodies their Intelligence; but these Forms must change with the Change of this same Intelligence, and how dangerous would it not be to bind up the Well-being of the Church with Forms so unstable, as if it had no eternal Foundations of its own, but must lean on the rotten Pillars of the State: the Church should be a mighty and independent Power, knowing no Sects nor Partydistinctions, much less forming in itself a zealous and bigoted political Faction, as it has too often done both at Home and abroad: it should be a separate Existence, and yet the Life and quickening Principle of all the rest: the Influence it exercises on the State should be indirect, the Influence of Learning, Virtue, Piety, and not thro' the vulgar Channels of political Intrigue, Electionmongering, and Partycombinations; it should be a Power and Presence of Good, softening the Asperities and Illblood of Times of Excitement, teaching Men to strive more towards, and to value more, the inward Freedom of Truth and Reason than the outward of Forms and Immunities, which will surely follow on the former: encouraging them to become free Citizens in Christ, rather than tenpound Freeholders in Mammon: and let it not be thought that the Church cannot stand without being politically connected with the State: none of its many nobler Members insult it so much as these false Friends, who cloak their Selfends under a feigned Anxiety for that Church which *they* cannot do without, but which can very well do *without them*: what can be based so firmly as that which is based on *Love*? neither Flood, Fire, nor Sword, can destroy these Foundations; so long as the Church exercises a Dominion of Affection it matters little what Changes the Forms of Government undergo: it will stand the true Palladium of

national Wellbeing, a Point of Union when all else is Doubt, Distrust, and Insecurity: whoever has had the Pleasure of seeing that most heartgratifying of all Sights in England, and perhaps oftener in Scotland, a Clergyman who effectively and conscientiously does his Duty, will readily agree to my Opinion, I think: he must have remarked that the Parishioners conduct themselves with infinitely more Regard to Morality than elsewhere, not because more liable to be punished, but from Respect to their Pastor: and this, the beautiful and so gentle Restraint of Love, reaches where Laws never can, to the Fireside, yea! to the very Heart, even as the Springtidewarmth to the Life-principle of the Seed, making the Morality it produces at once a Tribute to its own real, efficient Existence, and a Proof that the Soil needs but be cultivated to yield the good Crop: now no Governmentchanges would lessen the Influence of these excellent Men, because it is founded on the best and duringmost Principles of our Nature, and when all accidental and merely conventional Modes of Power would be without Avail, this would maintain its primal Force: godlike Things exercise a godlike Restraint, and, spite of their many Perversities, Men bow willingly to Truth and Virtue, for they feel that these have a divine Sanction. why the same Results should not be exhibited on a large Scale as on the small would be hard to say.

#### RECIPROCAL ACTION OF GENIUS.

Great Men generally rise in a Cluster at particular Times, owing to certain stirring Circumstances, Changes in Opinion and Intelligence etc. there never was a Want of the great Heart but some Masterspirit rose to give it a Voice, it is vague, and felt scarce consciously 'till he appears, and then all recognize and acknowledge it; but tho' he feels it more distinctly than the rest, he is not less indebted to it for that: great Men act on eachother, so

that each attains a Perfection he could never otherwise have reached; one Genius supplies the Deficiencies, is a Corollary, of another: thus Raphael learned finer Coloring from Fra Bartolommeo, while the latter improved his Perspective by studying R.'s Works, and later in Life Raphael approached nearer to Titian's Coloring — Fra Bartolommeo formed himself on Leonardo da Vinci, while he again was taught by Verrocchio, and Raphael by P. Perugino. Annibal Caracci had the Advantage of studying all the great Masters, and could therefore estimate different Methods better, and select a greater Variety of Excellences and Resources: thus one Artist is a Result of many, and the one becomes first the true Artist thro' all who have gone before him, just as one Man combines in himself the Knowledge and Intelligence of his Kind at the Period when he lives —.

#### REVELATION.

Is a Matter of Faith as well as of Reason: it was meant to be a Test of our Confidence in him with whom the Scheme of Redemption originated, and of our Submission to his Will; and since in that large Portion of it which we can comprehend we see such convincing Proofs of divine Wisdom and Goodness, surely it were the Height of Ingratitude and Folly to reject that large Portion, the *practical* Utility of which is obvious, for the Sake of that very small Portion (comprizing merely speculative Questions, and consequently superfluous to Man considered as one who has to *practice* Christianity) which lies beyond the Reach of human Thought: were there no Points in Revelation which baffle the feeble Intellect of Man, and ask Belief where we can have no full Conviction on merely speculative Grounds, there could be no Faith: now Faith is the great Half of Religion: as it is, there is a moral Merit in the Acceptance of Christianity with all its

Difficulties, implying an humble Spirit and a meek Heart, and as these Qualities are by far the most essential to Man's Happiness here, and the most acceptable in God's Eyes, so does his Gospel give more Scope to the Exercise of these than of the reasoning Faculties, which almost always bring in their Train Pride and Selfconceit, and not seldom Hardheartedness also: and, as if to teach us this very Meekness, there are certain Points which have baffled, and ever will baffle, all the Attempts of Reason, who pulls down upon his own Head the Babel of Doubt and Speculation: now it is precisely in these Points that our Faith must be displayed, the Religion of the Heart and the Affections: certain Questions are not cognizable by human Reason, but even if they were, had the Doctrines of our Religion at all influenced the Heart, we should embrace it at once without waiting 'till the cold Calculations of Reason had rigorously demonstrated its Credibility. Religion, like Happiness, is much more a *Sentiment of the Heart* than a Conviction of the Understanding; its very Essence consists not in reasoning on its abstract Proofs and Principles, as Matter of Speculation, but in practicing its Precepts, and bringing them home to the Heart: and surely this is perfectly consistent with divine Wisdom: the Practice of Religion is placed within Reach of all, all can comprehend the Value and *Beauty* of kind Actions, who would be little able or inclined to follow out abstract Discussions: the Proofs of our Religion are such as to convince every *unprejudiced* Mind: now were the Proofs such as to overwhelm and *force* Conviction even from the Sceptical and Prejudiced, the *moral Merit* of Accepting the Gospel would be done away with: there would be no Trial of the Affections, nor any Freedom of Choice: we are told to *practice* the Gospel if we would know whether it be of God, because thus our Hearts and Affections being schooled to its gentle Ministries we shall thereby become at once fitted to feel its divine Origin:



we shall thus acquire that Meekness which is the only suitable Vehicle for heavenly Truths, and thus we should no longer need speculative Arguments: but we begin at the wrong End: when we commence by arguing, and on Points alike superfluous and inexplicable by us, (for in these alone is there Room for Doubt or Argument,) endless Difficulties start up, and we remain at the Threshold of the beautiful Temple of Religion, this vast and glorious World, and hear not the heavenly Preacher, who preaches there eternally in all we see and hear, if his Word have but first opened our Hearts, for without this we have neither Eyes to see nor Ears to hear.

## SOPHISTRY.

There is something in the very Nature of sophistical Reasoning which renders it shallow: it is an Abuse, a Perversion of moral Feeling and sound Intellect, ever apt to belie itself, and, like a Lie, involving the Mind in a vicious Circle, wherein confused and perplexed the Selfcontradiction stands confessed: the natural Bent of the human Mind towards Truth cannot be destroyed, and the Struggle to maintain a Falsehood is productive of manifold Inconsistencies.

## SOPHISMS OF MEN.

Herod, in putting John the Baptist to Death, pretended that it was incumbent on him as a Duty to fulfill his Promise, and yet, such is the practical Inconsistency of Men, while alledging Duty to be his Motive, he wilfully violated those common Principles of Humanity and Justice which he was tentimes more bound *in Duty* to observe than a Promise, the very Criminality of which absolved him from its Performance: it is thus that, frequently, our pretended Observance of one Virtue leads us into much greater Crimes than the Nonobservance could possibly do; I say « pretended Observance », for even

that one Virtue of infinitely lesser Importance is not observed when the Performance of it involves the Violation of those higher Duties, wherein it is included and implied, as the Part in the Whole: from a factitious Sense of Duty a Man will be induced to fight a Duel, but he has not that higher Sense of Duty which leads him to abstain from sacrificing his own, or a Fellowcreature's, Life in direct Violation of his Maker's Ordinance: but the Fact is that on such Occasions our Pride, Anger, Self-willedness etc. take the Guise of Virtue, which they use merely as a Stalkinghorse, a Sort of Shuffling to trick Conscience: thus Men wilfully blind themselves to their real Motives in Order to hug themselves still in their Selfesteem, and yet at the same Time gratify their inherent Indolence or Vice: how often do we hear Men alledging a less Duty for the Violation of a greater, in which Case the less Duty is none, because involved in the greater, which has a prior Claim: and still more being negated as a Duty by the Nature of the Application: thus of late Years we have heard the Slave-trade abolition bill opposed as being unjust to those few who are Slaveholders, quite forgetting the infinitely wider and essentialer Breach of Justice, involved in depriving Men of all that makes them such. Men often commit great Cruelty and Injustice because they have sworn forsooth; it is a Duty to abide by an Oath when just, but if by performing it we violate the Principles of Justice and Humanity, with which no Oath that involves a *real moral Obligation* to its Fulfilment is incompatible, we are doubly criminal, first in rashly swearing, and secondly in rashly fulfilling; and surely one Fault, the rash Swearing, cannot be a Reason for a second, the still more rash Fulfilling: when a Man excuses a Crime on the Score of an Oath, we may fairly suspect the Devil of quoting Scripture; what he represents as the Obligation to it, is nothing but an additional Sin, speciously disguised as an Obligation.

## SCEPTICISM AND CREDULITY.

Though they be seemingly opposed are very similar, and indicative of a mental Weakness and Defect which is their common Origin; they are both Belief carried to the Extreme, and both equally removed from the just Mean of sound Philosophy: the Overseptical *believes* that nothing is true, and this is being *credulous* enough I think; the Overcredulous believes that everything is true; thus here also the Extremes meet.

## SIMPLE TASTES.

The Preservation of simple Tastes, whether moral or physical, seems to be a Matter of the very highest Moment with Reference to our Happiness in Life: to be fastidious is to be wretched ourselves and make others so: how infinitely superior is the Condition of a Man accustomed to simple, frugal, and wholesome Diet, to that of the pampered Epicure, whose morbid Taste is hardly roused by the highestseasoned Viands: it is just the same with our intellectual Tastes and Habits; if we cherish a Love of the Strange and the Exaggerated, of extraordinary Incident and farfetched Adventure, of fictitious Joys and Sorrows, we shall deaden our natural and healthy Sensibilities, and lose all Relish for the simple Events and ordinary Occasions of Life, which is the greatest of all Evils: since thus we live the *Life of a Dream*, and not our *real* Life: there is something godlike in simple Tastes and Feelings: they give us the Feeling of the True, the During, the Indispensible, we feel that we are moving grandly and securely on with this vast Whole, that we are leaning upon Nature's mighty Arm, which will not fail us; we have more the Sentiment of God too, because, standing thus in closer Contact with Nature, he is oftener presented to our Thoughts, and we are of quicker Apprehension: and this *one* Good, methinks, outweighs all that Wealth

and Art can offer of factitious Resources, for with it we would not accept great Wealth even if we could have it, *lest it should lessen or destroy this divine Sentiment*, as it too often does, and make it no longer *indispensible* to us!

TRUTH.

In Order to attain Truth we should free ourselves from all our early Prejudices, tho' this be not easy; for we suck in with our Mothersmilk a Variety of Prejudices in Politics, Morals, and Religion, which are closely blended with the Belief we entertain of the most sacred and important Truths, to which we extend the Reverence and Love felt towards these, so that our noblest and purest Feelings are often enlisted in the Cause and Preservation of Prejudices which may be injurious to the best Interests of Virtue and Reason: but it is an imperious Duty to remove them, and, having done so, to accept Truth, whatever Sacrifices she may require at our Hands, well-knowing that what she brings with her will amply compensate us in the End, and most and best by *convincing us* that what seemed to us *then* a Sacrifice *is none*, nay, a great and lasting *Gain*: the Past is pregnant with the Future, but what avail the Spectacles of Experience to him whose very Eyes squint from Prejudice? unless first rid of this then, our very Learning and Ingenuity will only enable us to give fresh Currency, and additional Authority, to pernicious Errors.

LEAR.

One of the most difficult Things in Playwriting is to animate perfectly different Characters at one same Moment, in Contact and Contrast with eachother: this is not only a Transmigration, but a Division of Soul, which is still more wonderful, yet Shakespear accomplishes this with the most perfect Success: most Dramatists become Mora-

lizers or metaphysical Analyzers of Passions at the very Moment that the Agent is supposed to be under their Influence, the Effect of which is as if a Person should describe himself as suffering Agonies in Language which leads us to think him quite at his Ease: how different is Shakespear! three such Characters as Lear, the Fool, and Edgar, were never brought together, all at once, and yet each so wonderfully unique and distinct: the terrible Madness of Lear, which rises into the sublimest Poetry, seizing on the most indifferent Circumstances, and twisting them into the Train of its own phrenzying Remembrance; even when with the Inconsistency of his Condition he seems to wander from it, all of a-sudden he seizes again on the Leadingthread of his Thoughts, and follows it up with fearful Energy: even when the Clown's Jest and odd Questions seem to lead into quite different Channels of Thought, they serve but to bring Lear back to the Point; you see that he is brooding on it, and ever and anon it flashes out in some terrible Sentence, as in Act III Scene VI. when the Fool says « pr'ythee, Nuncle, tell me whether a Madman be a Gentleman or a Yeoman? » Lear answers: « a King, a King! » — then the Clown proceeds to say « no, he's a Yeoman that has a Gentleman to his Son, for he's a mad Yeoman that sees his Son a Gentleman before him: » on which Lear breaks in, the deep Undercurrent of his Thoughts again whirling all along with it, « to have a thousand with red, burning Spits come hissing in upon them »: which brief Sentence is admirably managed, like a Glimpse into the Hell of his troubled Thoughts: it is the last of a series of painful and terrible Ideas which have been whirling thro' his Brain, and of which he utters aloud these few Words; it is not said a thousand of what, merely, « to have a thousand »! leaving the Reader to follow up what is suggested by it into the dark Depths of the Madman's Soul, whence it had flashed out like a fitful Gleam of baleful Fire: perhaps the grandest

Object ever conceived by the Mind of Man is Lear, with his gray Hair tossed by the Tempest, calling upon the Elements, which in their sublime Disorder seem to sympathize with his own troubled Soul: then, in Contrast with this grand Figure, we have the poor Fool, whom Lear, in the Days of his Pride and Prosperity had kept to amuse him, little foreseeing that he himself was to be reserved to a like, tho' more terrible, Visitation: the Fool's Jests under a laughable Exterior often contain sound Sense, and are such-as to sting Lear bitterly, but Adversity has developed a certain Grandeur and Energy of Character in Lear, which in his happier Days had taken the Form of headstrong Selfwill and despotic Obstinacy: again, and still in *perfect Contrast*, we have the feigned Madman, Edgar, in whose incongruous Expressions, without Aim or Connexion, we clearly see the Affectation of Madness; there is no leading Idea comes up every now and then in the Midst of them, there are none of those necessary Connexions of Association which make themselves felt in Lear's wildest Bursts: it is an arbitrary Jargon, a strange Assemblage of oddsounding Words and jumbled Ideas, neither has it the sly Wit and Appositeness of the Fool's Remarks; these three wonderful Combinations stand together, discourse, and act, yet never lose for one Moment a single Shade of their Identity: the Nonsense of Edgar succeeds Lear's sublime Mixture of Sense and Madness, and this again is relieved by the Buffoonery and Wit of the Fool in wonderful Alternation.

## VIRTUE.

It is better that our Virtues be accompanied, I had almost said, by some Vices, but at least by some Imperfections, otherwise they may grow proud and corrupt: and Pride is the most heavenliated of Sins: to be overproud, and deem oneself immaculate, is one of the worst of Faults, and the Parent of many more, indeed with this Feeling

Virtue is out of the Question: the meek Soul may err, but it is then an isolated Fault, it is but a Weed in the Soil: but Pride is an Unfitness, an Uncongenialness of the whole Soil itself for good Growths.

## UGLINESS.

Ugly Persons, more particularly Women, from the absurd Value attached to the Possession of Beauty among them by Men, are frequently proud and pettish: being overlooked in general, they seek to be even with Nature for the Illturn she has done them, and treat others as they find themselves treated: not being put into Goodhumour with themselves, they are out of Humour with everyone: on stronger Minds however it acts in a different Way, and leads them to cultivate the Understanding. Ugliness may be a great Evil to a sensitive Person, since the Soul is as lovely, as capable of loving and being loved, as that of the fairest.

## THE TRUE POET.

The true Poet should embody the Spirit of Humanity deeply and vividly in his Writings, and he may make sure that this same Spirit will one Day vindicate him: his Triumph will be that of Nature, he has identified himself with the Progress of Mankind, and as Nature reasserts her Rights over Men's Minds and Hearts, as a more comprehensive Sentiment of the Dignity of Humannature, of the true and only Equality of Men by Virtue and Worth, spreads abroad, his Works will be hailed as an Embodying of this Spirit, and well be treasured up enduring as the Heart of Man. Mankind might as well think of casting off its inmost Desires and Affections as of refusing to such a Writer that most holy and legitimate Influence which, precisely thro' these, he attains infallibly.

WORDSWORTH AND BYRON.

Byron is the Poet of the young, the lovesick, brain-fevered, mawkish Sentimentalists, of the numberless brainless and heartless Abortions of fashionable and artificial Life, the Victims of selfimagined Sorrows, who are overgood for this coarse, actual World, oversensitive, God bless them! for any but a poetic Existence, who would turn aside after Perusal of the Giaour or Corsair from a starving Beggar, as a vulgar, unromantic Object: the Effect of Byron's Poetry is to make us turn down our Shirtcollars, become singular, morose, manhating, miserable, discontented with ourselves and all around us, and to make us shun all the Duties of sober Existence as unpoetic, and consequently beneath our Notice — Wordsworth is the Poet of the Man, the Christian, the Citizen: the Tendency of his Poetry is to enlarge the Sphere of our Sympathies, to send us abroad into the World with expansive Hearts, as to a glorious tho' trying Arena, there to strive after the Crown of Humanity, by fulfilling the holy and exalting Duties which our present Existence opens up to us, and to restore our Hearts to Nature by exercising our Sympathies on the healthy and familiar Objects and Occurrences of daily Life: and the Poet who has done this, who has linked his Thoughts with Nature's eternal Productions, will be recalled to Mind thro' these on an Infinity of Occasions, will be the Partner of our Walks and Wanderings, will teach us by the Fireside and in the Field, when the other, whose Subjects and Sympathies are merely arbitrary and artificial, and not according to the eternal Nature of Things, will pass away, like a vain Name, with that false social System and its unnatural Arrangements, of which he was the Organ: this has already been the Case with Byron: he did not write for the eternal Principles of Humannature, which outlast all Change, he did not exalt Mankind and *himself with it*.



and therefore it cherishes him not, as it does Wordsworth more and more, and as it will and must do: how deep is the latter's Insight into Art compared with the former's: what Production of his can be opposed to the «Laodamia»? so full of the Spirit of Antiquity, that it seems a grand Fragment from the sublime, chaste, and majestic Pen of Sophocles in the purest Spirit of the noble Edipus Colonus, full of the Calmness and the Depth of Eternity; how meagre seem all Byron's Passages on Art in Comparison, indeed Greek Art to him was a sealed Mystery, his Mind had nothing ideal about it; very few English Writers have the Sentiment of Art, tho' it is, or rather might be, the Source of a very peculiar and very grand Style of Poetry, which consists, in my Opinion, in breathing the Depth, Force, and Ideality, of Christian Sentiment into the antique Forms, for to reproduce them merely in the Mythological Sense is Waste of Time.

#### PREDICTIONS.

Predictions, operating on a particular Frame of Mind, sometimes verify themselves, what was mental Illusion ceases to be so, and becomes Fact and Reality: from the Influence of a disordered Imagination the Character, Views, and Actions, come to be moulded upon the Idea: but it is obvious when this Part of the Process commences that the Prediction is nothing supernatural, it has become a Motive and Agency like any other ordinary Idea: we often hear Persons express Surprise at the mighty practical Influence of such Ideas, but most unreasonably, since the Idea has become inwoven with all our Feelings, with every Thread in the Web of human Motives, and has as real a Being as any other Object of Pursuit or Avoidance.

#### ABSTINENCE.

Perfect Abstinence is much easier maintained than partial Enjoyment, in any unlawful, exciting, or seductive

Pursuit: in Abstinence there are no Degrees, but all Indulgence implies Gradation: and tho' the Alpha and Omega be wide indeed removed, yet the Shades of difference between each Link and the connecting ones before and after are so gradually diminished, that we are insensibly drawn on to quit one and another ere we fancy we have well commenced the first: besides this, Abstinence has to contend with a simple Desire, which from Want of Fuel will mostly die out, but partial Enjoyment feeds and irritates this Itching: it never dies, because tho' perhaps but leanly fed, yet, like a lean and hungry Animal, the Bit we fling it irritates without satisfying.

## SELFDELUSION.

It sometimes happens that we witness the Performance of some simple Act of Charity or Kindness, of which our inborn Idleness or Indifference renders us incapable: upon such Occasions, in Order to excuse ourselves, and save the Wound which Truth might inflict on Selfesteem, we say to the Person, « oh how generous you are »: thus elevating a common Act of Humanity above the ordinary Level of Merit, lest our Want of it should sink us below the same.

## PLEASURE.

He who slaves in the Pursuit of Pleasure never finds it, because he sacrifices the End to the erroneous Means which he employs to attain it, but he who labours for Truth and Virtue sincerely, attains these, and in them is summed up all true and lasting Pleasure: the first, transforming a Shadow into a Reality, pursues an everflying Dream, the latter at every Step meets with the real Substance of Enjoyment. Enjoyment as an Object *in itself* will ever defeat our Expectations and Efforts, it is like a Shadow, always formed by some other Body, and not attainable without this: now Virtue is the Body or

Substance which surest casts the Shadow of Pleasure: if then we fulfill our highest Duties, we shall taste the highest Pleasure of which we are capable, or, in other Words, we shall *be* in the most perfect Form what God made and meant us to be, which comes to the same Thing.

## FLATTERY.

Flattery is a base Gift and degrades both Giver and Receiver: it detracts from the Honesty of the one and from the Goodsense of the other, and ever in the same Proportion that a Man swallows Praise, we may conclude that he wants Capacity for Truth.

## WHY WE READ.

We too often read for the same Purpose that we consult a Person for Advice, i. e. not to ascertain the Truth, but to confirm our own Wishes and Opinions, and to seek abroad that Excuse for a certain Line of Conduct of the Justness or Propriety of which we entertain some halfstified Doubts within.

## ECONOMY.

The most absurd Economy, and not rare in rich People, consists in being extravagant or careless in large Sums, and meanly or inconsistently niggardly in comparative Trifles: this, independent of mere Loss or Gain in Money, is the worst Policy, since we thus subject ourselves to the most contemptible of Characters with the least possible Compensation, while we at the same Time lay ourselves open to the Charge of Extravagance: expensive without Liberality, and niggardly without Profit!

## ON NONINTERFERENCE OF NATIONS.

Upon Occasions of Revolution or Disturbance in a Country, which concern the Homeinterests of that Country alone, never let Foreigners have any Share: they have

almost always some Selfend or Byview, and their Interests are not the same: hence they will not go the same Lengths, nor run the same Risks, and lastly their Touch is not sufficiently delicate to deal with national Feelings, Prejudices, and Excitements: every People must owe their Regeneration to themselves, and true Freedom, like real Honour, must be selfderived, and not a Gift; foreign Interference is a rash and blind Agent, and may do much Harm without being in the least aware of it: to illustrate it in a homely Manner, it reminds one of being shaved by another Hand than one's own: there being no Sympathy between the Operator and the Operated-on, the former may cut deep without even knowing it, but when the Operation is selfperformed, we may cut the Skin, but there the Evil stops, for the Wound inflicted and the Perception of it are coinstantaneous.

## VIRTUOUS HABITS.

How blessed a Thing it is to feel our Virtue is something more than a shortlived Glow of the Imagination, to feel that it has a real, substantial Existence, that it kindles up our Hearts and influences our Actions: it is then first we become truly aware how shameful it is to defile the living Temple of God wherein we dwell: but the perfection and true Pleasure of Virtue is to feel that the virtuous Deed is itself a Motive, to feel it influencing our Conduct just as a Love of Pleasure, of Gain, of Power etc. was wont to do before: we look not beyond the Act, we look not to the Rewards or Terrors of a future Life, but are bent only on performing that the Omission of which would be painful: we have no Thought of being or doing Good as a *Duty*, it becomes *our Being, ourselves!* we no longer think of doing Good, it is implied in mere Doing, we can no more do otherwise than the Rose can smell otherwise than as a Rose.

## EXTRAVAGANCE.

He who spends his Money too rapidly and carelessly, will come to set that Value on it which he should not do: he never has it, and therefore feels the Want and Indispensableness of it too keenly, and thus he becomes its Slave, and will be constrained to Meannesses for the Sake of it, thus mean and extravagant at once, grasping with one Hand, and flinging away with the other.

## FUTURE LIFE,

I should be loth to renounce my Belief in a future State of Rewards and Punishments, were it only for this, that I should thus deprive myself of the Satisfaction of anticipating a Period when the Knaves and Villains, who in this World manage often but too effectually to escape Justice, and enjoy their iniquitous Gains with Impunity, may, in the Words of Persius, « Virtutem videant, intabescantque relictà »!

## MEANNESS AND ARROGANCE.

Though they may seem distinct are essentially the same, and spring from one same Baseness of Spirit. Arrogance is the Form which Meanness assumes when, from the Accidents of Fortune, it may display the natural Bent of its Temper, and Meanness is the congenial Opposite into which Arrogance sinks, when it comes to be dependent on others: and both are alike remote from Sobriety in Prosperity, and manly Independence in Adversity.

## NATURES.

There are some Natures with which we must deal gently, as we handle a Thistle, lest they sting us, while others, like the Nettle, require to be grasped roughly and boldly.

## SOCIAL CHANGES.

The moral Crises of Society, like natural Phenomena, have their stated Modes and Periods of Occurrence; it is thus that, one after another, Nations fling off their worn-out Prejudices, and assume a Dress more suited to their increased Strength and Bulk: to attempt Improvements above the Comprehension, or against the Current, of the national Mind, is to bring Failure on the Attempt; we, must await the Period, when the Wheel, in its natural Revolution, flings off the Dust and Dirt contracted in passing onward from Antiquity.

## OVEREARLY LEARNED CHILDREN.

If you attempt to put too much *Reason* into a Child's Head at an overearly Age; the Chances are that he loses his *Wits*, and the Loss of his own Brains is poorly compensated by cramming his Head with those of others.

## TRUST

He who knows himself well, will know the Measure of Trust to be reposed in others.

## AVARICE.

There are few Things more lamentable to contemplate than the Progress of that moral Disease which we call Avarice, and which, like Ossification in the physical System, hardens all the tender Parts of the Heart, and petrifies it into Inhumanity: its Action on the Character is such that to give, or part with, the most vile and useless Object, be it but a Bit of waste Paper, becomes often a bitter Sacrifice: the mere Act or Thought of giving, without any Reference to the Value of the Thing given, grows an Infliction.

## TRUE TALENT.

True Talent, like the Philosopher's Stone, turns all it touches into Gold, and extracts Honey from the least-promising Flower; under its Operation, Substances, which to the untaught Eye of Ignorance seemed as unductile and unyielding as Iron, become transformed into Shapes of Beauty and Utility.

## DESPONDENCY.

There is scarcely anything more destructive of Virtue and Energy than Despondence: it destroys the Pleasure of the Present, deadens the Motives of the Future, and calls up the Past only as the Spirit of *departed* Enjoyment, thus leaving the Mind without any Resources: it carries on a civil War within, and cuts off all Relief from without by painful Anticipations and gloomy Recollections; the Mind eats into itself, and perverts to its own Destruction those Powers whose healthy Action should have made its Happiness.

## SELFCONCEIT.

The conceited Man is an infinitely happier Animal than the proud Man: protected by the sevenfold Shield of his good Opinion, and armed from Top to Toe in Selfesteem, he regards it as little less than Selfreason to admit a Comparison between himself and another: he sits within a charmed Circle of his own, and breathes the delicious Atmosphere of Selfsatisfaction, like the Peacock in the Fable, delighted with all he does.

## TURIN.

There is something very peculiar and very Italian in the Appearance of Turin on a warm Summerseveing: everything looks so lazy and happy, down to the very

Dogs and Cats that saunter leisurely along the Streets; they all seem, Man and Beast alike, to have nothing on Earth to do but to give themselves up to the drowsy Influence of the Hour, and quietly await the Morrow: the Sentries lounge idly on their Posts, the Priests scarcely move along with their Arms folded behind them, as if even Conversation were too great an Effort, while a Cart or two dawdles along, as if Driver and Beast were alike dropping asleep; at the Shopdoors stand the Tradesmen, drowsily looking upon the contagious Monotony of the Scene around, in Fact everything looks as if the Fairy of the Arabian Nights had waved her soporific Wand over the Place,

## NATURE AND MAN.

How happy is it, that, when disgusted with Man, we can fall back on Nature! it is so sweet a Relief, too often also, unfortunately, a godlike and perfect Contrast: but the true Effect of Nature is never to strengthen even that Feeling which makes her Charms doubly felt, and which led us to throw ourselves into her chaste Embrace, and on that calm and selfcontented Bosom to reacquire that sublime Tranquillity which is the highest Blessing she can impart, and which makes a Return to her, from the Contradictions of Man's Life, like reposing awhile in the Bosom of the God himself who made her — but still the ultimate Effect of this sublime Commune should be, to send us back into Life, not with an increased Disgust for Man, and his fretful Strivings and Searchings, but with a fuller Sentiment and Revelation of what he should be, and a more earnest Wish and Zeal to make him so.

## ON THE SENTIMENT OF VIRTUE.

It is better, in my Opinion, to have read and *felt* such a Work as «*Clarissa Harlowe*», or Godwin's «*St Leon*», than to have laid up in the Memory the Details of many



Sciences; there is a Wisdom of the Heart which is worth more than that of the Head, and a few grand moral Truths sown early there, will profit more unto Life and Salvation than any Amount of merely scientific Knowledge: If we have felt such Works, we rise up from them with an Impression of the Grandeur and Beauty of Virtue, which remains indelibly imprinted in our Hearts; we carry it with us into the prosaic Realities of Life, and like a divine

Egis it is interposed between us and all that would debase and dwarf us therein: in learning to revere and worship Clarissa, a boundless Good has been imparted to us; we have learnt to revere in her, as the true Type of Womanhood, Woman at large; and thinking more grandly of the female Character, and also more truly for that Reason, (for the nobler a Thing is, the more it is what *God meant* it to be, and what *He* meant it to be, must be its *truest* Mode of Being,) we come to view all the Relations of Life connected with them in a larger Way, and from a higher Point of View: we have ascended the Jacobsladder of Truth many Steps *nearer to God*, and consequently look down on all below us in a more godlike Fashion, much more *as God does*; we are then ourselves as one of the Angels who were seen ascending and descending it, and thro' that godlike Sentiment we become Conductors of the Godlike—it is well for a young Girl to read such a Work, and feel the Grandeur to which Virtue can rise: then will the divine Form of Clarissa, as an Impersonation of female Chastity, stand at her Side, like a Guardianangel, viewless to all save her, to shield her from all Attacks, and, where she might fall *in her own* Person, to save her in that of Clarissa Harlowe, no longer possessing the limited Powers of a mere Being of Flesh and Blood, to work out Good, but resolved and enlarged into an universal Presence of that Virtue, of which she was so sublime an Impersonation.

## INSPIRATION.

The Poet's *most* inspired Passages are those which *least* express what he felt; but just for this very Reason they are ever the *best*, it is precisely because he felt what he could *not* express, that what he has expressed is so good: he was rapt beyond himself: he had drawn nearer to the primal Source of the Grand, the True, and the Beautiful, nearer to God: and had left his commoner Self and his Fellowmen proportionately behind: and tho' he could not grasp that which was thus revealed to him in fuller, clearer Glory, yet the mere Striving to do so carried him far beyond all ordinary Efforts:— his greatest Efforts too are those performed at the *Top of his Powers*, and yet with the *greatest Ease*, it would cost him infinitely more Labour to compose an indifferent Stanza than a firstrate Poem.

## TRUTHS.

From Time to Time, gifted Minds discover some grand Truth, as it were an antique and precious Coin, with the Form and Superscription of God, visibly and undeniably, impressed upon it, uneffaced by Time and Accident: by Degrees it becomes *changed* into its equivalent Value in smaller Money, and passes current; each receives of it so much as he comprehends, or so much as is applicable to his Condition, and the moral Horizon of his Sphere, in Knowledge and Action.

## MAN AND NATURE.

Man cannot comprehend or grasp Nature as a Whole, and therefore he breaks up her vast and sublime Unity into Fragments, such as he can master, just as he physically splits her boundless Surface into little Compartments, into Fields, Districts, and Enclosures, where he can work

Claims, they are *felt* at once, and the Heart never errs when left to itself; the Mass of a People has in this Sense a godlike Heart: with a godlike Instinct it selects the True and Simple, and what can please many Hearts thro' many Ages must have its Foundation in the Depths of Human-nature, and, like the Homeflowers of the Soil, will never pass away; no Changes of Manners affect it, just as little as these affect or change the Heart of Man in its Essence, and, like the wild Fieldflowers, it will still delight, because, like these, it is *agreeable to the Nature of Things*, nothing capricious, farfetched, or casual, but produced by Causes which must ever operate in the same Way.

#### COLLEGE SOCIETY AND CLUB LIFE

May improve the rough and quite unlicked Cubs of Nature, but will add little to the already polished and refined: rough Stones at the Stream's bottom may, by constant Togetherrubbing, grow smoother, but smooth Pebbles will lose their superior Gloss and Polish among such rude Neighbours: the beneficial Influence of the fair Sex in refining both the inner and outward Man is felt by all, and a Proof of this is to be found in the Effect which the Want of their Society, even during the Intervals of three or four Years, produces on the Tone of a Man's Mind: when Men associate exclusively of the other Sex, a Grossness, a Want of Delicacy and Sentiment, arise, which deaden the Mind to a quick Perception of the Graceful and Becoming: they grow more selfish and heartless, more devoted to Selfgratification, and less inclined to make those Sacrifices of personal Feelings, Comforts, and Conveniences, which they perform in the Service of the fair Sex, first as a Duty, and then as a Pleasure: the Influence of Women can scarcely be estimated too highly in elevating and purifying the Character of Man; and if Women only felt *this* Power, or, feeling, exercised it to noble Ends alone, what Benefits might not result from it?

if Merit, Learning, Integrity, etc. were alone permitted to plead for Favour, instead of Foppery, Dress, and frivolous or even criminal Recommendations, how greatly would Morality and Happiness alike be advanced, for they are synonymous? and what pure and unrepented Pleasures would the fair Sex then lay up for themselves? for what Gratifications of empty Flattery and fleeting Conquest could equal those which would thus be placed within their Reach? to give back a Husband to his Wife, instead of, with a Vanity as contemptible as criminal, striving to lead him astray, a fond and faithful Father to his Children, a humble and repentant Christian to his God, an upright and zealous Member to Society: these, methinks, are godlike Offices, and such as might well content and employ any Ambition, an Ambition too as practical as it is sublime, within Reach of all, and which finds an ample Sphere within the four Walls of every House: Men are sure to seek the Favor of Women, and if this be attainable only by Virtue, they will practice Virtue more; it was no Wonder that the Romans were a valiant People, when Courage was the readiest Passport to female Esteem; the Clubassociations, so much the Fashion nowadays, seem to me to do more Harm than Good, by lessening the Attractions of that Homelife where after all we *live* most truly, live to *God* and our own Hearts; and oh! were every Man but what he should be there, as the Father, the Husband, and the Christian, how little would he have to do to become a good Citizen! or rather, being already a Freeburgher of his heavenly Father's Kingdom, it is little likely that he should be found wanting in his Duties to the State; would everyman reform himself *here*, how little would there be to reform in the State! for the Virtues which are fostered by the Homefireside, these are the godlike Virtues: the *tender and loving Heart* will pass no bloody Laws, it will not enslave its Fellowcreatures for Lucre, nor break the Poorman's Neck with unjust

Taxes: but in these Clubs Men learn to talk fine, to settle the Affairs of Nations, and neglect their own; they tend rather to encourage Vanity than sober Striving towards Good, and to substitute much Talk for a little wholesome Action; they are also said to keep Men single; now the greatest Evil of this State seems to me, tho' I have never heard the Objection made, that the single Man gets into a Habit of *living for himself*, thinking only of, and caring only for himself; there are many Exceptions no Doubt, but its general Tendency is this, and of all Evils the worst is to live for oneself; the married Man is constantly called on to make Sacrifices, which Love sublimates into Pleasure, and he who loves his own Family sincerely will be far likelier to feel the allembriacing Love of Mankind, than those in whose Mouths the Word is ever sounding, and who seem to think that their capacious Love to *all* Mankind absolves them from showing any to *any* Individual; his Love is a mere barren, abstract Idea, useless, like the Raincloud floating over our Heads, until it break and descend in *Drops* to quicken and refresh.

## COMPOSITIONCORRECTING.

The Reason why *After*correction so seldom improves in Works of Imagination, arises from the Warmth of Feeling, and Effervescence of animal Spirits with which the Act of Composing is accompanied — as an Act of Creation on the Part of the Mind it is highly gratifying, and it is with a Species of Distaste and Disinclination that we undertake the more dull and mechanical Task of reviewing our warmer Feelings; it can hardly be other than a Botch, because we produce and correct in two opposite Mindstates, so that either the Corrections will seem rapid in Comparison of the previous Passion, or else the Vehemence of Feeling will seem an Exaggeration: some Critics would have us foolishly distrust the Glow of excited Feeling, but it is just the Reverse which we

should fear; when our Feelings kindle, Nature herself prompts and inspires us, she herself selects the most appropriate Thoughts, Words, and Illustrations, for the Intensity of our Feelings, on the one Point which interests us, brings out with more Force all that is connected with it, and as we obey the Heart, what is *truliest* so is calculated to make a livelier Impression on us, and to suggest itself first; but when not thus warmed, then is it that we bring together farfetched Thoughts and Images, because they do not suggest themselves then according to the *true Relations and Connections of Things*, since, our Feelings not being sufficiently interested, Objects and Ideas not necessarily or naturally connected with our Subject suggest themselves *with* those which are so, and which *alone* should occur to and occupy us, but cannot, because our Feelings are not intensely enough interested in them to the Exclusion of all others, nor can therefore give them that Prominence they should have; hence arises a Jumbling of incongruous Ideas and Images, which no Correction can remove, for the Fault lies in the *Cast* itself, but in the former Case, tho' some Scoria, some Dross, may in the sudden Gush and Outpouring remain attached to the Work, this being a Surfacedefect and Blemish is easily removed.

CRITICISM.

To form a System of Criticism from existing Works, i. e. the actual Forms and Modifications under which human Genius has hitherto displayed itself, is to form it on too narrow a Basis, and those who regulate their Taste and Views by such a Standard, are apt to misjudge a Work on a new Plan, merely because it does not fall into a certain Place at once, it puzzles them, puts them out. but it is the Characteristic of all true Genius to display itself in a selfchosen Form, and thus at first it exposes itself to the Hostility of this narrowminded Criticism: the

true Critic should have the most comprehensive Sympathies, and his Code, like Nature's, should admit not only all positive Forms already known, but all possible ones. he should judge by the *Nature of Things*, and not by arbitrary Rules and Arrangements; he should recognize in the new Form the eldtime Truth reappearing, only impressed with the Peculiarities of the individual Mind, which is the Medium thro' which it develops itself with all the Charm of Novelty.

## CONQUERORS.

The Crimes of Potentates are on too large a Scale alike for the narrow Laws and narrow Comprehensions of ordinary Men; the Principles and Maxims of Morality they understand tolerably well in the narrow Sphere wherein they move, but cannot give them a wider Application, nor see that the Principle is the same on whatever Scale the Transaction may be carried on, whether between Man and Man, or Nation and Nation: if all the Blood which Conquerors spill, and all the Throats they cut, could be gathered into one Body and one Throat, and the Head then struck off, the poor, dazzled Fools who shout « Napoleon the Great » 'till their Brains grow confused with their own Braying, might be brought to see the Matter in a different Light, and recognize in him the « great Murderer and Mandestroyer » that he was: on few Points are there so many and such lamentable Sophisms prevalent as on that of Warglory; the Moment a Man girds on a Sword, it would seem as if all Notions of Right and Wrong were confounded: Principles, which in Civillife are admitted as paramount, may be violated then without any Infringement of Reason or Justice, and this will last untill the Character of the Soldier, as a distinct Character, be merged in that of the Citizen, and 'till Wars cease to be undertaken save as unavoidable Means, and the worst even then, to the Attainment of far higher

Ends than Force can ever accomplish; for, tho' successful in all Points, War carries with it this greatest Evil, that it distunes the Minds of Men for the calmer and sublimer Triumphs and Pursuits of Peace; and Men accustomed to accomplish Ends by Violence become blind to the beautiful moral Processes by which Wisdom loves to work, effecting the greatest Ends by the simplest Means, that is, by *putting Things in Harmony with each other*, when they will move of themselves according to the natural Laws of moral Gravitation.

## CHARITY.

Indiscriminate Charity is bad, because we must thus give to deserving and undeserving indifferently, which is encouraging Idleness: we not unfrequently hear people say, « oh I have not the Heart to pass them by, » but this is more Weakness than Virtue; as indicative of warm and kindly Feelings, such Sentiments are praiseworthy, but at best they only form the *natural* Groundwork of the truly Christian Virtue, discriminating Benevolence; just as Goodnature, tho' neither *morally* praiseworthy nor otherwise, is an excellent Foundation upon which to build up the nobler Superstructure of Christian Meekness and Longsuffering: Kindheartedness, Goodnature etc. etc. are merely natural Virtue, whereas Christian or perfect Virtue requires that these Dispositions be aided by a Sense of Duty, and exercised with due Deliberation, Consistency, and Discrimination, and that their Operation be permanent, in no wise a Result of Caprice: I think but meanly of that Charity which will not give itself the Trouble to enquire whether its Bounty be well-or illbestowed; for the great Value at once and *Pleasure* of Benevolence consist in the Knowledge that we have relieved real Merit in Misfortune, in which Case we have assisted a Fellowcreature, and encouraged Virtue: indiscriminate Charity also frustrates the Intentions of Providence, since

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it intercepts and weakens the moral and corrective Influence of Misfortune, which is intended to be at once the natural Consequence and rightful Punishment of Vice and Idleness; the truest Charity is that which, lending a Helpinghand to Merit and Industry struggling with Evils neither foreseeable nor avoidable, enables them to rise again to Comfort and Independence; while, like a judicious Healer in treating a Disease, we should so bestow our Bounty as to stimulate, not supersede, the Efforts of Nature: we should here, as there, second Nature, and thus the Reformation, being mainly a Result of the Individual's *own* Exertions, would tend greatly to improve the moral Conduct, while it preserves to him his *Selfrespect*, which is ever a great Point gained: we should help in such a Way as never to offend this Feeling, with which all true Grandeur and Independence of Character is so closely connected; so that the Individual may seem rather to help himself and rise by *his own* Exertions, *than by ours*; this is less gratifying to a *vulgar Mind*, than ostentatiously to stretch out the Hand in the Sight of all Men, but it is the only real Charity — it is thus too the *great Well-doer* deals out his Mercies to us: we see him not and hear him not, he even caused his Son to be born of Woman still *more to ennoble* thereby the Beings he meant to benefit in *their own Eyes*, and to teach them to respect their Nature the more from its being thus made the Vehicle of the Godlike, of *his own Spirit*! further, we should not seek to relieve the Body wants alone of the Suffering, we should remember that they have also Hearts to feel, and intellectual Wants and Tastes, the Sources of sublime Enjoyments, to be cared for and cultivated, and strive to make them *happy* too: there is a Charity of the Heart, often far more needful than that coarser Charity which feeds and clothes, but which is the rarest of all: but we must not try to make them happy after our own Fashion, or upon preconceived Notions: Men must be happy *from*

*and thro' themselves*, for Happiness is our *Feelings*, for so most wisely is it ordained, that each may be selfdependent and selfsufficient: let us put the Means in their Reach, and leave the *Manner and Mode* to them: for each Heart has its own Ways and Fancies, its own peculiar Likings and Dislikings, its own *Instinct* of Happiness, and if you cross but these your choicest Boon turns into a Curse.

## CHILDREN.

How many perplexing, or rather, perplexed Questions, to the Solution of which the Philosopher in vain applies abstract and general Reasonings, often idly attempting to force Facts into the Channel of preconceived Notions, would a careful Investigation of the Progress of a human Being from Childhood upwards tend to clear up: it is one of the most perfect and beautiful Specimens of involuntary Induction that can be conceived, and carried on in a Manner the most perfectly philosophical: for who so great a Philosopher as Nature? or what is human Philosophy but too frequently a worse than useless Tissue of mistaken Facts and brainborn Hypotheses?

## CAUSES.

The less clearly that the Connexion between a Cause and its Effect can be traced, the more dangerous is it in Operation, because few are on their Guard against it: any direct Attack upon Government or Religion attracts instant Notice, all can see what Effects will spring from such Causes, but when designing Men carry on their Hostility by sapping Language, introducing Changes in Dress, Manners, and other outward Forms, few are clearly aware of the *remote* Ends to which such Things tend, and which they work out the surer for this very Reason; trifling as these Things are in themselves, they become of vast Importance because they alone are universally understood,

and because they guide and direct the gross Sense of the Mass in the only Way which is level to all Comprehensions: nay, so long as these outward Signs are kept up, *substantial* Changes may be made, and yet Things will go on as usual: a Change in the Spirit of Institutions at first is traced only by the clearersighted, but a Change in their Forms strikes all. —

#### NATIONAL CHARACTER.

It is interesting to observe how a Nation, having acquired a certain Character, comes at length to take a Pride in it, and consciously and habitually to assume it: thus the English have acted up to the Sort of Character assigned them, and filled up and strengthened the general Outline with which « John Bull » was first drawn, and, confounding the Faults of the Character with its Merits, have exaggerated both: so the Spartans having acquired the Character of a blunt, steady, soberminded People, gloried in it as a Distinction, and their national Rivalry with the Athenians, of a perfectly opposite Character, tended to draw the Line of Difference still stronger, and to make the Lacedemonians cleave to the Qualities assigned them still more tenaciously, as being most *opposed* to those of the Athenians: thus in Thucydides B. 1. Ch. 84. we find Archidamus complimenting them on their Sobermindedness, which the Athenians contemptuously designated Slowness and Dullness: so true it is that rival Nations run into opposite Extremes to be *less like* each other, and regarding their Neighbours' Virtues as Vices, cling to their own Vices even as Virtues.

#### CONSCIENCE.

The Power of Conscience is coextensive with the Whole of human Conduct, and no Man can be said to act suitably to his Nature, who does not obey its Dictates in the Gratification of his Passions, the Directing of his Will, and

the Application of his Reason etc. it is this Headprinciple which overlooks all the Rest, and by an instantaneous Movement, independent on any cold Calculations of Reason or Expediency, warns us from Evil, and encourages to Good: with Respect to a considerable Portion of human Actions, so little Time is allowed for Deliberation, that Calculations of the Expediency of a certain Line of Conduct are out of the Question, before we could come to any Decision the Time for Acting would be past: so many are the Contingencies, and often so equally balanced, and so great the Uncertainty of Life, that the Mind would be held in Doubt were it not induced to give a Preference by the instantaneous and unerring Dictates of Conscience: it is by a ready Obedience to this moral Sense, that, without enjoying the Light of Revelation, a Man may be said to be « a Law unto himself », but unfortunately the present Temptations of Pleasure, and the Violence of Passion, obscure for a Time the Decrees of this directive Faculty: yet would the guilty Man in vain free himself from its Controul, in vain deny the Distinctions of Right and Wrong: his own Breast affords a practical Refutation of such idle Sophisms, for, even while his impious Tongue proclaims all Actions to be indifferent, he cannot help regarding with Pleasure and Selfapprobation such Gooddeeds as enliven the dreary Waste of a vicious Career, nor look without very different Feelings on his many Offences: altho' a Man may determine, upon commencing a vicious Life, to rid himself of so disagreeable an Impediment as Conscience, and to believe that all Actions are indifferent, yet the moral Phenomena, which force themselves on his Notice, do not so easily fall in with this Foreresolve: if Actions *be* indifferent, the most careless Person may well ask, why then he feels so much Satisfsatisfaction at doing a Gooddeed and Pain at an Illdeed? if Good and Evil are indifferent, why should one cause one Sort of Sensation, and the other a perfectly opposite? every Man, in such a

Case, seems to have something like a Justicecourt in his Bosom, and a Judge always sitting there, who calls upon certain stern, unbribeable Witnesses, and never fails to reward him with Pleasure, or punish him with Pain, as it appears by their Testimony that he has acted well or ill: how can this be? is he not *his own* Master, can he not feel as he pleases, as he had aforeresolved to do? what is it that makes him feel Pain thus, and then Pleasure, whether he will or not, just as if he were *under some Controul*? as if dependent on some higher Power for his Pleasure, that deals it out when, and as much as, it pleases, and does the like in giving him Pain, yet *never capriciously*, but in such admirable Proportion as places all Idea of *Chance* out of the Question: now how can this be when he has made sure that Good and Evil are indifferent, and Conscience nothing to a Man of Sense? why cant he act and *feel* as if it were so then? something hinders him, it must be a *higher* Power then: it must be a spiritual Power too of the most wondrous Kind, thus to pierce thro' the inmost Folds of his Heart, and condemn the halfformed Wish or Purpose, of which he is scarce conscious himself: it is as clearly too a most benevolent Power, since it deals out the most exquisite Pleasure for every Gooddeed, and as just as benevolent: after such Considerations as these, which occur naturally and necessarily, any Person of the least Understanding would infer that, as in the Case of the outward Senses, if what is hot produces one Sensation, and what is cold another, they must be two different Bodies, so equally, in the Case of this inward Moral Sense, that if one Sort of Actions causes one Kind of Sentiment, and another another, they must likewise be essentially different: and the Evidence which we have for the one is as good as that for the other: our inward Feelings, and the Perceptions we receive thro' the outward Senses, are equally real: and therefore to argue from the former to Life and Conduct is as little liable to Exception, as to

argue from the latter about the Existence and Relations etc. of external Objects: a Man can as little doubt that Conscience was bestowed on him to teach the *Difference* of Actions, as he can doubt that his Eyes were given him to see with. Conscience is our moral Sight, and as with the Bodyseye we view the Beauties of Nature, so with this inward or Soulseye we perceive the Beauty of moral Conduct: the Man who has committed a Murder, tho' not in the least suspected, and in perfect Safety, is yet tormented by these Executioners of the Soul, just as much as if he were on the Point of expiating his Crime on a Scaffold: it is in vain that he attributes this Compunction to Prejudice, to being new in his Trade, every fresh Crime, instead of lessening this Feeling, as might be naturally expected, were his View the true one, only ties new Lashes on to the Scourge of Conscience: and whatever speculative Differences may exist about the Matter, it is the Experience of this Fact which has led Mankind in the rudest Ages to recognize and appeal to a Moral Government of the World: a vicious Man may contemn Conscience as he pleases, but he cannot help Feeling that he is after all a responsible Agent, and will sooner or later have to render in his Account. I am my own Master, he may say, to whom am I accountable? yet why should an Action then, which I call indifferent, wound me, like the Parthian, after it is passed and gone? what is this within me not subject to my Controul, but controulling me? for I would not be wretched thus if I could help it: what is it that divides me against myself? who dares hold this Sword of Justice *in my Breast*, and inflict these Wounds, when I do to another what I would not have done to myself? such is the practical Refutation his own Experience gives him; his Arguments can never «trammel up the Consequences,» tho' they may lead to the Commission of Crime. he feels that there is a real Difference between Good and Evil, not merely speculative, but forced home

by Appeals to Feelings which all partake in Common, and about which can be no Mistake, and he must come to the Conclusion that there *is some Being* who takes Cognizance of Actions, and enforces the Distinctions of Right and Wrong; that these Facts are sufficient to produce a Belief to this Effect, the History of Man fully proves: the Sense of Punishment merited can never be separated from the Dread that sometime or other Punishment shall actually be inflicted; and this Dread is independent on *human Vengeance*, for however secure the Sinner may be, it ceases not for this: now it is absurd to suppose that he dreads without Reason, that it is a mere Caprice of Nature, it must have an End like every other Feeling, and therefore will someday come true.

#### EDUCATION.

The great Mass of Men is formed not upon Books, System, or abstract Principles, but by Contact with each-other: hence it is that the Mass acquires an homogeneous Character, while the Man who is withdrawn from such Contact follows the Bent of his own Mind, or models himself upon theoretical Principles, the Example of past Times and other Countries, while the Mass is formed by the Actual and Present, the more immediate Influences of Time and Place—.

One most important Point in Education seems to me this, to take Care that the Mind become not mechanized by a servile Adherence to Form and Prescription, we should rather give the youthful Mind the Means of Judging correctly, and, thus supplied, leave it to chuse for itself, than shackle it to the Opinions of others, and make it admire by Rule and Authority; for in this Case the Admiration would be a mere Pedantry, and not that quick Sympathy which results from the spontaneous Perception of Beauty: that alone which we learn with *Love* profits us, and amalgamates with the primal Texture of our

Minds, but what we are told to admire, we admire by a Sort of Constraint, and therefore imperfectly —.

Our Notions on Education at present partake very much of our commercial and Tradespirit, the narrowing Tendencies of which are felt in Things which should be the most removed from their Influence: the *general* Tone of our Minds is mechanical and worldly, and hence it pervades alike the highest and the lowest Exertions of the Intellect, as well the Philosopher's Theories of Laws, Religion, and Government, as the narrower Views of the Mechanic and Artizan. I believe that Greek and Latin would be still objected to, even tho' the best and speediest Method of Attainment were adopted; because they lie under a more serious Reproach than that of wasting Time, they do not further directly the Making of Money! now of all miserable Errors, the greatest seems to me to impress early on the Mind the paramount Importance of Money, and the Necessity of *getting on in the World*, in the vulgar Sense. Money is to our new Code of Morality what Charity is to the christian, and « covers a Multitude of Sins »: surely Men must have strange Notions of what *Life* really consists in, when they hold up Wealth as its main End and Occupation — have they any Idea to what End God gave them a Mind to think and a Heart to feel? Money, except so far as a highlycivilized State of Society renders it indispensable to very Existence, is utterly worthless; and can any Waste of Time be so lamentable as that which is caused by mere Dedication of oneself to Moneymaking? and what shall one say of that Education-system, which, instead of employing the generous Feelings and true Sympathies of Youth to mould therewith a noble and healthy Character; fritters away, and breaks down, all that is truly Vital and Boundless in Mansnature to the Sphere of the Accountbook and Ledger? what is a Man brought up thus? can he be said to fulfill the Ends of his Existence? does he even *live*? let those who believe



that the Gospel contains the Elements and Rules of *Life*, judge him by its Standard, and I fancy he will be found to be very nearly on a Par with the barren Figtree which our Saviour cursed: we only live truly insofar as our Tastes, Occupations, and Habits, are natural, insofar as they may form a Part not of this Life only, but of *all* Life, insofar as our Affections are given to enduring Things, to Objects which, it is probable, they may be exercised fittingly on even in another Existence: now the Moneyseeker lives only when withdrawn from that one engrossing Pursuit, nay, not even then frequently, for the Habits of Thought and Feeling acquired in the Search of it have unfitted him to *live*, have narrowed his Heart and Spirit, so that having become mean and little himself, the grandest Things seem mean and little to him, incomprehensible, and what we do not comprehend we dislike, we cannot love or admire it: and as the Man who lives consciously to the *true* End of his Being, *easiest* comprehends the *Highest* and *most* Godlike, because that is *truest* its *End*, so the Wealthcoveter can never be made to comprehend its Beauty and Sublimity, because he seeks a false Good and a false End, and by Means which can never arrive at aught intrinsically excellent.

#### EXPRESSION.

In the Face of a Man of Talent, or Men accustomed to Intrigue, and great Variety of Scenes and Life, every Muscle and Line of the Face is meaningful, whereas in coarseminded and vulgar Men, feeling as they do grossly, and so to speak, in the Mass, there are few Shades of Difference in the Facelines, it is a *general* Expression of Joy, Surprise, Hope, Pain etc. etc. there is no delicate Blending of varied Emotions resulting from the many and different Thoughts which occur to an original and richly stored Mind: what a World of Meanings is there, for ex: in the subdued Smile of a deep Reader of the human Heart, the

Shades of Humour tempering and softening the Keenness and Asperity of satirical Feeling, the Reflection implied in its Moderation, and in its being not so much a Matter of the Facemuscles as of the Eye; how different from the coarse, goodnatured Faceconvulsion of one of those everyday, mere material Beings, who see only the broad Distinctions of Things, and who are the Creatures of a single and simple Impulse, which masters them completely for the Moment.

## HISTORY PARALLELS.

The Infancy of one Nation will always throw great Light on a similar Period of Society in another, however widely the two People may be severed in Time and Place: the best Comment on Man is Man; for the Wants and Wishes, the Hopes and Fears of Men are much the same notwithstanding physical Differences of Climate and Situation: it was on this Principle that the sage and acute Niebuhr illustrated the early Progress of Society in Italy by a Reference to the analogous Period of Grecian History. one often hears People wonder that Etruscan and Egyptian Earthenware should sometimes resemble modern Teapots, Teacups, and Lamps etc. etc. but what can be more unreasonable; surely the same Wants are likely to be supplied by the same Means, and in much the same Form, at all Periods and in all Countries: it is the same Hand that works and fashions, the same old Spirit, or rather ever-youthful Spirit, which loves, and marries, and is given in Marriage, from Adam's Days down to ours, and to the End of Time: we should remember that the Etruscans and Greeks were more *Men* than Greeks or Etruscans.

## ENEMY.

Never despise an Enemy however weak, your Remissness will make him strong; supposed Strength, as of Numbers or a Position, is often the Source of Weakness,

because, by throwing us off our Guard, it neutralizes these Advantages: the only true, unconquerable Strength is in our own Minds, to be prepared for the Worst, but ever more in Hope than Fear; this is more than Walls and Engines: in the Best to be ready for the Worst, and in the Worst to hope the Best.

## ENVY.

To the envious Man's Ear the sweeter the Music performed by another be, the more grating and painful is it to him! can anything show more clearly the hateful and self-tormenting Nature of Envy than this Fact, that each Thing, most excellent in its Kind, becomes to him the more an Eyesore the more excellent it is?

## ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

It is very characteristic of these two Nations that a Writer of the one, Chateaubriand, has shown Christianity to be in perfect *Taste*, and conformable to the Laws of Goodbreeding, and that a Writer of the other, Paley, has lowered Christ's sublime Religion from the pure Heights of self-sacrificing Benevolence, and shown that it adapts itself perfectly to the Principle of *Utility*, so that, agreeably with the national Spirit of Commerce, the Advantages of doing Good may be satisfactorily calculated in a business-like Way, in very intelligible round Numbers, and a Leaf left in the Daybook of Existence, as it were, for a Sort of Creditors account with God all mighty, where what is given in his Name is summed up, to be reclaimed *with the Interest* in the next Life: our Views of Religion in general are deeply influenced by this Tradespirit, to go to Church regularly every Sunday, is Part of a decent, steady, moneymaking Tradesman's Character, it shows him methodical, a strict Accountkeeper both in Purse and Conscience; no matter that he sweats all the Week for Mammon, if on the Sabbath he can spare his two Hours to God.

Religion is not esteemed as the sublime Exaltation of the human to the divine Nature, as the great counteracting Principle of the earthly and selfish Tendencies of a social System whose Mainspring is the Love of Gain: it is regarded as a good Stateengine, as a profitable Supplement to Laws and Police, as a *less expensive* Means of maintaining Goodorder and public Decency, than any merely political Expedient, in one Word as very *useful*! and we reap our Reward in the low and unleavened Tone which characterizes almost all our philosophical, political, and economical Works, in which Man's higher Nature and Destination seem quite overlooked: our political Economists seem to regard Man as a Spinningmachine, as about on a Level with the Steamengine, as a mere moneymaking Animal, this being his highest and *specific* Quality, and think that a Nation's Wealth and Prosperity are to be measured by the Riches it possesses: a miserable Fallacy, worthy alone of Men who set their Hearts on Gold, and have no Love for aught else, for where the Treasure is, there will the Heart be also: in no Country can one do less without Money than in England, and therefore such undue Esteem is set upon it, that it has taken the Place of nobler Motives.

## EVIL.

We cannot put Evil into Operation merely *up to the Point we wish and intend*, we cannot say « thus far shalt thou go, but no farther, » there is a retributive Power which turns its *wider* Operation into the Means of our Discomfiture and Punishment: once set agoing it never stops: Causes come into Play which we can neither foresee nor counteract; so long as we are virtuous, all Things aid and work *with* us, but when we employ Evil we go counter to the Tendencies of Things, and thus what assisted us before becomes an Impediment, and so the Evil at length falls on our own Heads: there are few Things more

salutary to contemplate than the manifold Inconveniences, Anxieties, Shifts, and Suspicions, on which one Sin forces us; we fear to unbosom ourselves, we shun our Fellowmen, every Chanceword makes us tremble: and what a State is this compared with the free and open Confidence of Innocence. I am almost sure no Man would commit a Crime, could the Series of Consequences be brought clearly to his Mind: the more Men are to led to reflect the less will they sin.

## ENLARGED PERCEPTIONS.

The Contemplation of vast, grand, and stupendous Objects, by the Operation of a Process of Comparison which the Mind insensibly carries on, leads us to regard our own Feelings, Hopes, Fears, and Occupations, as insignificant; our Pride is humbled, our petty and pettish Complaining rebuked and silenced by the Presence of mightier Interests: it is upon this Principle that the Sight of Cities and Empires which once flourished in all the Flush of Wealth, Civilization, and Dominion, but are now no more, checks the Selfishness of private Sorrow: the Mind is filled and elevated with the vast Forms and Outlines which rise in indistinct and multiplied Grandeur, its Grasp of Thought is increased, its View extended over nobler and ampler Prospects, while, in contemplating this wider Scene, we forget or pass over the paltry Objects which lie more directly under our Eyes. our own insignificant Interests are merged like a Drop in the vast Ocean of human Thought and Feeling: when we reflect that the Interests, Hopes, and Happiness, of Millions were at Stake, when we reflect that Empires which almost saw the Sun rise and set, that mighty Cities and States have bowed their Necks before the same Influences which regulate individual Lives, we feel ashamed to contract the lofty, disinterested, and expansive Sympathies which thus are called forth, within the narrow, selfish Limits of our own Hopes and Fears.

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such are the Feelings produced by the Contemplation of moral Vastness upon every Mind not wholly engrossed with Self; upon every Mind capable of sympathizing with the Hopes and Fears of Humanity, with the mighty Movements (pregnant with the Weal or Woe, the Destruction or Existence of Millions) of that stupendous Machine of which itself is but an Atom. magnificent Mountain-scenery operates in a somewhat similar Way; when we pause at the Foot of some skytowering Mountain, or look from its Summit over an endless Variety of Prospects, we feel like the Inhabitants of another World, and our Feelings expand into a Magnitude worthy of the Scene: how much more then must the frequent Contemplation of Eternity produce this Effect, forbidding us to look on this transitory Scene as final, and making it seem mere Folly to mourn for its fleeting Goods and Pleasures; it is by contemplating this exalted Theme that all earthly Things sink in our Estimation to their true Level: the Poms and Vanities of this World, the Triumphs of Ambition, the Boundlessness of Wealth, are but as Dross compared with this Something beyond and above, to which our Thoughts should ever be directed, and which, even when not a *direct* Subject of our Thoughts, should be still at the *Bottom* of all we think and do, so habitually familiar to us that it enters into even those Pursuits which seem the least connected with it, as Air into the solidest and heaviest Bodies: this is the true Antidote to Sorrow, the real Philosophersstone which can transform the Man into the Christian, and enable the Mortal to put on Immortality: since the World began Man has been asking ever, in his Blindness and Presumption, for Signs, tho' Signs unnumbered shone in the Heavens, moved on the Face of the Earth, and swept past him in the Breeze: he has toiled and sought after the Philosophersstone, while his Hand was upon it; but the Signs were *so numerous* that he passed them by as Things of Naught, and heard

not the living Voice of Truth which spoke in them: had they been *fewer* he would have noticed them, as he did the Wonders *out of* the Course of Nature, but the far greater Wonders *in it* were to him as none: what *all* Things combined to establish, escaped his Notice, *from the very Universality and Sequence of the Proofs*, he could not *take them in*; and not being capable of conceiving the grand Signs in their Vastness he sought for lesser ones suited to his Capacity: examined the Entrails of Animals, and the Flight of Birds etc. etc. instead of consulting this glorious World, in which the Oracles of God are uttered in all Directions; and tho' his Hand lay on the Philosophersstone, it was useless, because tho' applied to all *foreign* Purposes, it had not first touched his own *Heart*.

## FLATTERY

Is by no means confined to Language: the most delicate and insinuating is that of Manner, which speaks so intelligibly without the Aid of Words: there are few who can resist its softening, unassuming, and imperceptible Advances: Praise in Words is too frequently mere Matter of Course to be much valued or permanently, but this other Kind bespeaks a deep Sense of the Object's Charms and Merits: it is an involuntary Tribute, and seems not like a Compliment, a lipdeep Thing, which we may give or withhold at Pleasure, but an Acknowledgment which we are neither able nor willing to withhold: like the quiet and ever watchful Attentions of real Love, which is more shown in *small* than in great Matters, for nothing is little to Love's godlike Eye *by which he can show Affection*, so this Flattery wins on us from the Belief that it must be *true*, and not put on.

## SYSTEMFOUNDERS.

Founders of Schools in Philosophy frequently fall

into Disrepute thro' the Mistakes or Misrepresentations engrafted by the Ignorance or Caprice of their Followers upon the original System: it is seldom they find among their Disciples their own Grasp of Thought, and impossible that they should find anyone so well acquainted with their Views as themselves: original Minds are seldom satisfied with explaining another's Notions, while little Minds, incapable of comprehending the System as a vast and wellconnected Whole, in which Light alone its Parts are coherent, have Aim, End, or Sense, seize on a small Portion of the System, which, standing alone, becomes scarcely intelligible, and still less so by their awkward Attempts to interpret it. Expressions, which with the original Founder are Parts of a System, its peculiar Language, are understood by these Followers in a simply natural Sense, and thus become either entirely meaningless, or quite absurd: the Founder is the Centre of his System, he alone is the true Point of Vision, and viewed from hence all its Parts are seen in their proper Places and due Relations: but frequently his Followers take no Care to put themselves in his Point of Vision, but regard it from one Side or the other, and often in a perfectly opposite Direction, as in the Case of the Philosophy of Epicurus, which, itself pure and lofty, was transformed by his Disciples into a Sanction of Vice. Pleasure with Epicurus was a comprehensive Word, the Keyword of his System, it is the Sum and All-in-All of Virtue, which is *perfect* Pleasure, for vicious Pleasures are so only for the Moment, and therefore when he tells us that Pleasure is to be sought above all Things, it is synonymous with telling us to seek Virtue; and it is a fine Way of putting it too: our highest Duty as our highest Pleasure; for were it otherwise it would be a Libel on God's Wisdom and Goodness; but his Followers interpreting it *simply*, and according to their grosser Senses, made Pleasure in its vulgar Acceptation the great Object of Life: so too has Spinosā been first persecu-



ted, and then, by an afterdeath Accumulation of Injustice, traduced and falsified.

## MORAL ARRANGEMENTS.

We may observe an Analogy between the physical Man and the moral; the Body's Health is made independent on the Will, otherwise our Indulgence would acknowledge no Limit but Appetite, whereas by the existing Arrangement Illhealth is made (as a general Rule) the Punishment of vicious Indulgence: so too the Awards of Conscience are altogether independent on the Will: thus in the Economy of physical and moral Life we carry with us an unerring Guide to the Health of both, and when we deviate, we cannot but do so knowingly and wilfully: our Eyes were given to guide us, but if on broken Ground we shut them, whom are we to blame if we stumble.

## FINEARTS.

What we should strive to acquire in viewing Pictures, Statues, fine Specimens of Architecture etc. is the *Sentiment* and Perception of the Finearts, which is as an *additional Sense*, opening up an infinite Variety of Enjoyments of which we had never dreamt, and making what was beautiful before more so; this Sentiment, once acquired, will enter into *all our other Pursuits, Tastes, and Feelings*, refining and ennobling them: now this Sentiment is of infinitely more value than any Amount of mere Knowledge of Pictures, Painters, their History, Schools, Successions etc., which Species of Knowledge is all very well, but must not be mistaken for the Soul, the Spirit, which is to quicken it, without which it is but so much Pedantry: just as a *philosophic Spirit* is far desirabler than any Acquaintance with all the Systems of Philosophy without it: now to acquire the *Sentiment* of the Finearts, it is far better, as my own Experience leads me to conclude, to make a patient Study and *repeated*

Observation of a few choice Masterworks, than to skim lightly over all the Galleries in Europe; the secondrate Painters are too literal, too much and too strictly Copiers of a prosaic and matterofact Nature to foster or awaken the Sentiment of the Finearts, or to give us those deep Glimpses into the Spirit of Art, which flash on us from those original Works, where the inventive Thought of Man, tho' embodied in the most natural Forms, imparts to these a new Power of Impression: in the Way in which common Minds employ familiar Objects and Materials, they only produce familiar and hackneyed Impressions, but the creative Mind brings them into new and original Relations with the Heart and Mind of Man, without, however, altering or distorting their natural Truth of Character, and hence springs the twofold Beauty of familiar Association with novel Impression. very few Persons are capable of really enjoying a Painting, and, I apprehend, for this Reason: a Picture must be translated into a different Language, into the Language of Thought and Sentiment; but all are not capable of this: to most a Picture is as a mere Fact, simply what it is on the 3, 4, or 6 Feet of Canvass which it covers; they do not put it into the Framework of Imagination, make the Figures speak, move, live, the Landscape as it were a delicious Ramble, they do not step out at their Eyes into the Picture itself, identify themselves with it, and, forgetting all that reminds of its actual Scope and Compass, take Things for what they stand for *suggestively*, and not for what they are as so much Oil and Canvass: it is to them just as anyother Object in Nature, a Flower, a Bird, a Cloud, or an old Building, etc. etc. the Poetry of which stands *in their Relations to our Minds*; they do not see what it contains, or what it is suggestive of, they see it prosaically, what it is to the Eye; not being accustomed to recognize Thoughts and Feelings under particular Combinations of Forms, they see only the Forms, not

what they stand for: while on the other Hand a poetical Mind will see more in a Picture than ever entered into the Painter's Head. the Sentiment of the Finearts presupposes the Acquisition of certain Habits of Thought and Feeling, which are perhaps of all acquired Tastes the furthest removed from the prosaic Way of viewing Things peculiar to the merely practical Mind; now since *Habits* can be formed and fostered only by *repeated Impressions*, so the Seeing and Reseeing of first-rate Pictures, etc. etc. the Cherishing the Sentiment and Perception of their peculiar Excellence, till it becomes familiar to, and, so to speak, tinges our Thoughts imperceptibly, and grows a Mood of our Mind, can alone produce the true Love and Insight into Art: and this Sentiment of the Finearts, once acquired in its Depth, Breadth, and Oneness, does for our Tastes what the Acquisition of a philosophical Spirit does for our Intellectual Views and Studies, or what the Acquisition of the Sentiment of Religion accomplishes for our moral Conduct, it enters into them all, and elevates and refines by Means and on Occasions when we are unconscious of it, tho' not less surely and beneficially.

## SHAKESPEAR.

When Writers, as Villemain (*Mélanges*. Vol. III. P. 167) venture to assert that « les Ouvrages des Grecs sont lus par l'Univers, » and that « il n'y a qu'un Anglais qui puisse mettre Shakespear à côté d'Homère ou de Sophocle », one is at a Loss to conceive what the Assertion means: the Greek Poets cannot be called *popular* in any Sense: they are studied as a dead Language, as an important Branch of polite Education, they are hallowed not only by Admiration and legitimate Reverence, but by Prejudice: they are approached with a certain Awe that forbids Criticism in most Minds, and Men pretend to admire frequently what they do not understand, and even do not like, in Order not to seem deficient in Perception:

the Number of Readers which the Greek Drama boasts is very limited, and of that too the larger Part are Pedants and Scholars of a certain Class, who esteem the Greek Plays as much for being written in Greek, as for any sounder Reason: to talk then of Sophocles being superior to Shakespear because more read and admired, tho' the Assertion were true, would be most doubtful: supposing Sophocles to be more read, which is not the Case, his Works are read as Monuments of a dead Tongue, as Specimens of Manners passed away etc. whereas Shakespear has no Prejudice in his Favor, but many and great ones against him. Sophocles rouses no Envy, all admire as upon common Ground, as the Apollo or Venus dei Medici is admired, but national Feelings and Prejudices come into Play when Shakespear steps out of his own Country: in France and Italy to admire him beyond a certain prudent Point would be equivalent to a Condemnation of the Homesystem of Playwriting: the Germans were more ready to admit his Merits, 'not alone from having a Language fully capable of doing him Justice, and from not having any Idol of their own Litterature to set up against him, but because they, like the English, regard *Man* more than Forms, and the *Nature of Things* more than conventional Systems of Time and Place.

## THE GENTLEMAN.

As the great Genius effects mighty Ends by ordinary Means, so the true Gentleman, tho' he uses the same Language and the same Forms, and has the same Wants and Wishes as the Vulgar, yet creates a World of Difference by the Manner in which he expresses them: the Man who merely assumes the Gentleman, discovers himself by an Overanxiety about Trifles: he is ever careful to have his Coat wellbrushed, his Dress in the approved Fashion, and must do everything by established Form and Precedent: he does not comprehend wherein the Character

of the Gentleman truly lies, and, not being it essentially and *in himself*, he naturally thinks it must consist in Attention to those outward Observances which alone attract *his* Notice: but the true Gentleman is not less a Gentleman when he oversteps these, nay, it is precisely then that, being an *inborn* Gentleman, he shows himself the same under every Change of Circumstances, and, having the true Sentiment of Propriety and Fittingness, never oversteps « the Modesty of Nature. »

#### GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

Much of the picturesque Effect of Gothic Architecture arises from its Variety of Perspective, its changing Surfaces, bold Projections, and deep Recesses etc. which produce such evervarying Lights and Shades, and Viewpoints, giving the Building (tho' the Outsidearchitecture be too much broken up and frittered away) a most rich Appearance, relieving Heaviness and Oversombreness, yet not gay or fanciful: the Greek and Roman Architecture has little of this surfacevarying Power, and gives much less Play to the Imagination: producing its Effects more by positive Means, seen and comprehended at one Eyeglance. St Peter's overpowers by positive Size, but the Shock is simultaneous, and all is revealed at once: in the Grecian Temple too the Forms are perfectly definite, and measurable at a Glance, there is no Attempt to make material Forms suggest the Sentiment of the Endless: but in the finest gothic Cathedrals, while the whole Mass is splendidly imposing, the Details are much more calculated to keep up a Variety of pleasurable Emotions, and of imagiuative Interest, from not all being revealed at once, particularly in those Cathedrals where, as in Cologne, the Aisle does not end abruptly, but is rounded off: the vastest Object, positively defined and bounded, does not produce the Effect of a smaller one, it may be, but where the Imagination is left free to prolong to Infinity the Ideas of Space

and Size: for when the Bodysceye does not see a positive Termination, it does not undeceive the Imagination, nor hinder it from following out its own Suggestions: no Building positively defined can satisfy the Imagination, it asks something beyond mere material Vastness, on however grand a Scale: for all positive Limits, and all Attributes of Vastness conferred by measurable Means, sink into Nothing before those which the Imagination calls up out of indefinitely prolonged Forms: it is better then to build for the Imagination than for the Eye, better that a Building be vast to Conception than to the Bricklayersrule: for where the Eye sees not the Termination of the Actual, the Imagination begins to body forth the Possible: it is the same in Poetry; how much less sublime are many of Dante's Similes, taken from positive and palpably limited Objects, than those of Eschylus or Milton, drawn from the boundless Sphere of Imagination. The Outside of gothic Cathedrals is much more defective than the Inside, the Oneness is lost in petty Details and inappropriate Ornament: there are too many Angles, Points, Peaks, and broken Surfaces, the grand Lines are not sufficiently preserved and brought out, the Ornaments, however beautiful in themselves, are inapplicable, as hindering that uniform and continuous Impression of Harmony and Sublimity, which should ever be so carefully preserved as the Source of grand Beauties: each Part should run into the other by a natural and easy Gradation of Forms, so that the Mind, while entering on the Conception of a new Portion, does not leap, or break the Continuity of its Impressions, but, preserving a clear Conception of the Parts already seen, arrives at an unbroken and harmonious Notion of the Whole *as a Whole*: it is like the Effect of clear Reasoning, where each new Proposition while it contains a Portion of the old, as flowing naturally and necessarily from it, yet leads as naturally and necessarily to something new, the Ancients never seem to have built for the Eye of

the Imagination, but for that of the Body, which sees all: the Moderns, when they adopted the old Basilicae for Churchmodels, improved upon their naked and unimaginative Simplicity by adding the Cross and the Cupola, the Effect of which Additions may be estimated by comparing Santo Spirito in Florence with its Model S. Apostolo: how much the Building gains in Perspective and Variety is seen at one Glance, notwithstanding the Number of flat Surfaces which fling the Eye back in all Directions: but if *these* Additions improve the Building so much, how incomparable is the Effect of the Inside of a Gothic Cathedral, where the Aisles turn finely round the Choir, and the eluding Flight of the Curve leaves the Eye baffled, and the Imagination free to expatiate beyond, as is the Case in Cologne Cathedral: this magnificent Building was built when Faith was allpowerfull, not over Individuals alone but Nations, and when, in Consequence, she could still work Miracles: for is not this vast Pile a Miracle? could the puny Faith of later Days, sobered down by a cold, contracting Spirit of Utility, venture upon similar Works, or even complete this, which remains, like the Memorial of some mightier Race, mightier both in Mind and Body, to judge from their Works, to show what could be done by the Enthusiasm of a whole Nation, seeking to produce some expiatory Offering, worthy of the Deity whom they sought to appease, and the People who wished to wipe away the Sins of a whole Country: it was the Jointwork of a common Faith and of a common Wish, and was erected not, like our paltry Plaster-and Stucco-churches and Chapels-of-Ease, for a Parish, but for a People. Faith asks more than Reason, for the one seeks to satisfy the Imagination, the other a cold Conviction.

#### GENIUS AND THE WORLD.

There are a few noble and clearsighted Beings, coined more immediately in God's Image, to whom the imputed

Madness of some People is worth the selfarrogated Sense of others, and who have the Hardihood to doubt whether all Things go under their right Names in this Harlequin-world; certainly if to think differently from the swinish Herd, who glut themselves on the Acorns which fall from the Tree of Life, without once lifting their brutal Fronts to thank the Providence that feeds them, be Madness, then are our Miltons and Bacons mad: so it is with People: because *their* scant Brain cant comprehend a Thing, it must be bad, strange, incomprehensible; because not good in their Fashion, it cant be good in any Fashion; and thus the Man whose whole Being is an Adoration, and whose whole Life is an acted Hymn and Service to his Maker, will be accused of Atheism, if he does not sign the 39. Articles; and he who, referring Things to a higher and ideal Standard, ventures frequently to praise what the World blames, and blame what it praises, must be mad forsooth! but it is better to be a Fool with God, than a Wiseman with the World: so will it be till Wisemen outnumber Fools, as they are outnumbered now by them. I have sometimes thought that the People in a Madhouse are less mad than those without, or only mad in a different and more harmless Way: that the World is the true Madhouse, and the so-called Madhouses are but Retreats, where the less Mad are shut up by the greater: is the Madhouse-conqueror, who clutches at an air-drawn Sceptre, more mad than the real one on the Stage of Life? and tho' the Sceptre of the former exist but to his Mindseye, and that of the latter be really grasped by the Hand, is this less a Mockery? is the Madman who fancies himself a great Author, and who revels in the *Enjoyment* of his imaginary Fame, indulging in a wilder Dream than the real Author who stands agape for the Breath of Admiration? has it a more substantial Existence to him, does it blow upon him at the Streetcorners? no, the World cares not for him, and if he listens in the Highways its Talk will be of the old



Matters, of buying and selling, and marrying and giving in Marriage; his Fame is a mere Dream to him, the most palpable Shape in which its Sweetness reaches him is in some few Pages of lifeless Paper, in a monthly Review or Magazine, and growing old and stale with the Month! or stuck into the Corner of some Newspaper, and quite lost or overlooked amid the « great Business of the World! » when he has published his Work he looks forward to his Reward, poor Fool! if it is not already *in his own Heart*, if his *Work* was not its own Reward, how deceived will he be! Fame is much in Expectation, but little in Reality, and thus the Madman's Enjoyment surpasses his, for the former doubts not of it, the latter is ever seeking but never finding. what can be greater Madness than to do a mean Action for Lucre? to despise a Man because he's poor? to spend a Life in laying up Gold? what is greater Madness than to surround oneself with empty Pomp? for either of two Things must happen: if we possess these and give our Hearts to them, it must be at the Price of what is higher and diviner than these, and if we consciously possess and enjoy that which is diviner, then we possess these no longer, nor feel nor need them: this inward Wealth we cannot impart or receive, for by a wise Law we can become rich and happy only by the Labours of our own Souls. Lands, and Goods, and Familyname, these may ye inherit from another, for they are as nothing, and given as naught, bestowed indifferently to show the little Esteem God sets by them, because they have no Selfworth: their Loss is not Loss, nor their Gain, Gain: all that ye can be, ye can become better without them, yea! a thousandfold, for then will ye seek the Treasure which lies in your own Hearts, having none other, and finding it, all others will become as Dross!

## GENIUS AND SHAKESPEAR.

Great Poets give to their Works something of the

Unity, and evervarying Movement and Detail, which characterize Nature, whose Productions are not Fragments, but Wholes; and great Minds, imitating Nature on a smaller Scale, reproduce as Wholes some particular State of Society: such were Homer, Shakespear, Dante: the great Poet embodies his Age, he is its Spirit, in him it becomes conscious, so to speak, of itself, its Meaning and its Mission: his Materials are laid up for him in the Hearts, and Thoughts, and Labours of Thousands: these he comprehends in their *Oneness*, and from the Mould of his own Spirit the perfect Cast at length issues to astonish and delight. in Virgil and Tasso one makes a Distinction between Poetry and Nature, whereas they should be one, as in Dante and Shakspeare: the Efforts of Art are too obvious, they come forward in their own Shape, whereas they should lie hid, and display themselves only with the Forms and Means which Nature lends: nothing is so delightful as to lose Sight of the Poet, the direct Agent, and to see Nature, as it were, substituted in his Place, and with her own proper Energies working out her Results, in this Respect Dante is admirable: he arrogates no Superiority over his Readers, but moves and mingles with his Creations as if he were one of them: he is merely a Man like ourselves, but in unparalleled Circumstances, and the Skill with which the general and ordinary Laws and Arrangements of Nature are directed and applied to the Development and Movement of extraordinary Situations and Events, preserving the Truth and Analogy of Nature in an ideal World which has no Prototype, is truly wonderful: the same Power is equally observable in Milton, and still more so in Shakspeare; and this is the Test of the highest Order of creative Mind: when the Poet places himself, as it were, at the very Heart and Centre of Nature's Operations, in her vast and magnificent Laboratory, and, emancipating himself from the palpable and methodical Application, and fixed Course, of her Laws,

legislates according to the Spirit and not the Letter, which is the Limit and Rule of inferior Minds, and applies these Laws to the Creation and Direction of his selfformed World, and all its Beings and Events: precisely as Nature herself would have done, were she inclined to apply her established Laws to novel and untried Combinations, and nothing indeed in the Contemplation of Nature herself is more magnificent, than the, so to speak, elastic Adaptability of her general Laws, which, without Derangement or Difficulty, embrace the vastest and minutest Phenomena with equal Ease and Certainty, and by which every Event as it rises into Being, be it the Ruin of a World, the Birth of a World, or the Fall of a Sparrow's Feather, finds its destined Sphere of Action and Influence, neither exceeding nor falling short of, tho' but by a Hairsbreadth, the Space and Period assigned to it: there is nothing so novel or unprecedented but comes at once within the Grasp of these Laws, and submits at once to their Jurisdiction, and nothing so bygone and worn out but may be reproduced in an eternal Round of wonderful and beautiful Transformations; Nature never grows old: it is Art, puny Art, that models, remodels, and still leaves imperfect her feeble Abortions, while the undeviating Movement of Nature redeems and neutralizes the Errors and Follies of Man, and forces him on with her unto his destined Goal, solving the Problems of Ages as satisfactorily and unerringly as the Mathematician does a Problem of Euclid, and creating out of the Fragments of the Past, the less faulty Structure of the Future. the true Poet shares something of the creative Power of the Deity: as God called forth this glorious World by a slight and easy Application (so we may be allowed to suppose, since to be obliged to create new Laws for every new Combination is a Sign of Weakness) of already existing Laws, by which Hosts of Worlds had already been formed, so the Poet, on a small Scale, imitates the Deity, and applying the Laws which

regulate the Passions and Actions of Men in known Circumstances, to novel Combinations, where the Operation of these Laws is infinitely varied, tho' their Spirit remains the same, creates his wondrous Productions, and « gives to airy Nothings » etc. etc. the most astonishing Instances of this Power are the Creation of Caliban, Ariel, and the Witches in Macbeth; here, tho' we feel the Creation to be quite new, the skilful Analogy which links it to our Associations and Experience, prevents the Sense of Novelty from having anything of Improbability. the Study of Metaphysics, i. e. of the Origin and Nature of human Thought and Feeling, the Principle of Association, the Sources and Modifications of Character and Passion, with the Laws of Belief, Taste etc. etc. in one Word the Study of Man's Heart and Mind, is not only a rich Source of the highest Poetry, but indispensable to the Formation of the true Poet; he may be strong without it, but he will be much stronger with it, and will create more as Nature does, with more conscious Power and Command over Causes and Effects: there are Signs of a metaphysical Tendency in Dante, and if it have injured his Poetry in some Respects, there is little Doubt that it has furnished some of his finest Passages; not that any idle Display of such Learning is good in Poetry, but because it enables the Poet to create more according to the Laws of human Thought and Association.

Above all Shakespear's Characteristics, above his boundless Imagination, his Wit, and his Wisdom, which seems to embody Milton's beautiful Idea,

« Till old Experience do attain  
To something of prophetic Strain »

and to be literally an Emanation of divine Insight: above them all, and perhaps the chief Source of his grand Merits, is his unequalled Healthiness of mental and moral Conformation: his Mind seems an Epitome of Nature, a

Stereotype, from which the original, if lost, might be reproduced in all its Variety of Detail: how different from Byron's jaundiced Sight is Shakespear's! the Light of his Mind is universal as the Sun's, showing all Things in their true Shapes and Colours, and changing naught into the sickly Hue of personal Prejudice, or diseased Individuality; leaving that which is good, good: that which is beautiful, beautiful: and that which is deformed, deformed. he regards the Creatures of his Fancy with the impartial Eye of the Maker, they are all equal in his Sight, and by their Works they are left to be judged: in the Morality of his mighty Drama you see the Ends of Providence worked out as in real Life; sometimes the Hand of God seems to push aside the Clouds of Destiny, and visibly to chastise, at others a dark Enigma seems to wrap guilty and guiltless in a common Ruin: it is not too much to say that his Works might supply a careful Study of the World, or rather a Knowledge of his Works and of the World are one same Thing, and often is he recalled to Mind in a thousand Instances of daily Life, when the finespun Creations of other Poets have faded into some forgotten Lumbercorner of the Brain. Shakespear's Humour is rather a Matter of his whole Character than a predominating Feature of it, as in Sterne; altho' there are many Passages of true, racy Humour, it is most usually shown in his healthy Views of human Nature and Life: in his catholic Sympathy for every Mode of Being. it is like Religion itself, and looks on all with the same Eye of indifferent Benevolence, receiving all into its Sympathy, from the King to the Beggar, from the most commonplace, everyday Being, to the idealest and airiest Creations of Imagination.

Foreign Critics accuse S. of blending the Sublime and Laughable, the Terrible and Commonplace, and that this destroys Illusion and checks Sympathy: but our Sympathy

is much more readily accorded to the Variety of Incident, and even the most striking Contrasts, of real Life, than to a monotonous Tissue of Improbabilities, where one same Tone prevails wearisomely in every Speech, Character, and Scene, to the utter Exclusion of all Truthlikeness, without which there is neither Sympathy nor Illusion: the first Impression upon reading the Continental Dramas on this System is, that the Characters have all got their Parts by Heart: that there is a Foreagreement to speak and act in a given Way: they never seem to act from individual or spontaneous Motives, or to be influenced by Circumstances, they have no Moments of Relaxation, no Unbendings, no casual Forgetfulness of their particular End and Office, they go right on to the last as if they were predestined, like Steammen, thro' thick and thin: in one Word, they never deign to be Men, but seem wound up for a certain Number of Speeches, which they emphasize with a given Outlay of Breath, and get thro' just in Time to a Minute, like Clockworkpuppets: but in S., as in real Life, the same Man will be merry, melancholy, angry etc. etc. as Circumstances prompt, and as the Events of the Moment develop his Character: his Personages are influenced by Events as they arise; they have their own Views no Doubt, but they find Time and Opportunity by the Way for many a good Laugh, and many a Bystroke of human Feeling; we can sympathize with this Variety because perfectly natural, nay, it pleasingly varies our Feelings, relieves the overstrained Attention, and prepares us for deeper Interest in the serious Parts: even the strongest Contrast offends us only as in real Life, and powerfully rouses at the same Time that it may surprize us.

## OLD WRITERS.

There is a Depth, Force, Freshness, Truth, and Meaning, about the old standard Writers, truly vital: they deal with Men and Nature in a large, full, catholic,

and comprehensive Way, quite refreshing after the partial, jaundiced, sickly, and squinteyed Views of modern Writerlings, whose Works, never getting deeper than the mere Surfaceforms, the Time-and Placeassociations, of Man's Being, pass away as *these* change and are forgotten: while the others, going to the Depth of the Mystery, and appealing to the primal Groundprinciples of Humannature, are as unchangeable as these, the same essentially under every Modification; and as the great Circle of Changes rolls round, we are at Length brought back to the Point where we began, for, from the Beginning to the End of Time, Man is still, as Lear says in his wise Madness, in that profoundest of Tragedies, « the same poor, bare, forked Animal » he ever was: it has ever been, and ever will be, this « poor, forked Animal », without the Star and the Garter, the Silk and the Ermine, and the Trumpery of outward Distinctions, that has given Interest and enduring Value to all that contains any true Revelations of his manyfeatured Existence: and those who busy themselves with the Costume alone, the mere Modifications even of Thought and Feeling, which spring from partial, local, and accidental Circumstances, like these, last but for their Hour, as the Bubbles on the Surface of the mighty Stream of human Life, while the Stream itself flows on thousands of Years the same. these are the Writers who know how to create as Nature herself does: not, like most Moderns, Figures as starch, stiff, and prim, as if they were just taken out of a Bandbox, or else dried, withered Mummies and shrivelled Abortions, but human Beings, *fulllength* Portraits, life-and truthful, whose Voices you know by their Intonations come from the « Præcordia », varying as Nature works at the Heart, not squeezed, like so much Wind out of a Bagpipe, into the artificial, minced, and dainty Terms precise of fashionable Utterance. the ridiculous Attempts of modern Writers to catch Applause, their showy and glittering Tinselstyle, their

Want of that calm Depth arising from lofty Aims and Convictions, and the Interpenetration of a pure, deep Faith thro' their moral and intellectual Nature, make them lose very much in the Comparison: modern Litterature distracts the Soul, breaks it too much up into Fractures of Thought and Feeling, dissipates it over too large a Surface, and makes it (except it be a first-rate Mind) microscopic, because the Sphere into which it introduces us is that of Art and not of Nature, where Littleness is not, even in the least of Things: the finest Instance of Genius in our Age is Wordsworth, who has stepped completely out of the 19th. Century, its narrow and material Spirit in the Midst of all its boasted Wisdom, for it is very wise after the Flesh, as it is poor after the Spirit: out of its artificial and complicated System of Manners and social Relations, into the ample and eternal Realm of Nature, into the blessed Light of Things as God made and meant them: he is a Man willing to recognize Excellence in whatever Shape he may find it, and who, from having found it even where the careless and prejudiced will not take the Trouble to seek it, or will not recognize it because it does not manifest itself precisely in Conformity with the partial and local Characteristics their own narrow Experience assigns to it as its unfailing Indicator, has grown tolerant, and, as Improvement in one Point of Feeling or Thought does not stop there, but, by a natural and necessary Sympathy of Head with Heart, produces a general Expansion and Enlightenment, has grown wiser too: for Toleration is real Wisdom, and produces in the End the Good which it believes, and which at first perhaps did not really exist—.

ON INFIDELITY.

They who read the Bible humanly, understand and interpret it carnally; such Persons will peruse certain Portions of the holy Volume as if it were a Bawdybook, and



experience similar Impressions; but, to enter into its Spirit, a Quality is requisite which the Sceptic is far from possessing, Humbleheartedness and real Love of the Truth; to understand its Lessons we must *think with the Heart*; right Feeling is the golden Key to many Difficulties on which Reason stumbles, or from which he draws only seeming Confirmation of his Prejudices: and surely religious Belief is much more a Matter of the Heart than the Head; for tho' I regard its Proofs as sufficiently irresistible to convince any *Reason*, yet that Reason must be candid, and insofar as it is so, must be so in Virtue of *moral Feeling*. It may be well to examine the Subject as an Argument to be proved, for if the Mind be not *convinced*, our Faith will be a mere barren Profession: but nothing can be more absurd than to regard it in a purely intellectual View; he who does so, regards it as something abstracted from his moral Being, he excludes that Part which is most interested in the Question, and which is equally capable of deciding, and frequently better: for, on many Occasions, and these not the least important, moral Instinct (into the Nature of which, as to whether it be a simple, primary Instinct, or a Combination of Reason and Feeling, which, coalescing from a Period previous to all internal Reflexion, have, like a grafted Tree, become thus blended into one uniform, and seemingly unresolvable, Principle, I shall not enter) decides with unerring Certainty and Rapidity; and the Cases where it thus decides are those where Reason would not only not operate so efficiently, but in Fact cannot operate at all: the great Mass of Mankind reason with the Heart, and therefore go right; the Philosopher would accomplish and prove all by Syllogism, and therefore goes wrong, for the Instrument cannot work out more than it was fashioned for, neither can Man's Reason grasp the Ways of God—Universal Belief, such as is that of a future Life, is one of the most powerful Arguments, inasmuch as it must of Necessity spring, not from any accidental Mode of Feeling, but from some unchangeable,

eternal Principle, as universal as the Belief itself, and because it shows a Consonancy, Fitness, and Suitableness, between the Nature of the Truth believed, and the Condition and Nature of the Beings who accredit it; the Belief is evidently according to the *Nature and Tendency of Things*, the moral Arrangements of the World presuppose and imply it, and in the Constitution of Man it is a primary Fact. what is the chief Feature of Untruth and Error? its Unfitness, Awkwardness, and its being foreign to our Nature, notwithstanding that Men so often speak and act falsely. Portions of a Community, nay, a whole Nation, may labour under the Hallucination of Error, and believe in a Lie, but not a whole World, nor for ever; nay, even a Community cannot believe in one same Error thro' many Generations, whereas this is a Truth which has prevailed universally, and since the Creation; Truth alone surely can be thus universal in Influence and Duration, it must be something in the Nature of Things thus to reappear eternally with the same Force and Freshness. Men must sooner or later awake from Error, because it springs from particular and accidental Modes of Thought and Feeling, and these pass away, or vary in their Demonstrations, and the Error with them, but a Belief which maintains its primary Influence notwithstanding that Men's Ideas on almost every other Point have undergone infinite Changes and Modifications, must be founded in Truth; as Aristotle says, Error is manifold, but Truth one and uniform. Error is Disease of the mental and moral Constitution, and, like Disease of the physical, affects and operates in a Variety of Ways, but Truth, like Health, is one and the same in all; we do not say, one Man is well in one Way, one in another, but we *do* say, one is sick of this, and one of that, Disease: this Belief is an Instinct, a Movement of Nature prior to all Reasoning on the Probability thereof, the Privation of it is as the Privation of what we hold most dear, it is a Degrading and Abandoning of our higher Nature: and the

Perversion, which invariably follows on the Renunciation of it, proves that the Belief is *essential* to that Nature, to its *true* Development and Dignity, the Source of its highest Energy, and without which this Life is an Enigma; now if it makes *clear* what is dark therein, and *exalts* what is low, it must be at once the *Guide* and the *Goal* of all Existence and all Exertion, without which we can neither know the *Course we are to run*, nor see to what it leads, nor deem *worthily* of it, without which we cannot fulfill it: for what we do not *esteem* highly we cannot grandly work out, since we do not hold it worthy of *all* our Efforts—when an Opinion is shown to be irrational in Theory and ruinous in Practice, it must be renounced by all but those who remain blind because they *will not see*, who put out the Light, and then complain of stumbling.

## CONSCIENCE.

Conscience reminds one of the beautiful and poetical Emblem of her Power employed in the Arabian Nights, where a Ring, which changes its Color with the Actions of the Bearer, happily represents the Nature of her Office; but her Power goes further still, for she not only warns, but, when disobeyed, enforces her Mandates with terrible Punishments: as the wicked Man has renounced his better Genius, she renounces him: he has become an Enemy to himself, and as such she treats him, she pursues him to his inmost Thoughts, wounds him where no other Weapon can reach, and with Weapons which he cannot defend himself against, for they are *his own Thoughts*, and turns against his own Breast the Injury he destined for another, by showing it in its *true and during* Character, and not in the Disguise which Passion or Interest had lent it for a brief Moment.

## ILL COMPANY.

A vicious Man may possess some Germs of Rightfeeling, which if left to themselves and a little wholesome

Solitude, that Diet of the sick Soul, might shoot again ; but evil Communication plucks them up from the Roots ; Men become ashamed of *feeling Shame* at anything, ashamed of the few Virtues they had left, and mutually sinning and encouraging to Sin, seek to pluck from their Breasts the Warner they dread — in this State Men not only lose the Wish, but the Capacity, for Truth, while Vanity struggles against a Return to Virtue : for a Return to it, after Years of Vice, is like being compelled to hold up a Light to that which shames and degrades us, and few Men's Eyes are strong enough to bear the full View of their own Baseness ; here steps in that false Pride which is allied to our worst Feelings, and, to perfect our State of Degradation, adds Impudence to Vice —

BOSWELL'S JOHNSON.

The Perusal of this Work is a most perfect Treat: the unconscious Display of his own Vanity, the Peculiarity of it, the Felicity with which he paints himself a Fool, the « μέγα θυρόν » (as Eschines called his great Rival) dealing about his hard Licks with his vast Proboscis among the lesser Animals, who look on in edifying Awe and Admiration, occasionally, tho' timidly, venturing on a Repartee, constitute the most delightful Menageriescene imaginable — notwithstanding that « Bozzy » is a « Fool positive », his Book has infinite Merit from its great dramatic Interest: we know all the Personages as if we had cracked our Joke and our Bottle with the best of them, and we laugh at the Repartees, when merely reading them, with that warm Sympathy of the Jaws, which the Sight of a broad Smile on some halfdozen Faces never fails to produce: in a Word, we see and hear them, and, as the Showman says, we know their Measurement « from the Tip of the Snout to the End of the Tail » . it requires no small and no common Talent to write Conversations with as much

dramatic Effect as Boswell has succeeded in giving them by mere Intensity of Vanity and Admiration: he does it unconsciously, without Effort; had he not really felt all he describes, he would have failed: had it been an Effort of Intellect merely he would have made a very dull Book, but as it is, he has composed one of the most amusing Works ever written, and, without any Mastership in psychological Anatomy, has dissected *himself* more satisfactorily than the first moral Operator could have done. he is as vain a Man as ever breathed, it is stamped on the whole Work: yet never did Vanity seek so little to set itself off to Advantage, or hide its Blemishes; the Fact is, his Vanity is gratified, as it were, by Proxy in Johnson: provided he can bring in a Word of his great « Lion », it matters little if he call himself Fool out of his own Mouth to do so; his Vanity sought its Gratification, and found its Reward, in the Honor he supposed reflected on himself by the Acquaintance of such a Man, and in being selected, as it were, to be the Showman of the « μέγα θηρίον »; to be the Medium of anything Johnsonian, tho' it were the most mortifying Setdown, or even a Kick on the Back — e, was delightful: and he felt infinitely more Gratification at the Thought of its coming from Johnson, than Offense at the Insult offered to Boswell: this is a Modification of Vanity infinitely rare, yet much more useful and amusing than the commoner Features of that commonest of all Affections: how different from the solemn, puffed up Selfconceit of Blair, which stalks along with a Fool's Cap on its Head, and Mockwisdom on its Brow, reminding one with double Force of the Absence of so much, by the Assumption of so much: the Vanity of Johnson is little less amusing than that of Boswell; the Contempt he feels for his « Jackal » being quite neutralized by his Complacency at being made so much of; besides he liked a safe Butt now and then to put him in Goodhumour with himself

again, whenever his Feathers had been at all ruffled. some Persons will lay bare their Faults, thus to flatter themselves with an Appearance of Highmindedness: the very Wound they seem to inflict on their Vanity is the Salve to heal it; but Boswell's Vanity is not of this Kind: his only conceivable Motive for doing all and bearing all, seems to be an overpowering Sense of the Dignity of being Johnson's Friend. the Manner in which he describes himself, after being the Object of Remarks which would have provoked anyother Person to the highest Degree, is laughable in the Extreme: he evidently plumes himself upon it, and strokes down his ruffled Feathers with as much Complacency as if he had received a signal Mark of Distinction.

## MORALITY.

In France and Italy there is not perhaps so large a Portion of Females reduced to such perfect Degradation as among ourselves: Harlotry does not walk the Streets with such barefaced Effrontery, nor are the Trespassers such remarkable Exceptions, but, instead of this, I think the Spirit of Unchastity much more general; etc., from being so universal, there is no public Opinion to check it, for so public Opinion pronounces against itself; it is by general Consent considered as mere Galantry, and its true Character glossed over under those conventional Forms and Usages, by which a certain Exterior of Virtue is kept up, for the Purpose of greater Freedom at Bottom, and under this Cover: with us, in Comparison, the Evil may be said in some Measure to stop in itself: that is, of Course, as far as Evil can do so, for the Clanship of Sins is as strong as that of Scotchmen; but the evil in foreign Society is more emphatically an Evil, as it has a greater tendency to unsettle and corrupt all those pure and noble Homerelations, on which are founded alike the Beauty and Holiness which sanctify the Privacy of domestic Life,

and the conservative and embalming Moral, which, taking its Origin from thence, is breathed into the great Heart of the Nation, and is displayed in its Litterature and its public Existence. to shake this domestic Morality is to loosen the Cornerstone of Life, it is polluting the very Springhead of the Waters of Existence: when, in the very charmed Circle, where we are wont to seek Relief from the Coldness and Selfishness of the World, to pour forth the gushing Sympathies and pure Aspirations of uncontaminated Being, we find Pollution, Disorder, Jealousies, Heartburnings, and worldly and corrupted Feelings, the sacred Temple defiled, and the Altars of domestic Peace overthrown by the rude Hand of Licentiousness, it is then that we are delivered over to the cold, selfish, commonplace Worldliness of our Nature, to feel the Absence of all exalting and unworldly Aspirations in ourselves, and to deem the Assumption of them in others Folly or Hypocrisy: such was the Character of a great Portion of French Society, at the Time when La Rochefaucauld's « Maxims, » which are at once a Key to, and a Satire on, it, served as the Thermometer of social Feeling; those Maxims are but the floating Opinions, and Modes of Acting and Thinking of his Contemporaries, reduced to a more general Form, and they must have been acted upon pretty generally to have afforded the Groundwork of a System. cursed be a Philosophy which imbrutes our Reason into Mechanism, and petrifies the Heart into Selfishness, which renders the Intellect but the Ingenuity of the Ape to work Mischief, and the Heart the Centre and Source of a « casual Fruition, loveless, joyless, unendeared. » at Paris Vice is more a System, she loses much of her Grossness, but becomes thereby more dangerous; she is so attractive in her Manners, so lively and sparkling in Conversation, so seducing in studied Arts and Wiles, and so wrapped up in a thousand Usages and Forms of polished Society, that the ordinary Mind, whose Virtue

lies very much in Externals, is seduced into substantial Sin under the Appearance of Virtue, and as there is much Refinement and Elegance blended with the System, so it does not disgust those Tastes which sin willingly enough, but will not sin grossly or vulgarly; but our Women of Pleasure cannot be mistaken, they bear the Stamp upon their Brow; they have none of the Ease, Wit, Grace, Sprightliness, and Management of a Parisian Girl, on the Contrary, they stand like so many Sheep on Sale, so that the illicit Intercourse of the Sexes among us is as of degrading a Character as can well be: it is mere brute Gratification, unrelieved by any Mixture of Gallantry or Politeness, yet, precisely from being more gross and disgusting, it is in many Instances less durable and ruinous. let no Man fancy that he can breathe the Atmosphere of refined Vice and not catch the Infection, for it is only while new to us that we regard it as monstrous, but soon it will become a Commonplace; no Man can long keep himself an Exception to everything around him, he is assailed on all Sides, in a thousand indirect and scarcely obvious Ways, thro' Sight, Hearing, Imagination, Selflove, Dread of Ridicule and Singularity, while his Means of Defence must every Day grow weaker, never allowed to recruit their Force, and deprived of the Courage of Companionship in Resistance: in such Society he can glide into Vice by so many delicatelyshaded and scarce-perceptible Gradations of Dereliction, that to refuse Acquiescence in certain apparently harmless Pursuits, would seem rather Prudery and Affectation than Virtue; on either Side of the strict Boundaryline of Virtue there is a debateable Land, where Vice and Virtue, as it were, shake Hands, and this is the Reason why a strict Attention to even the bare Letter of Morality is so indispensable; there is no visible Trespass in the few first Steps, and when we have become accustomed to a little Sin, it seems no more sinful to take a few Steps further, than at first it



did to take those few which led us over the Line, and we cheat ourselves into the Belief that the Line is still before us when we have left it already far behind.

## DANTE.

The Times in which Dante lived were Times of Energy, of a wild and wasteful Energy it is true, but still pregnant with powerful Inspiration to Mind and Character: they called forth all the Good and Bad in human Nature, but, tho' rude and unmanageable, it was still *Nature*, and as such full of Interest, and Force, and Originality: there was the deeprooted Strength of political and religious Sentiment, the most powerful of all Impulses, and, with these magnetic Influences of Life, Men may be cruel, rude, vehement, gigantic in Evil or Good, but never the tame, worn out, passionless, wiredrawn Creations of a prurient and enfeebling Refinement. such were the Times of which Dante was the moral and intellectual Incarnation, and if his great Poem have sometimes the Darkness and Harshness of his Age, it possesses also its Energy and Originality, its Depth and Simplicity of Feeling, and Vigor of Action and Passion; his Poem is a true Glass of the Age in which he lived, nor could any History convey so clear and living a Conception of it: the Materials of which it is composed *are the Age itself*, fused by his Genius, recast in the gigantic Mould of his own Mind, and poured out thence into his vast Poem in all its Oneness and Completeness.

## TASSO AND ARIOSTO.

The Beauties of Tasso remind one of hothouse Plants, carefully arranged for Effect: Color, Shape, Size, studiously contrasted as Foils to each other: they are beautiful, but have a sickly, artificial Appearance, and we are reminded of Nature only to feel that it is an Imitation we look on: those of Ariosto are like Wildflowers, that spring up by

the Wayside, all fresh and dewy, growing at Random, oft « wasting their Sweetness on the desert Air, » yet gladsome to Sight and Sense, and cherished the more because they drop on us unobtrusively; there is no Attempt to force Admiration, the Reader is left to his own Impulses, and his Sympathy is not the less readily given because he is not told to weep or laugh by other Monitor than his own Heart. there is nothing vigorously natural in Tasso, he did not stand in Contact with Nature, but saw her thro' a Medium, and for true Sentiment we have often a false Sentimentality.

## LITTERATURES.

The characteristic Features of early and isolated Litteratures are strongly marked: they are the genuine Productions of the Soil without any foreign Admixture, and are impressed with a vivid Spirit of Nationality and Individuality; but at the present Day there is a Cosmopolitism in Litterature as well as in Politics, and thus the Power of Fashion and the Imitation of foreign Litteratures may overcome the original Bent of national Taste, as influenced by physical and moral Causes; but these imitated Portions of a Litterature never take a strong Hold on the national Mind, since they do not appeal to its past Recollections, nor are intertwined with its Hopes and History. the Learned are frequently not such good Judges of a Work as the People, for the former go by System and Theory, but the latter by the Instinct of human Feeling, which the True alone pleases in the long Run.

## TRAVEL.

A Man should come Home after his Travels with the Heart of an Englishman, but the Eyes of a Foreigner.

## NAPOLEON .

The Effect produced by Napoleon's Presence upon his Troops at their Moments of deepest Discouragement, and when they were uttering Curses on him as the Author of their Miseries, and perhaps plotting his Destruction, was truly magical; it must be explained by the Ascendancy of Genius, and the Successes which shed a Halo, as it were, round the Brows of a Conqueror, and sanctify his Person in vulgar Eyes: they looked on him as a Type, as the visible Impersonation of their own Fortunes, as the « be all and the end all here, » the Abbreviation and Renewal of all their bright Remembrances of Victory, and the Pledge of all their dearest Hopes of Fame and Compensation; when he appeared it was as their Star of Promise, and nothing of Doubt or Despair could hang around the Man who had accomplished so much that nothing seemed impossible, who had so far overstepped the ordinary Calculations of Men, that they were at a Loss now what Limits to assign him, and whom, having succeeded in what they deemed perfectly Quixotic Undertakings, their Imaginations invested with more than human Attributes; for so it is with common Minds, not piercing into the true Springs of Things, they become credulous where they were at first sceptical, and not being able to estimate the Causes on the grand Scale which have produced the Effects they see, they attribute to the Agent something Overhuman, and regard him with a Kind of Superstition.

## INSPIRATION .

Tho' the finest Passages of Poetry be the Result of Inspiration, yet this Inspiration, tho', as strictly such, lasting a very brief Time, is not a mere Product of a Moment: it may be the combined Result of Years of Study, Thought, Imaginings and Musings, reduced to Shape, Act, and Use, by the Feelings and Excitement of a Moment, just

as at a particular Point the Ice congeals, the Particles unite and take a definite Shape. when Shakespear wrote the Murderscene in Macbeth he probably composed it in a short Time, but the Ideas there embodied were the Result of many Meditations and much Study of the human Heart. the true Poet writes *from and for* the exquisite Pleasure he feels in Composition; like the true Welldoer, the Act of Composing is at once his Reward and Motive, nor, without the exquisite Pleasure he feels, could he write anything truly excellent.

## MANZONI.

Manzoni's « Promessi Sposi », with some few other Works, is the Voice of a public Want, a Sentiment of the universal Heart not yet well understood or fostered enough even by those who feel it: the People, that mighty Being, is scarcely beginning to exist: some confused Throes, some halfconscious Gropings, like those of the Cyclops about his Cave, indicate that it is awaking into Life and Selfconsciousness: but only at Intervals, by Fits and Starts, its Wants are made known. a new Spirit must inform the old Body, and a new Litterature have Birth, that shall give back the Image of a new People, and draw its Ispiration from that more vigorous Sentiment of Humanity which a new Generation, more true to Nature, will delight in and cherish. « nihil humani a me alienum puto » should be the Motto of every *Man*, which he should repeat to himself each Morning, and ask himself if he has fulfilled each Evening.

## COLLEGIANS.

The young Oxonian should swear by Styx, as being more habituated to venerate Jove than Jehovah: he is a sort of Pagan, and his Head is a Kind of Lumberroom, where the cast-off Prejudices of the Present, and the worn-out Trash of the Past, breed a strange Race of Hybrid

Ideas, to which Commonsense would not even deign to stand Godfather.

## CONTINUITY.

Continuity in Thought and Study is highly advantageous, as it leads to more universal Observation, more philosophical Association, closer Connexion of Cause and Effect, and of kindred Materials: one Subject is made to illustrate another, while their Analogies become more obvious and numerous, at the same Time that the mental Faculties attain a more general Perfection. the *general* Character and Direction of Imagination may be reduced to Rule and fixed Development much more than is supposed; tho' its Exertion on the *Moment* is regulated by Causes and Emotions, which to check *then* were to destroy, yet its general Character and Tone depend very much on the Habits of Mind; the Object we should aim at, I think, is to place its *general* Exercise and Development under the Influence of wellchosen Rules, but not its *particular* Application. Continuity of mental Exertion tends to give Sobriety to Imagination, and its particular Efforts will partake of this Character. Commonsense should be the Ground of the highest Flights of Fancy, else they will be exaggerated and overdone.

## POPULAR POETRY.

The true popular Poetry never fails to effect its End, because it appeals, not to our conventional Feelings and Habits of Thought, but to the eternal and unchanging Oneness of our inmost Being: the best of the old Ballads contain, as it were, a Stereotype of the national Heart: it is here we find that eternal and mysterious Embodiment of the national Character, in a Mould preserved from Age to Age, and which still abides unchanged even when the Nation has altered, and deviated from its primitive Type, and by which it may remodel itself, and thus preserve its

Identity. in Spite of all the Changes produced in a Nation by Civilization, there is a certain primary Type of Character to which it perpetually recurs, and those Portions of its Literature, which bear the Impress of this, alone are truly national, and delight, not a particular Class, but the Nation at large: such are Chaucer and Shakespear; tho' the Language of the former makes the Perusal of him almost a Study, yet few Writers are more truly English, or give us a truer Reflexion of those national Qualities which have ensured, more or less, to every truly popular Work, its Reputation and Interest.

## PRIDE AND SHYNESS.

There cannot be a greater Mistake than to attribute a cold and reserved Behaviour always to Pride. Shyness is wont to employ the same Means as Pride, and arms itself with the same Weapons, but for a very different Purpose, lest it should be surprized in its weak Point: it is this which makes it prick up its Porcupinequills at the least Approach towards Familiarity, but a certain Timidness and Want of Selfconfidence always distinguish it from the cool Selfpossession and haughty Assumption of Pride: a certain Indifference to the Persons present, shown in the Language and Manner, indicates Pride, but Shyness never ventures to call down the Attention of the Company on itself in this Way, its Object is to pass unnoticed, it is essentially a defensive, never an offensive Quality: but it also displays itself differently in different Temperaments: sometimes it becomes indiscriminately obsequious, assumes a certain overdone Bonhomie, assents to all, and smiles and smirks on all; at other times, and this is the most ridiculous Manifestation of it, it endeavours to assume the Appearance of that most opposite Quality, Impudence, but there is always something to betray it, and make the Assumption discover but more effectually what it was

employed to hide, sometimes also from mere Despair it becomes bold and venturesome.

#### FIRSTRATE WARSHIP.

What a grand Emblem of the Power and Contrivance of Man is a first-rate Line of Battle-ship! how vivid is the Effect on the Imagination to see the apparently insignificant Contriver walking on this seaborne Mass, and yet to think that without him *it* had never been! what Beauty, Skill, and Proportion, how many Laws of Mechanics illustrated and comprized in the vast, yet graceful, towering Bulk, which moves at the Will and Guidance of one Man, as tho' 'twere winged with Life: how gloriously it ploughs the Brine, flinging aside, as it were in Scorn, the foaming and *eternal* Waves, thus doing Homage to the Power of Man, and helping on his *fleeting* Purposes! we should see it when lightly stirr'd by the Sea, for then it seems a Thing of Life, but not tossed, like a Bubble, when the Giantwaves rise in their resistless Might, and the vastest Creations of human Power and Ingenuity seem made but to offer Sport to the mighty and uncontrollable Element, plunging and rearing madly, like a Lion with dishevelled Mane and foaming Jaws! then it is that in the sublime Confusion of the Elements he feels his Insignificance, and Dependence on that allmighty Being whose Voice alone can reestablish their Harmony, whose Praise this whole World, like a vast Organ, peals everlastingly!

#### FAVORDOERS.

There are some Men who oblige, but in a selfish Way: if they have to do us a Favor, they must do it all by themselves, and have all the Praise of it unshared: they will not admit a Partner, tho' it were indispensable to the very Object they have in View: thus they give us to see that their own Pleasure is more aimed at than that of the Individual for whose Sake they would fain be supposed

to exert themselves disinterestedly: Favors from them are a Sort of Money at Interest, a Speculation to enhance their Reputations in the Eyes of the World: the Complaint of Gratitude being so little shown is not altogether just, for how shall a Man feel Gratitude where he sees no disinterested Kindness?

## - EDUCATION.

The Object of Education should be a coinstantaneous Development of all the Faculties, not the undue Subordination of one to another, but a regular Movement of all: the Mind should develop itself as Nature does her Creations, as a Whole: when the Rootsap rises in the Tree in Spring, it prepares simultaneously the Flowers, Leaves, and Fruit, the Needfull and the Ornamental: so likewise should the Mind of Man unfold itself, Action should go Hand in Hand with Contemplation, and Fact supply to Imagination the coarse, yet sober and precious, Rawmaterial to be worked up into its splendid Combinations.

## THE BIBLE.

The constant Study of the Bible, as of every lofty and unworldly Work, is beneficial, not so much for the positive Amount of Information which it supplies, as for the pure Tone of Thought and Feeling, and the holy Frame of Mind, which it fosters, and which is an endless Source of grand Conceptions, since these Feelings become at Length the Groundwork of the Character, and enter thus into all its Elements, and make themselves felt on Occasions where they do not directly reveal themselves, like the Sap in the Brilliance of the Blossom and the Sweetness of the Fruit: it is like the Tuning of an Instrument, which fits it for the *widest and fullest* Range of Harmonies of which it is capable, and even when none of the powerfulest, it is at least in Keeping and Relation with itself.



## THE POET .

The Poet is often like the Child which cries for the Moon, the Earth is too narrow for him, he is ever seeking the Impossible and Unknowable: like the Eagle, he will gaze at the Sun, and when he withdraws his Glance and turns it earthward again, a Mist of Dimness and Disappointment shrouds it. it seems chill and sombre: at one Moment, sick of his fine Abstractions, he yearns, with an Intensity bordering on Agony, for something living, palpable, real, which he may Clasp to his *Heart*, and whose Heart he may feel beating back his own; at the next, perhaps, he would cast it away as falling so measurelessly short of his ideal Standard, deeming himself all Spirit, and, as such, neglecting the seeming coarse, commonplace Duties of real Life: the Waste of Feeling also on ideal Objects leaves him less than he should have for actual, and makes him in the Interval wretched thro' its Reaction. —

## ARRANGEMENT OF FACTS .

The proper Selection and Arrangement of Facts requires great Talent, a luminous and philosophic Mind, to trace the eternal and essential Relations of Things, the Sequence of Causes and Effects— a skilful Arrangement of Facts is equivalent, nay, superior, to Reasoning, for it is both Reasoning and Description at once, the Facts, like Stars of the same Constellation, throw Light on, and explain, each other, and call up each other by their necessary Connection, like the Links of a Chain: what is it but Selection and Arrangement which constitutes poetical Description? Nature offers her Materials to all, but they become Pictures only in the Hands of him who can seize the Essential, and separate it from the Accidental.

## FREEDOM .

A noble Spirit feels an Injustice inflicted on a

Fellowcreature as an Insult and a Wrong done to himself: his Sympathy is a catholic Feeling, and, proud of his own Independence, he loves to see all resembling himself: the true free Man is as ready to defend the Rights of another as his own, he does not confine his narrow View to the Man, the Individual injured, but looks at the general Principle, the Sanctity of which is violated in his Person, and on which his own Rights, as those of thousands, alike depend: this is the true Spirit that makes Freedom arguseyed and hundredhanded, and therefore invincible, it is this which bestows on the poorest Beggar the Power which is a combined Result of the Intelligence and Energy of Millions, and which holds the Egis of Justice before his naked Breast.

THE AGAMEMNON OF ÆSCHYLUS.

In this fine Play the Notion of Fate broods like a Nightmare over the whole Scene, the Shadows of coming Evils are thrown beforehand, dashing with a fearful and spectral Gloom even the Snatches of Joy and Gratulation: thus, in that splendid Description of the Beaconlights which announce the Fall of Troy, a Description worthy of the momentous Occasion, it seems as if the joyous Annunciation were accompanied with a Curse—dread and indistinct Outlines of coming Guilt, hinted at in dim and fearful Language, seem to lift themselves for an Instant into View in the Background and Horizon of the Scene, and instantaneously vanish, leaving the Mind in Doubt as to their Reality, yet trembling and appalled with fearful Prognostics of coming Evil: it is this Feeling which invests everything with a strained Interest and Expectation, Agamemnon seems, from the Moment he approaches his Palace, to stand unconsciously in the awful Shadow of Nemesis: the Scene where Cassandra, gifted with Second sight, sees and describes to the Chorus the Progress of the terrible Tragedy, ere it happens, with

appalling Bursts of Terror, as if it were actually and palpably a-perpetrating before her strain'd Eyeballs, is splendidly conceived, and is equal, I think, to anything in Macbeth; it is infinitely finer in this Way than if it were brought before the Bodyseye: Imagination's dilating Eyeballs peer into the Dim and Dusk of Futurity, from which the fearful Outlines loom forth vaster and more spectral, while the awful Accompaniment to, and Comment on, Cassandra's Words, which soon follow in the Shape of Agamemnon's Groans, give to the whole Scene the vague Terror of a Dream, and the Sternness of Reality, and this Mixture of both is a Compound far finer than either. the Delicacy and softness of the female Character seem to have had little Attraction for Eschylus, he seldom ungirds himself for any Gush of Tenderness, nor have we any Idea of his Women but as of Clytemnestra, brandishing the murderous Axe, and standing over the Body of her Husband: in this Respect he is a perfect Contrast to Euripides.

#### CHRISTIANITY.

It has been well observed of the Progress of Christianity, that, from being shared among so many Persons, it could not be an Imposition: for it is morally impossible that many Individuals should maintain a Lie, or not be discovered: for a Lie involves a vicious Circle, he who tells one must tell twenty to help out that one: until the Tissue of Falsehoods becomes so complicated that the strongest Memory cannot retain all the Links, nor the acutest Ingenuity maintain them in Union: the Liar has to pay the Devil a Sort of compound Interest for the one Lie which is the Archetype of all the rest, for the first he must invent two, for the two, four, and so on, 'till the everspreading Circles come into Contact with so many known Facts that Detection is unavoidable; it is thus that Liars are found out: on the one Hand they cannot

help forgetting some necessary Link in the Chain of Lies, and on the other, all their ordinary Associations and Feelings lead them involuntary to act and speak *out of* the Lie. —

## JUVENAL.

One cannot help feeling that Juvenal sometimes indulges in gratuitous Indecency, not only where it is unnecessary, but positively hurts the Effect of a Passage, thus, in the Description of the Deluge, he says they will see each other's Nakedness: this leads one to suppose that he had been himself a Rake, and tho' evidently a reformed one, as « nil ergo optabunt homines, » and many other fine Passages prove, yet « quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem testa diu: » a Man cannot return to that Purity of Thought and Simplicity of Feeling which belong only to the unspotted Mind, as the delicate Bloom belongs only to the unhandled Fruit: he cannot help showing that he is hackneyed and worn, and however he may despise the Vices and Follies of his former Life, its Habits will not fail to leave some Rust on his Character.

## HECTOR.

I know nothing in the whole Range of Composition more exquisitely true to Nature, or more touchingly pathetic than the delicious Scene between Hector and Andromache; he who can read it without Tears can have little Sympathy with the best and holiest Affections of the Heart; what is it that gives to this immortal Passage the Freshness and Warmth of the present Moment? its vivid Spirit of Humanity, it is true, true as God himself would have it to be. how finely is Hector's Character conceived, and in the catholic Spirit of Humanity which allowed no national Prejudices to distort the Writer's Feelings, or to disparage the Enemies of his Country, we see the great Poet who wrote for *all* Men, for he who would do this must rise above the Paltriness of Partyfeelings. Hector is all that the

romantic Imagination of the Middleages has pictured of heroic and exalted, courteous and refined in his Converse with Women, valiant to Rashness, and listening to Honor's Voice alone, a loving and devoted Husband, a dutiful Son, and adored by his People as the Beau idéal, as the Personification, of their Nationalism; his very Faults make us love him but the more; they are few, and belong to the Age, not the Man; with all these Claims upon our Love, he has a further one upon our Sympathy, from the melancholy Circumstances in which he is placed: nobly falling with his falling Country, we feel that his generous Efforts are destined to prove unavailing, and cannot help regretting that so much Merit should be reserved for so untimely a Fate, and that too for the Crimes of another. Hector has ever seemed to me the most perfect Embodying of the true, chivalrous Feeling, far more so than the Knight « sans Peur et sans Réproche; » there is such a Union of the best Qualities in him, all is so true, so genuine, the still and unseen, yet, just for this, deeper Feelings of the Father and the Husband feeding and refining the more public Qualities of the Warrior and the Patriot, and subliming the Sacrifice of a Life rendered so dear and precious by domestic Ties and Affections. Paris appears a thorough fine Gentleman, in Love with his own Person, and so well pleased with his Success in the soft Warfare of Venus as to be quite indifferent to Fame in Council or Arms; he puts one in Mind of the finical Fop, described by the gallant Hotspur, a Man who, as the Soldiers bore the dead Bodies by,

« Would call them untaught Knaves, unmannerly,  
To bring a slovenly, unhandsome Corse  
Betwixt the Wind and his Nobility! »

one who would question with « many holyday and Lady-terms. »

How beautiful is the Scene where Hector, the Warrior, whose winged Steps of Wrath we have followed with

Admiration thro' the glowing Battlepieces of the Poet, sinks into the fond Father and loving Husband; he forgets for a Moment (and this Moment, and the Description of it, are doubly beautiful from the Strife and Tumult which precede and follow it, like a green Oasis of pure and holy Feeling amid the wasteful, sweeping Whirlwind of human Passion, on which the Mind rests with a keener Sympathy, glad, like the Warrior himself, to escape from the Crash and Din of imbruting Strife) his Fame and Prowess, his hairbreadth Escapes in many a hardfought Field, the bright Past and the darker Future; all has vanished from his Eyes, and the Picture which he sees, is the hallowed Hearth of his Home, his Wife and Child! how admirably does this Portion of Hector's Character relieve the other, how much does he seem in this Picture superior to his Age and its Manners? he is the Poetry of his Age, he embodied all the chivalrous and adventurous Spirit of that romantic Period of Grecian History, but all the grosser Elements are sublimed and refined by being blended with the Qualities of the Individual: how different is his Love for Andromache from that which is usually to be met with in such Periods, how touchingly tender, delicate, and refined; she was not degraded to almost the Lot of a Slave, regarded as a domestic Animal, and valued but for her Utility, she was the Sharer and Soother of his Joys and Sorrows, his Bosomfriend and his Adviser, for his generous Nature could not for a Moment endure that she should be aught but his Equal. the Way in which he addresses her is a fine Mixture of manly, yet tender, Feeling, alike removed from mawkish Affectation, unseemly Dread of coming Evil, and that discreditable Assumption of Indifference, which some upon such Occasions put on, as if to feel like a Man were an Imputation on Courage and Manhood.

It is interesting to trace how, under Governments perfectly different, a Sort of natural Balance is maintained by Means of the domestic and individual Relations of Society, which Equilibrium the Spirit of the Government, reasoning *a priori*, would seem calculated to destroy; the Effects of the best and worst Governments are neutralized, to a considerable Extent, by those Modes of Thinking, those Prejudices, Customs, and Habits, the Influence of which, tho' merely of Opinion, descends into the minutest Departments of domestic Life, and the fireside Sphere of personal Motives, Tastes, and Arrangements, where Laws never, or seldom, penetrate; the Notions in which a Man is bred up, and which he sees ruling the Conduct and Actions of all around him, these form his own Character and Tastes: when the Spirit of a Government checks the full and free Exercise of Ability in the public Relations of Life, Men seek to compensate this Species of Restraint by introducing a freer Tone into Society, in the familiar and daily Intercourse of Life; this is a good deal the Case in many Parts of Italy, there is a freer Mixing of the different Elements of Society, the Gradations are not so marked, one Class does not set itself up above another, nor bristle up if a Member of a lower Set introduces himself into its Circle; there is less Ceremony, less Restraint in Matters of Dress, household Style, etc. a Man may live economically, and how he pleases, without sinking from his proper Rank in Society, while Assumption and Selfimportance are kept under by the Fear of Ridicule; and where all live in an offhand Style, few pretend, and as there is little Rivalry in Display and Show, those who may feel inclined thereto, finding themselves little noticed, soon give over; from the total Absence also of political Excitement and Occupations, the Italian leads a more equable Life than the Englishman, and perhaps enjoys

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himself more, tho' Men are thus more apt to become wrapped up in themselves, in the narrow Sphere of their own Concerns, and want much of the expansive Feeling produced by the Labours of a public Life; Society goes on at an easy Jogtrot, like the emblematic Vettura of the Country, and the Changes which take Place among us with Steamrapidity, require a Score of Years in Italy: we in England, however, considerably diminish the Blessings of perfect Freedom thro' our Overregard to Wealth and Rank, which Spirit, fostered in the Bosom of social Life, has ascended thence into our Laws and Institutions, and in many Respects corrupted them; it is easy to see that the freest Institutions may become mere Forms, when Men in their individual Capacities are so blind as to set the Possession and Acquisition of the mere Accidentals of Man above the Essentials; it is on the broad Basis of private Life that a free Government must stand, from hence it derives its Vigor, and without this, the « Magna Charta », the « Bill of Rights », etc, are mere Bits of Paper; for after all the whole Machinery of Society resolves itself into Individuals, and good Laws and free Institutions, if corruptedly administered by these, are but unmeaning Generalities. we have taken it so long for granted that we are the freest of Nations, that we have neglected to look into, and correct, many Abuses until very lately, and while many among us appeal to the « Magna Charta » as the great Groundwork of Freedom, Men elsewhere go higher, and appeal to first Principles, and this is a grand Step; it is looking into the essential Nature of Things, it is laying the Foundation of Reform on a durable, nay, an eternal, Bottom, on the Nature of Man himself: it is Simplifying the Subject, Putting it in its true Light, and leaves no Room for Quibbling or Evasion —

## GOOD BREEDING.

One meets, from Time to Time, with delightful Spe-



ciments of female Character, neither cramped and stiffened into ceremonious Form, nor yet degenerating into too great Freedom of Manner, but with a happy and unconscious Naivetè, truly refreshing after the clockworklike Goodbreeding of those who think that nothing can be well done if not all according to Rule and Precedent, People who go thro' Life as thro' the Steps of a Quadrille; as if Nature must go to the Dancingmaster and Ceremoniesmaster for her Sense of Propriety! as if the kind Heart, obeying at once its own Impulses, and the lofty Intellect, perceiving instinctively, and with the most delicate Tact, the real Distinctions of Things, could ever be deficient in that highest Goodbreeding, which « oversteps not the Modesty of Nature »! one may often, it is true, overstep the Bounds of the so selfdubbed « good Society », because its Sphere is insignificant and narrow compared with Nature's, who with one Stride gets beyond it; but the Violation of merely arbitrary Rules, not founded on true Feeling and right Reason, is obviously no Offense against Propriety. the sonamed « high » are forced to have Recourse to artificial Distinctions and arbitrary Separationlines, because, if their Code were based on Nature, they would not be distinguishable, as far as regards inborn Grace and Nobleness, from the Tradesman's Daughter. Rules are nothing: the bestbred according to Rules will be vulgar still in Thought, Word, and Deed, and the wholly ignorant of them may be remarkable for noble Bearing, and the most delicate Perception of the Fitting.

## THE FAREWELL.

To my *Father* which is in Heaven, and to my *Brethren* upon Earth, these « Attempts » are now consigned in all Humbleness and Love; like the Child, who has gathered the first Flowers of the Spring, and, led by his Mother, has placed them on the Altar, so have I, led by my eternal Mother, Nature, into the beautiful, and one true,

Temple of the World, laid on the spiritual Altar of Humanity my youthful Thoughts and Feelings; they are but Buds, and, I trust, may be followed by better Fruit than they give Promise of, yet this I will say, that the Sap which nourished them is the elemental Sap of the Tree of Life and Knowledge, whose Roots are struck to the Centre and Heart of all Things. these are no « Hours of Idleness » : I have laboured with my *whole* Heart and Soul, and known no other Calling, neither have I wrought for Wages; the godlike Master whom I serve admits no Labourers for Hire to the « good Work », and those who serve him without Thinking thereof he rewards godlike, by the *Feeling of the Godlike*, rewards them as *he himself is rewarded!* for if *our own Hearts* do not reward us, whence, or how, is it to come? does not the Rose's Perfume come from *itself*? how much more then must the *Godlike* come from us! a greater far than I will come after me, and gather in the Harvest which I do but foretell; I am but as the little Child who kneels and prays upon the Templesteps, 'till the *Preacher* comes, and the Multitude follows after him! the Temple is vast enough for all Worshippers, it was built for the one, true, *catholic* Religion, the divine Religion of Love, and someday the Tribes and Nations of the Earth will, I trust, be gathered together therein, without Distinction of Creed and Sect. many a Cycle of Years has Spring strewed the Path of Mankind with her Flowers and her Blossoms, but it has not yet entered into *this* Temple: the Day however will come, when, as Christ over the Palmbranches passed on into the Temple of Jerusalem, so shall it, thro' the Flowers and the Freshness of the young Spring, enter into this one, true Temple: as *one Man*, with one Faith and one Hope! afar off then, I hail the blessed Dawn, and lift up mine Eyes to that bright East of Promise, and on the Path I strew these few, poor Flowers, as Emblems and Pledges, 'till a worthier Hand shall bring the Garland to

the Altar! and now I take my Leave, but once more let me touch the favorite, the sweetest, String of my Lyre, that Lyre which boyish Enthusiasm forced into my trembling Grasp, and to which, I trust, the Hand even of latest Age may often recur, to keep alive the holiest Sympathies of the Heart, and make its most godlike Pulse beat strong and true unto the last; and be not loth, Reader, to turn aside with me from the dusty Highroad of Life, and, wandering awhile thro' the calm Retreats of the Muses, to slake thy Lips at the Castalian Spring; for oh! thou too must have felt from Time to Time the divine Thirst amid the Fret and Fever of Life, then check it not, nor quench it at any meaner or impurer Source; and think not thy *Time* lost, for if thy Heart and Feelings are thereby made *fresh and youthful*, Medea's Miracle is wrought for thee, and a few Moments may add Years unto thy Life!

« We all have one *same Father* », and must be  
 All « *Brethren* » then! then let all *feel* it so!  
 For he who thinks it 'neath his Pride to know  
 The poorest Beggar as his *Brother*, he  
 God as *his Father* cannot love or see!  
 We all make up *one Family* below,  
 Then each, as Member of the same, must owe  
 Love unto each! the free Man makes the free,  
 The godlike the godlike, the good the good;  
 And *all together* make the « *perfect Man* »!  
 Then be free, good, godlike, be, as each should,  
*One with* the Whole, then wilt thou be likewise  
 A « *perfect Man* » — and *more* than that none can  
 Become! to be so Christ *came from the Skies!* »

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## LIST OF MISPRINTS IN THE SECOND VOLUME.

*The Reader is requested to correct the following Mistakes before Perusal, and such others as may have escaped the Author's Eye, which, from the Work being printed abroad at Malta, are much more numerous than he could wish.*

- Page 108. Verse 5. fr. Bot. for wiith, read, with.*
- |            |       |  |
|------------|-------|--|
| “ 128.     | “ 13. | <i>Top. for Srength, read Strength.</i>                            |
| “ 168.     | “ 20. | <i>Top. for it, read, is.</i>                                      |
| “ 239.     | “ 18. | <i>Top. for Consciousness Worth, read, Consciousness of Worth.</i> |
| “ 361.     | “     | <i>inthe Title. for Poesi, read, Poesy.</i>                        |
| “ 302.     | “ 3.  | <i>Bot. for, Hr, read, He.</i>                                     |
| “ 339.     | “ 12: | <i>Top. for Morming, read, Morning.</i>                            |
| “ 340.     | “ 9.  | <i>Top. for an, read, and.</i>                                     |
| “ 383 Line | 15.   | <i>Top. for ridiculous, read, ridiculous.</i>                      |
| “ 398      | “ 5.  | <i>Bot. for well, read, will.</i>                                  |

*The following Mistakes have been overlooked in the first Volume.*

- Page 50. Verse 15. fr. Top. for Life, is as, read, is but as.*
- |        |       |   |
|--------|-------|---|
| “ 99.  | “ 9.  | <i>Top. for Days yore, read, of yore.</i> |
| “ 40.  | “ 7.  | <i>Top. for Bade, read, Babe.</i>         |
| “ 427. | “ 18. | <i>Top. after War, a Fullstop.</i>        |







